

HENRY JOSEPH DARGER-

"THE HISTORY
OF
MY LIFE"

Microsystems, Inc.

VOLUME ONE

Microsystems, Inc.

Descriptions from the /
Holy Bible.

Book of Genesis.

Book of Genesis or Genesis according to
Chapter ten is recorded that Nimrod was
the founder of the Kingdom of Babylon.

Chapter 36 (24) He is the Amalekites
discovered the hot springs in the desert
where he was pasturing the asses of
his father Bebeon.
Cha

Book of Exodus 1

Chapter Three Book of Exodus

Description of Moses and the burning
bush, from which God speaks of the
plans to him to lead the Hebrews
out of (Egypt) Egypt. How too he
feared to look at God until
spoken to.

Chapter 17. Book of Exodus

Battle of Raphidim. Israelites
fight negro Amalekites or what
are called Aborigines, their first
conflict since leaving
Egypt. They finally won. The

Book of Exodus. 3

is no mention of killed or wounded among the jews, but the Amalekites are wiped out. Of the Kenazites Josue is their military general. It was a fine miracle that led Josue to victory.

Book of Exodus Chapter 21.

Verse 16. A kidnaper whether he sells his victim or still has him when caught shall be put to death.

Verse 17. Whoever curses his father or mother shall be put to death.
For all details of Chapter 21 read from verse twelve to verse 37.

Book of Exodus Chapter 22.

Continued details of God's special commands to the people of Moses, continues from verse 1 to verse 30.

Chapter 23.

Continued of repeated commands from verse 1 to verse 33.

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- 1 There are 31 chapters to Proverbs,
- 2 There are 50 chapters to the Book of Genesis.
- 3 There are 40 chapters to Exodus,
- 4 There are 27 chapters to the Book of Leviticus,
- 5 There are 35 chapters to the Book of Numbers,
- 6 There are 34 Books to chapters to the Book of Deuteronomy,
- 7 There are 24 Chapters to the Book of Josue.
- Continued on Section page 10.

Book of Exodus.

5

verse 19 - 20 23.

Chapter 33. Pages 115 - to 116. Moses desires to see God as he is, but our Lord inform him "If you see my glory as I am, or my face you cannot live. My beauty is unbearable. I will set you in the hollow of the rock, and will cover you with my hand untill I have passed by.

Then I will remove my hand, so that you may see my back, but my face is not to be seen for no man sees me, and yet still lives."

Man can see my glory as reflected in Creation, but my face, that is as I am in myself mortal man cannot behold, and not drop dead.

6

The Book of Numbers. 7
Preparation for the departure
from Sinai.

Page 162.

Chapter one. Column or verse 44.

The total number of the Israelites
of twenty years or more who were fit
for military service, registered by
ancestral houses was six hundred and
three thousand five hundred and fifty.

"Stating the name of Manasse of
same Chapter Column 2 No 11 Page
162, was it not likely that same
name of Manasse junction at Bullp
Run was taken from this Biblical
person?"

Chapter 5. Page 169, Verse 2 to 4.

The Lord said to Moses, "Order
the Israelites to expel from camp
every leper, and every one suff-
ering from a discharge, and every
one who has become unclean
by contact with a corpse. Male
and female alike, you shall
compell them to go out of the

8

The Book of numbers, 9
Preparation for the departure
from Sinai.

camp, they are not to defile the
camp, in which I dwell."

The Israelites obeyed the Command
that the Lord had given Moses; they
expelled them from the camp.

Why? Because every one could catch
those diseases.

Also Chapter 5 Page 169.

Read details on the ordeal of a
suspected Adulteress, beginning from
verse 11- to verse 31.

Chapter 16 - To Chapter 17 - pages, 184,
185 - and 186. Description of the
rebellion, of Core, Dathan, and Abiram,
Then the punishment of Core and
his men by being swallowed
by the earth with all their wives
children and possessions. Dathan
and Abiram and their followers
are swallowed by fire. Thus the
punishment for being jealous of
Moses, and (Aaron) Aaron's
leadership.

10

Begins Page 712

The Book of Ecclesiastes
has 12 Chapters.

The Book of the Canticle
of Canticles

Begins on page 720.

The Book of Numbers.

Page 240.

Follow from Column 19 about the
Incorrigible Son to Column or No 22
about the Corpse of a Criminal.

Chapter 22 - On Number 5:
A Woman shall not wear an
article proper to a man, nor
shall a man put on a woman's
dress, for any one who does such
things is an abomination to you
or to the Lord your God.

Of Chapter 22 - verse 17.
See Article of Crimes against
Marriage.

Page 242.

See Chapter 24 on Marriage
Laws. Also see under Chapter
of where divorced people are
forbidden to re-marry each
other.

Chapter 38. Birth Control of Crime
Son of Onan.

Onan committed Crime of Birth control, by whom he had relations with his brother's wife, wasted her seed on the ground, (preventing child birth,) in order not to raise descendants for his brother.

What he did was evil in the sight of the Lord, and (the^{He}) killed him also. like He killed Her for also being wicked in the sight of the Lord.

See page 37 Chapter³² finishing here on - Jacob's struggle with the angel, who by some is believed to be God in this form. and How at end of wrestling asks for Blessing which he received,

Holy Bible.
Small account taken
from the siege and war at
Gabaon.

Chapter 10. Page 269- to 270. Book
of Josue. Five kings Adonise dec
of Jerusalem, Oham of Hebron, Pharam
of Jerimoth, Japhia of Sackis, and
Vabis king of Eglon beorge and attack
Gabaon, because it had concluded
peace with Josue of the Israelites.

The five nations are destroyed
by the (Josh) Israelites in which
terrific battle Josue commands the
sun and moon to stand still
for an hour.

Never before or since was
there a day like this when the
Lord our God obeyed the voice of
a man for the Lord fought for
Israel. The five nations

were not allowed to reach
their cities and were slaughtered.

Though trying to escape
to safety the five kings were
captured and slain, and
hanged to five trees.

See full account in above mentioned
chapter in Bible.

The Lord sent a cloudburst of great hailstones upon the five nations all the way to Ageca. More died from the hail storm than were killed with the sword. And when the sun stood still and the moon stayed they had halted in the middle of the sky, not for a whole day did the sun resume its swift course, while the Israelites took vengeance upon the five nations.

Few survivors escaped to their fortified cities. But Josue attacked the cities destroyed them and all those with it. (see verses 28 to 40.)

"There is one thing though that puzzles me in this Bible Chapter. Did it need five Kings to lay siege to one almost helpless city the five Cowardly Rats? Josue should have hanged them alive."

17

The Book of Holy Writ
Paralipomenon. 8

Chapter 13 Pages 496 - to 499.

Abias victory over wicked Jeroboam.

Battle of Mt. Sennon. between
Juda and Israel armies. Probably
most conflict in all History, Israelites
are whipped by juda armies with
the stupendous loss of five hun-
dred ^{thous and} wounded valiant men.

The remaining men of Israel
fled, and Abia pursued after
Jeroboam and took cities from
him.

Then Jeroboam was not able
to resist any more in the days
of Abia, and the Lord struck
him, and he died.

19

Moses. articles 20.
Book of Deuteronomy 22
Page 240 of Bible.

Chapter 22, Second section
on, various precepts.

A woman shall not wear
an article or any clothing
proper to a man nor shall
a man put on a woman's
dress for any one who does
such things is an abomi-
nation to the Lord your
God,

Punishment of Dathan and Abiram.

Moses followed by the elders of Israel arose and went to Dathan and Abiram. Then he warned the Community.

"Keep away from the tents of these wicked men, and do not touch anything that is theirs, otherwise you too will be swept away because of all their sins.

When Dathan and Abiram had come out and were standing at the entrances of their tents, with their wives and sons and little ones, Moses said,

"This is how you shall know that it was the Lord who sent me to do all I have done and that it was not I who planned it, if these men die an ordinary death, merely

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Book of Numbers

Page 186

continued from chapter

merely suffering the fate common to all mankind then it was not the Lord who sent me.

But if the Lord does something entirely new and the ground opens its mouth and swallows them alive down into the neither world with all belonging to them then you will know that these men have defied the Lord.

No sooner had he finished saying this then the ground beneath them split open and the earth opened its mouth and swallowed them, and their families and all their possessions.

They went down alive to the neither world with all belonging to them, the earth closed

Book of Numbers

Page 186

continued from 24

chapter 15,

over them and they perished from the community.

But all the Israelites near them fled at their shrieks saying "The earth might swallow us too."

Punishment of Core.

So they withdrew from the space around the dwelling of Core, Datan and Abiram.

And fire from the Lord came forth which consumed the two hundred and fifty men who were profanely offering the incense.

From what is written on page towards the left, is Hell really in the earth?

25

It was said there was
no room for the Mother
of God, and St Joseph at
the Inn. Yes there was.

If St Joseph had been
like the Rich & young
man in the Gospels
and she had been be-
decked in expensive
jewelry and dressed like
the Queen of England,
they would have been
admitted without ques-
tion. What chance do
poor people have?

I've read that some-
time later God pun-
ished the Inn keeper.

26

There are one hundred
fifty psalms in the Holy
Catholic Bible.

There are 19 chapters in
the Book of Wisdom.

There are fifty & two chap-
ters in the first book of
Jeremias.

There are five chapters
in the book of the Lamentations
of Jeremias.

The Book of Baruch.
It has (not yet?) six chapters.

The Book of the Prophecy
of Ezekiel has 48
chapters.

27

8 Four chapters of the Book of Ruth.

9 The first Book of Kings had 31 chapters.

10 The second Book of Kings has 24 chapters.

11 The 3 Book of Kings a has 22 chapters.

12 The fourth Book of Kings has 25 chapters.

13 The Book of Paralipomenon, has 36 chapters.

14 The Book of Esdras has 10 chapters.

15 Second Book of Esdras has 13 chapters.

16 The Book of Tobias has 14 chapters.

17 The Book of Judith has 16 chapters.

18 The Book of Ester has 16 chapters.

19 The Book of Job has 42 chapters.

16 The Book of Daniel has 14 chapters.

17 The Book of Osee also has 14 chapters.

18 The Book of Joel has only 3 chapters.

The prophecy of Amos has 9 chapters.

12
29

12

Book of Ecclesiasticus.
has 51 chapters.

Book of Tobias has 66
chapters.

The Prophecy of Abdias
Book, has only one little
chapter.

The Book of the Prophecy
of Jonas, (who foolishly fled from
God,) has only 4 chapters.

The Book of the Prophecy
of Micah has 7 chapters.

The Book of the Prophecy
of Nahum, has 3 chap-
ters.

The Book of the Prophecy
of Habacuc has 3
chapters.

13

30 The prophecy of Soph-
onias, has 3 chapters.

31 The prophecy of Aggeus.

The prophecy of Zacharias.
has 14 chapters.

The prophecy of Malachias
has four chapters.

The first Book of Macha-
babees has sixteen
chapters.

The second Book of
Machabees has fifteen
chapters.

- 1 Chapters of Gospel of St Matthew, 28,
- 2 The Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ according to St Mark has sixteen chapters,
- 3 The Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ according to St Luke has 24 chapters.
- 4 The Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ according to St John has twenty one chapters,

- 1 The act of the Apostles has 28 chapters.
 - 2 The life and Epistles of St Paul (has) The Apostle to the Romans has, sixteen chapters.
 - 3 The first Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians has sixteen chapters.
 - 4 The second Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians has thirteen chapters.
- The Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Galatians has six chapters.

6 The Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Ephesians also has six chapters.

7

7 The Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Philippians has only three chapters.

8

8 The Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Colossians has 4 chapters.

9.

9 The Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Thessalonians has five chapters.

10 The second (Esp) Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Thessalonians has 3 chapters.

11

11 The first Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to Timothy, has 6 chapters.

The second Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to Timothy has only four chapters.

1

1 The Epistle of St Paul to Titus.

The Epistle of St Paul to Philemon has only one chapter.

1 The Epistle of St Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews has 13 chapters.

2 The Epistle of St James the Apostle has ~~three~~ five chapters.

1 The First Epistle of St Peter the Apostle has five chapters.

2 The second Epistle of St Peter has three chapters.

1 The First Epistle of St John the Apostle has five chapters.

2 The second Epistle of St John has only one chapter.

3 The Third Epistle of St John has also one chapter.

1 The Epistle of St Jude the Apostle has only one chapter.

The Apocalypse of St John the Apostle has 22 chapters.

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Chapters of the 10 Commandants

From Chapter 20 to
Chapter 23. From page
20 to 23. Book of
Exodus.

The History of
my life. By Henry
Joseph Darger, (Dargarius?
in Brazilian) & S. I. Webster
ave. Chicago Ill. Oct 1941,

In the month of April,
on the 12, in the year
of 1892, of what week day I
never knew as I was never
told, nor did I seek the
information.

Also I do not remem-
ber the day my mother
died, or who adopted my
baby sister, as I was then
too young, nor who my
uncle Charles would tell
me or did not know
either,

My father and I lived
in a small two story
house, on the south side
of a short alley between
Adams and Monroe Street.

Across on Monroe on
the streets north side
were two large high
schools one a little.

2

a little further west having a high steep sort of slanting roof, and dark brown walls, and large windows. The one east of it had yellow white stone instead of brick, and a fancy shape also very large windows. Both were 3 and a quarter stories high.

The yellow stone one had a water tank on its roof.

Both floors in the house we lived in, had only 2 rooms one a kitchen with a large stove and behind it a bed-room.

The bed was large enough for both my father and I.

The stove was

The history of 3
my life.

used for heating and cooking. During the hot days of summer we usually ate out in a restaurant.

Our barber was only a block away.

While living with my father I went to St. Patrick's Catholic on Desplains and Adams first to a Sisters school and then one operated by the Catholic Christian Brothers.

Of our house a stair case on outside one led up to the second floor.

Our living quarters faced north and the kitchen had only one window. My father was a tailor and a kind and easy going man.

I had two uncles and 2

4

Aunts also easy going people. My cousin Harry Darger was their only son. Their religion I'm not sure I know. My Uncle had a Masonic funeral and burial. His name was Augustine Darger called though August. His wife's first name Emma.

Our meals were not scant, and I loved the pancakes the most.

I here was facing Halsted, with the east rear facing us a handsome building three stories high and a quarter block long.

Nearly every day I went on its top floor porch. I was a meany one day when for spite, I know not why I

my life
history

5

shoved a two year old child down and made it cry. No one seen it down and the child did not tell on me. This incident happened on that top floor porch.

Once once on that porch I observed a big fire east from there on Monroe street. I did not go to it though as that day was very cold.

My father besides being a tailor was a very good cook.

Once in a while he or I would drink a little beer especially in the summer time on hot days but not in the winter. Oh how good the coffee he could produce by boiling. As he was lame, I brought the food coffee

milk and other supplies, and ran errands,

I though a young boy, I did not hate school, but I did tell my teacher a catholic nun that I "hate" school, when in truth I meant her, because she was so strict severe, and fume.

I was of the kind that only my father could tell me what to do, and would take no scoldings or authority from any one else.

I played hooky once for a whole week because of my intense dislike of her.

My father cured her and me both.

When however I and my teacher got to understand each other

better there was no more trouble and we got along fine, yet for mistakes in school I would have to write a sentence of words 200 times or more.

For Christmas I mostly always got colored picture or story (book) books, which I only liked and chicken for dinner. I disliked turkey and still do but I'll eat it if I can't get anything else.

Once in a while, to paint pictures or anything else I had for paint boxes but I myself bought them, and other interesting articles.

During my youngest days before I went to school, and not knowing any better I hated

baby kids, those though who were old enough to stand or walk. It was caused I believe because I had no brother, and lost my sister by adoption.

I never knew or seen her, or knew her name. I would as I wrote before shove them down, and once foolishly threw with my fingers ashes in the eyes of a little girl by the name of Francis Gillow.

And her mother and two grown brothers who had, been very good to me and the boys often came to see me.

And not thinking I would do such a mean deed as that.

My father had to ~~foot~~ or pay the doctors

bill. Her mother scolded me from her open window but did not punish me.

But she told me that my father will sure have to pay plenty in the bill.

The night of the same day, my father coming up the steps said to me, reproachfully, "what if she had died?"

I had so forgotten the incident, that I did not comprehend what he was saying. But what I had done I did not know any better any how.

My Christmas presents as I probably remember that year was deducted because of my being made to repay because of his payment on the doctor's bill.

And yet I was too young to feel sorry for what I had done. Later she and her three children moved away. To my own knowledge she was a widow. I never heard when her husband had died.

You remember I wrote that I hated baby kids. So indeed I did.

yet what a change came in me though when I grew somewhat older, I then babies at that were more to me than anything, more than the world.

I would fondle them and love them. At that time just any bigger boy or even grown up dare molest or harm them in any way.

I will have to say all my child hood days with my father who was very busy every day, except sundays and holidays were sort of uneventful except I was very interested in summer thunderstorms (still am old as I am?) and during winter (cold) could and would stand by the window all day watching it snow especially if there was a great big blizzard raging.

I would watch it rain with great interest, also short or long showers.

Once not knowing any better I put lots of newspaper beside the stove near the wall and set it on fire. I got my ears boxed.

good and proper. I got it good once again from my father when he thought from my action that I was going to do it again.

But I had no intention of doing so.

Every 4 of July I shot off all types of firecrackers and never was hurt or burned once. I was so overcareful.

I was also crazy about making bonfires but was so careful I was never scorched, singed or burned.

I also loved to splash water at pools left by rain, especially with my hand to pretend it was raining, but somehow never got wet.

Big or small as they were I would never run to or go to fires. I'd at home watch the great cloud of smoke or the glow in the sky by night-time.

I was scared of burning (build) buildings on fire for fear of falling walls or other debris.

Once on a late summer afternoon my father took me to a big one close to home on the corner of Washington street close to Halsted.

We stood watching it across Washington street on the south side.

He told me it was a tin factory.

It was not a wide building only 6 windows across but it stood 10

stories high and was like an inferno from the street to the top floor. We did not stay watching it very long.

The fire was in the late afternoon but also raged all night, keeping the sky well lighted up.

I must have been an awfully stubborn fire to resist the efforts of so many firemen like that.

The fire departments however did not have the long snorkels that we now have, and they had no way to reach the top floors of so tall a building with their hose streams.

It was still burning the next morn-

ing and an awful smoker. All the fire companies I heard were still there.

On that morning the breeze being from the north west, smoke enveloped our whole district so thick that we could not stay in our home unless we wanted to be so smothered.

Southerly winds came to our aid in the afternoon and drove the smoke to the north.

I did not go near the fire that day any more as I was afraid.

I do not remember the year day or month of the fire.

One thing I must write is that our children in those days were looked on as beneath

the dignity (the worst to
think of) of grownups and
did not amount to much,
where as to my opinion
or feeling, all grownups,
and especially all types
of strangers, and those I
did not like were less
than the dust or mud
beneath my feet.

I also had believed
that I had read in the
Holy Bible, that children,
especially all good and
innocent ones were more
important to God than
the grownups, and that He
when on the earth as
man, Jesus Christ, had
said that it was better
for a man or any person,
of any kind, if harming
a child to have a mill-
stone (not feather) to be tied
around his neck and

My life
History -

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be drowned in the depths of
the sea. On the child's guard-
ian angel will witness against
the person who harmed a child
before God who is in Heaven.

Also, in my boyhood days,
(I was like a little devil, if called "kid")
I had a very queer way of play-
ing in the snow, by motion
of my left hand, which
later on got me into some
serious trouble, of which I
will explain somewhat
later.

Do you believe it, unlike
most children, I hated to
see the day come when I will
be grown up. I never wanted
to. I wished to be young
always. I am grown up now
and an old lame man,
damn it.

I do not remember
the number of years I
lived with my father,

but they told me I was 7 years old at the time of the One hundred days war with Spain.

Except with enjoying myself otherwise my life was uneventful, and during my somewhat somelater years, I believe it or not I was very good and I and my father and even neighbors got along fine except one.

Other kids had been stealing his wooden fruit and vegetable crates, and he accused me of taking them, which was very unreasonable as I could furnish proof of my innocence.

I in order to get even with him when he was not home (he being a peddler) I took a few of the crates

piled them in the center of his yard and set them on fire. I then quickly left and sat on the steps in front of the house facing the alley. My father soon came out, it being near night and sat with me.

Just about dark we both noticed a light of brightness which I felt sure could not come from the few crates I set afire.

I ran over there to see what was cause. Against the west side of the house the peddler had stacked by three wide a actual wall of the crates.

I could not (believe) believe my little bonfire so far from there could cause it, but the rickbang including the side of the

house, was one high towering mass of ringing flame. Some of the blazing crates crashed down, bouncing and covered the spot where I made the little one erasing evidence against me.

There was a number of boys in the neighborhood but I and they could do nothing though we worked like my mother and my father helping. We could not reach the reach the flames with the pails of water higher up so it was I who ran to the fire station only half a block away.

They got it out in twenty minutes. What you say? What did the landlord say?

He was the owner of the building and a few others near by. According what the firemen told him about what I and the boys did, he was good and friendly to me from then on. The fire only burned the outside. It did not get inside the house.

The cause of the fire was never known but secretly I for found sure proofs that my little revengeful bonfire did not do it.

Before I went to school however I could read already the newspapers which my father had learned me by study.

Because of that, from first grade I was promptly put up to 2nd grade.

My teacher had been very astonished at this. This happened, when I went to St. Patrick's school.

I also excelled in spelling but was still rather poor in spelling figures and geography. History I almost knew by heart.

I once told my teacher but the one Mrs. Dewey at the Skinner school that I believed no one truthfully knew the losses in the battles of wars (including our Civil war).

Because each history told different losses and I had the histories and other stories to prove it, and let her see and go over them. I had three histories that told different losses at the big Civil war

Battles, including Pittsburg Siding, Antietam Bull run No 2, Gettysburg and so on, and it is true. Some claim Shiloh or Pittsburg Siding was the war's bloodiest with 24,000 dead in the 2 day battle.

I don't care what you might say, but I firmly don't believe it.

As the time passed on, my father grew worse in his crippled condition and I believed my uncles prayed my father's way into the into the St. Augustine's Poor House Home on Sheffield and Fullerton ares.

The place is still nicknamed The Little Sisters of the Poor yet many are tall Sisters.

My God mother which until

now I forgot to mention who proceeded at my Baptism at 8 years of age, took me to a place on Jackson Boulevard some distance west I nick named "The news-boys home."

The right name was the "Mission of Our Lady of Mercy." The entrance was on North Jackson Boulevard.

The Home had a home on the rear, or north- or house called the Play house. It was very large and had all the conveniences necessary.

The mission of our Lady of Mercy building was four stories high and had a steep slanting roof which leaked a while during storms. The top floor

under that roof was our large sleeping room. I never knew how many boys there were, but there were not many. Our large large sleeping room at times surely had the "beautiful little creatures of a red colour" known as bed bugs, got the creeps? Our building was 50 feet wide and the windows seven feet high.

The dining room was on the ground floor and the meals were good, except on Fridays the cook put some horrid tasting sauce or fish gravy on the fish and I could not make my self eat it.

When I first came there was a woman matron in charge of us by

the man name of Mrs Brown. During the time I was there, my God-mother gave me two dimes, which I did not yet spend for anything or yet had time.

A boy whose name I did not yet know, seeing the dimes, accused me of stealing them.

I got the wacking on the hands whr with that rubber I mentioned but still he did not get those dimes. They were really mine and I would not surrender them no matter what the cost.

I notified my God-mother. She came proved she gave those to me and did he get it from Father. I mean, not on Hane.

He never dared that to me again, but I never forgave him from up either. He made me his bitter enemy.

In her presence in the dining room, I let out a big whopper of a poop, and as I said nothing she or most of them there did not know who it was. The oldest one there said "it might have been 'crazy' meaning me."

She said "if he is crazy" he does not know any better. John Manley who sat across from me said to me truth fully "it was you."

One time during a hot day in June she wanted to adopt me, but I could not let her do it without my fathers consent. He wouldnt give it.

I was walking down the street past her house and she called me in, to make the request. I though in the home, were allowed to roam at will.

She was a good woman though. When she left her job, to retire for she could afford to do so, there came a new woman by the only name I knew her by, as Mrs Gannon.

She had a son with her there by the name of James Gannon.

At that time being in the home, I was sent during the days to a city Public School called the Skinner.

Even now it is still there with a large north addition of yellow

brick. It is the same height. We were sent there for it was way to far from any Catholic School.

The Skinner school was on Jackson Boulevard, and Aberdeen street. The school front was on Aberdeen. That is the main entrance.

The school both old and new, a three story building and was two blocks east of the Home.

I dont remember that name of the street, the east of the Home 'fronted', but the entrance of the Home was on Jackson.

There were two priest in main charge.

Fathers Mearey and O'Hara. Father Mearey was the main head or other -

wise top administrator.

They were prime and very severe, and because of it I had been tempted to run away from there more than once, but after all I did not.

What boys were not allowed to do there, was climb to the top of their clothes lockers, as they were called.

I told, was forced to tell on them once when they did so, and after that, they and even prime Mrs Gannon were sore at me and some of the bigger boys told me plenty. They did not hit me though, I never did that again.

There was one boy who was somewhat

friendly and sometimes not. When he got angry at you, you knew it. He was not a bully though, nor tried to be.

But at times he was a snitcher. His name was John Manley.

His parents were Irish. The boys there all had parents, but could not take care of them.

He wanted my company and friendships but was hot tempered and aggressive, and I did my best to try and avoid him.

He wanted my company but was bossy.

He wanted my company always for sure I'll say again, but when I don't like any one I wanted him to stay away. He would not do so.

I knew two others who were brothers by the mothers of John and Jim Scanlon.

Most kids there were of Irish decent.

I was of German decent, and I do not why my father did not learn me the lan-

guage. My father and two uncles were as they told me born in the city of Meldorf Germany.

My Uncle August told me when in his late teen-age he witnessed at a safe distance the battle of Meldorf of which the French army was beaten badly.

It was during the early part of the year long Franco Prussian war, when then the French was invading Germany.

They were soon driven

out but they were then waged fiercely, fiercely in France until the main French army was overthrown at Sedan.

What he looked like, I would have been dreadfully scared of my grandfather.

Especially because of the awful mustache, and horseshoe in shape.

That probably made him look more fierce and stern than he was. He and my grandmother however stayed in Germany.

Another thing that happened when I was young, was without the least expectation I was taken from my father and hustled off by train to a certain small boy home at Morton Grove. I was there however for a short time when my father came and took me right home and

for good, for that never happened again. And for a good reason, nobody ^{could} fool with my father, not even law officials.

At the beginning of my first term at the Skinner school (my teacher's name was Mrs. Dewey, a distant relative of Admiral Dewey, hero of Manila?) I was good and studious, but not meaning any harm or wrong, I was a little too funny and made strange noises with my mouth, nose and throat in my class room, to the great annoyance of all the other boys and girls.

And I thought they would think it funny, and laugh or giggle.

But they gave me angry and hateful looks.

Some said if I did not stop it, they'd gang up at me

after school and gave me the dirtiest looks, I defied them.

After several months of it, it caused me expulsion from the school.

The children were glad for because of my silly noise. They were very much annoyed and tantalized. They surely did not like my crazy noise one bit. They some of them did try to beat me up, but I knew how to defend myself with the long stick I always carried, and with telling effect.

My teacher had said that they had been otherwise and still had been the best behaved child children in any class room she ever did in any teaching and my annoying them caused me being ~~excluded~~ expelled from the school.

I do not know or even remember, how long I was away from school, after being excommunicated, but when one of the priests, brought me back, asking to give me another chance the administrator or principal allowed me to come back to school.

But she told me very sharply and angrily that if I ever did that again I would be expelled for good.

As I truly forgot and did not remember what I had done wrong, I did not really know what she was scolding me for so sharply, I would have told her her off, but Father Meaney warned me with a sharp look, be careful.

But nevertheless I was returned to school, and I was so unusually changed. I remembered still not what I had done out of the way the first time at school, but believe me and heaven knows I was now one of the best behaving boys in school.

Mrs Dewey still was the teacher of the Class room and all those children girls and boys that I was with now were well behaved too.

To go back for a while when I still lived with my father I knew a woman by the name of (I do not know her first name) Mrs Andersen. She lived in an old wooden three story house, (a house next to hers burned down one night). She had a son and older daughter. His name was John and her name

was Helen Anderson. I knew not their religion and never asked but I and he without my father knowing it went on Sundays to a Salvation Army Sunday School.

I believe they were Scotch-Irish.

Helen sure was a little girl for cleanliness and, often washed my hands when she came to see me.

A bad thing happened to poor Helen when I was with them on a visit one hot summer day. An ugly thunderstorm with savage wind came on from the almost (strayed) straight north.

We were having a meal in the evening and the north window was wide open because of the heat. Johnnie

was shaking pepper from the pepper shaker whose lid not screwed on tight came off. He was back to the window and so was I.

A squall of wind came in through the open window and sent the pepper into Helen's eyes, as she was facing the window. Her mother sitting along side of her got a little of it.

As he was only across the street, despite the blinding sheets of rain I ran over and quickly brought the doctor.

I do not know whether her eyes got better or not, because it was a few days after when my God-mother took me to the Home called the Mission of our Lady of Mercy. Also before that happened I used to go and see a

night watchman in a six story factory building a short distance from where we lived. That factory is not there any more or other building. Even the fancy school across from us on Monroe is gone.

To me it is a sad remembrance. Now to go back to the home, I had been there I believe for about seven years.

There was a sort of overseen, besides Mrs Gannon (my Godmother didn't like her) and the two priests. His name was Otto Zink.

Between him and my 'pain in the neck' John Manley and the two two Scarlons I was accused before Mrs Gannon and Father O'Hara for

something Heaven knows I never did but had no means to prove I was innocent.

It seemed also I did not have the brains or courage to fiercely deny it.

I got whacked as often as I was told on, on the hands with the 'kind of rubber you put over your shoe by the priest.

If I knew where to go to be elsewhere taken care of I would have surely ran away.

I hated my accusers and would have liked to kill them, but did not dare.

I never was their friend and am their enemy yet; even whether they are dead now or not.

Yet for other strange things I really did I was thought of and called 'crazy'

Before that and yet for other strange things I really did I was looked on as 'Crazy' and also called crazy.

Especially for the strange way, I threw with my left hand like pretending it was snowing.

Had I known that, I only would have done it where I was not seen.

It caused Mrs Gannon her son and Otto Zink and others there ~~too~~ who saw (b) me do it, to think I was either feeble minded, or actually crazy.

In fact I made far better advance in my school lessons than any of them did.

Her son was a very unusually proud boy and because he was her son could do things which

as other lads could not dare think of doing. I actually had an awful intense dislike for him and his mother too.

So that, for a time caused all the boys who disliked him too to leave me alone, or avoid me completely.

My father came to see me during my stay there often, in the winter and the summer.

And especially on the Fourth of July and Christmas. My Godmother also came often to see me. Once my father brought some woman relative to have me adapted by her, but Father Meany was not there at the time, and Father O'Hara could not do anything about it.

My father would have to see him, ~~the~~ never did.

My father never came with her again. I had heard Father Meaney with out Court order could not grant him the request.

My Uncle said I was better off not being adopted by her as she was a heavy drinker, and might cause me to become one.

I do not remember the length of time or years I remained there in the mission of our Sady's home but the part of the last year I was still there I was taken several times to be examined by a doctor, who on the second time I came, said my heart was not in the right place.

Where was it supposed to be? In my belly? Yet I did not receive

any kind of medicine or any kind of treatment what ever. Yet his office sure had an awful medicine smell.

I did not know it at the time, but now I know I was taken to the doctor to find out if I was really feeble minded or crazy.

He said nothing about that especially in my presence.

Had I known what was going to be done with me I surely would have ran away.

Again I will say he said nothing about what my examination was for, but during a cold windy threatening late November day (I know not the day or date of the month) I was hustled onto the Chicago and Alton Limited train, and brought to some

kind of home for feeble minded children, outside of and south of the small city of Lincoln Ill.

If I had known at the time of the cause of me being sent to that childrens nut house I surely would have never forgiven those at the Mercy of Our Lady Home and would have revenged it the very first chance I had. I a feeble minded kid, I knew more than the whole shebang in that place.

I believe Mrs Gannon was really responsible. Otto Zink before I was taken away, was not there any more.

It surely was a severe blow to me but after the long run I got over it. I was now one hundred and sixty two

miles away from Chicago and my father. I wrote letters to him, received once in a while Catholic prayer books and a musical harp.

But I did not know how to play it or had anyone to learn it to me.

I knew a lot of songs and other pieces.

My stay there was for some good number of years and was uneventful but busy, except my schooling and interest in big summer and winter storms.

During my earliest time there there were two boys there by the names of George Hamilton and John Johnson, whose character was such that no punishment of any kind would change them. I ^{was} only made them ^{worse} for worse.

One morning when us boys were in what is called the "play room" Johnnie Johnson, known as the most bad of the boys, teased or tormented me.

At that time I was suffering from a very severe toothache.

The pain and his torment of me roused me to an awful fury.

I went at him so savagely, that afterwards he never even dared to come near me again.

Then also I remember when one morning when I was in the class room conducted by a good teacher by the name of Miss Duff (I wish I presume) there came into the school room door, and swiftly down the side aisle, two persons, one

a janitor and the other I do not know who or what he was. They sure were handing each other a perfect storm or 'cyclone' of fist blows.

The taller one almost right away had the janitor backed against the wall beside the right side of the teachers desk.

He held his mouth open wide in a strange funny way accompanied with an awful sort of frown during the 20 minutes conflict.

The poor teacher though crying "boys, boys," was scared and us kids sort of panicky.

A fine example for those two grown rudies rudies to be fighting before us children, in the school room.

In my day I've seen fights many fights, but never like these two fought such

other so savagely. The janitor was however a much better one with the fist, and though shorter than the other more than doubly stronger. The taller man was getting the most blows.

Still he wouldn't give up and tried to fight more and more savagely. One of the boys of our class went to bring the school administrator but she was scared too. She went to her office to call the police.

I never knew or even learned what caused the twenty minutes fight, but I watched the janitor as he surely swung blow for blow. He had a dangerous look on his face. But when the fight was on its 20 minutes duration, the

janitor with an extra hand blow with his right felled the taller man crashing head-long to the floor.

He lay there for a half minute then got up, his face bleeding badly, but instead of renewing the fight, walked off, his mouth still open that way.

The janitor's name was George Hamford. I knew not the name of the other. Two weeks or so later, he quit his job and we never seen him again.

Again to Johnnie Johnson. This is after the fight between the two men. There came in the (asylum) asylum a new boy whose name I never learned. He was good looking, had blond hair and a little taller, stronger too. When Johnny teased

him he would holler very loudly; Johnnie Johnson very bad boy. When my papper or papa give me gun I shoot him. As he appeared to mean what he said and I for one believed he meant every word of it, Johnnie hereafter left him alone. The boy did look dangerous, yet I could see he was not crazy for he in all his lessons he was ahead of all or of us.

That building had two sections, one for girls and one for boys.

I had heard there were at times 1500 children there. The head man there was a profession Doctor and Surgeon whose name was Doctor Caldwell.

Among all the boys in my section, I had only a few special friends, Jacob Marcus, Paul Marcus (no brother of the first mentioned), Daniel Jones, and Donald Aurand.

The latter had very bad eye-sight. There was a sort of park like grounds south and extending west north and south of the asylum where we boys had our recreation during the summer time.

It had a tall rounded sort of fire escape on the east side which we boys often for fire drill slid down on the inside.

One boy was terribly scared to go and slide down on it. We made him or else.

What if the asylum had a fire? What would he do then?

yet scared or not two of the bigger boys grabbed a hold of him, brought him to the round fire escape, and pushed him down it.

For my part it was fun sliding ~~fast~~ down in it.

We all retired to bed at eight o'clock in the evening got up at six A.M. in the morning and went to the school across from the asylum. It was 200 north of W.

Once in a while in the school hall on the ground floor, (where) we were entertained with shows, training exercises, and church meetings or Sunday school on Sunday morning. Those who could sang hymns and recited prayers in meeting.

The minister never

gave any sermons, though the other type of services lasted from 8 in the morning until noon.

The one who was over us was a severe stern man by the name of Henry Armbrund. For forgetting to make my bed once he sure boxed my ears. That made me his enemy for life but yet otherwise I behaved so well he had no real occasion to punish me further.

Yet because my real decent of my nationality is much against such type of punishment, had we been in Brazil, he would have been killed for boxing my ears.

You cannot there with with softly hit anywhere on face or head with the hand.

5-3

The assistant superior was an Italian by the name of Mr. Bandico. He was very severe too and somewhat harsh too, but never bothered me.

He thought otherwise that my behavior was marvelous and liked me well.

I being among all those boys in that section and yet got along with them all fine. As I mentioned before my special boyfriend was Daniel Jones. We were great pals.

We had later on, a tall colored boy come there by the name of Earl Little.

He turned out to be a bully always picking on the smallest boys who could not fight him. For a good reason he molested me once for

my life
History.

5-4

What I did I am surprised and glad I did not kill him. Afterwards he kept away from me.

He also soon met some others too, who put him in his 'place' and being humbled and put down that way, caused him to run away.

He was never seen again. There was a little girl there by the name of Jennie Turner. I thought I could be attracted to her but when I learned from others of her disposition I kept away from her. I had my doubts for a while thinking they wanted her for themselves and lied to me.

The truth was heaven keep any man that when she grows up marry her. She was a wildcat and let you know it.

After several years more of my stay there, which sometimes was pleasant and sometimes not so Doctor Caldwell the head man left and a new administrator came in charge.

He was a little handsome short man, and had a wife and little daughter.

She was a pretty child, but somewhat bossy, but no one paid any attention to her. She otherwise appeared to be a very good little girl.

There was also a head boy in charge of us, by the name of William O'Neil. He was all right but sometimes

imperious. William

Thomas O'Neil was the best looking boy

I have ever seen.

He was no bully or exactly bossy, but being set over us, by the administrator we had to obey him and do his bidding. If you did you and he got along fine.

If you did not, he'd take you before the administrator and you then were in serious trouble.

Finally I had got to like the place and the meals were good and plenty. But when I was somewhat older probably in my earliest teens I was put with a company of boys of apparently the same age to go and work on what was called the State Farm.

It was three and a half miles from the asylum.

The work was not hard. We quit at four in the afternoon, started at eight in the morning, after milking.

the cows and off again at 4. We were off on Saturday after-noon and Sundays. We had our baths on Saturdays before our dinner.

The meals there were splendid, but I believe at breakfast I was a glutton (of not hog) for the oatmeal. I spent one whole summer there, then back to the asylum we went.

I believe that fall a bad plague of measles broke out in Lincoln Ill, and it spread to most of the kids in the asylum.

Strange though I never caught it.

Next summer I was back on the farm again. I liked the work very much, but still I don't know why, but I did object to leaving the home. But as they say so you had to.

As will be written later that was the cause of me running away two summers later.

There was on the farm in one large field or more a very peculiar type of crop yet well known to all farm growers, if not all of us people.

It is a strange but very beautiful tomato plant called the "Beautiful Lady" or in Spanish Belladonna.

The juices of that plant is used by chimist for medicine and other needs. I've once used it for a sore knee.

It really was a most beautiful plant, with most beautiful little flowers before the tomatoes came.

There is where it got the name "Beautiful Lady". But God help those who

even at one of those tomatoes. We had very large easily seen, and easy to read sun signs (also electrically lighted at night) warning tramps or hobos and visiting strangers about letting them, or anything of the plant.

The original name well known by most is 'The deadly night shade.'

No hobo or anyone else went near them.

When removing the tomatoes you had to wear protective gloves, for if one of them was squashed or overripe the juice would cause serious infection if gotten into a mere scratch or wound.

The juice smelled horrid and sickening. Anywhere else was also

grown in long straight rows all crop and vegetation you could think of.

I loved to work in the fields. We worked on the farm only in the summer time. During our working days we at night slept in a large place called the Dormitory.

The farm had a regular boiler and engine room, and motor dynamos or other machinery that produced the electric lights.

The farm was supervised by a man whose known name was Allenburger. He had a wife and little girl. They were very good people.

We boys working on the farm were divided into 'gangs', three gangs I believe and under a supervisor for each.

Their names were John
For William O Neil and
Mr West. He was the cow-
boy.

At the approach of late
fall we were returned to
the asylum which Mr
Allenberger 'termed' the lug-
house. Lughouse, I loved
it much better than the
farm. But yet I loved the
work there. Yet the asylum
was home to me.

While back at the home
I recieved a severe shock.

I got the bad news that
my father died at the
St Augustine home.

I did not cry or weep
however.

I had that kind of
deep sorrow, that bad as
you feel I could not.

I'd been better off if
I could have. I was in

that state for weeks, and
because of it I was in a
state of ugliness of such nature
that every one avoided me,
they were so scared.

Even when back on the
farm the next summer
they noticed a change in
me.

I hey heard the sad news
however and did not bother
me. During the first of
my grief I hardly ever
ate anything, and was no
friend to any one.

I was even very dangerous
if not left alone.

I believe I was at the
asylum 7 years and during
the summers between that
time on the farm.

During the early summer
of the fourth year I was
June I made my first
attempt to run away but

that farms cowboy caught me in a corn field tied my hands together on a long rope and made me run back all the way on the rear of his horse.

The second attempt was successful. I with another boy hitch hiked a freight. He got off at Joliet where he lived, I rode on to Chicago.

After a storm I foolishly gave myself up to the police who had me sent back. I stayed there again for more than a year.

What made me run away? My protestation of being sent away from the asylum, where I wanted to stay, as for some reason it was home to me.

During the early sum-

er of the following year the week I believe it was June two boys working on the farm induced me to run away with them.

We then got an actual work for a short spell with a German farmer.

I was a job driving to the nearest town with a wagon load of something the farmer sold there.

At meal times, breakfast dinner or supper, he said the Our Father, and sang some sort of a German hymn before we ate.

He asked why we did not join him.

We answered we do not know any German.

His son and wife answered some part.

Being short of working conditions he finally had

to let us go me and a
starter boy. 'We were paid.
He kept the other boy.

Excuse me I do not rem-
ember their names.

With me giving a part
of my money to my stout
companion we rode on the
Ill. Central to Decatur Ill.

I again while there wanted
to see Chicago again.

You would not believe
it, but I then walked
from Decatur Ill to Chicago
arriving early in August.

Because of unusual warm
weather and hardly able
to sleep I walked also
many a night.

I had forgot to mention
when the time I gave
myself up to the
police I was taken by
train to the poor house
at Dunning town.

From there after a month-
stay I was sent to the asylum
at Suncoast Ill.

But this hike to Chicago
from Decatur was successful.

I knew her address so I
went and took refuge at
my God mother and after
some weeks there she took
me to St Joseph's Hospital
which was on Burling end
then the street called Gar-
field Ave.

It now is known as
Dickens Ave, I prefer it would
have retained its original
name as Dickens was an
English man Garfield an
American and one of our
presidents.

I got a job there as
Hospital or floor janitor
I worked there under
Sister Mary Rose and
later under another sister

Dorothy. Sister Rose was prime but good. Sister Dorothy was good too, but you could joke with her.

I worked under each of them untill I was there for a little over fourteen years.

The name of the head sister's were Sisters Cephas and Camilla.

Both were good, but Sister Cephas took sick and died less than a year after I arrived. At the earliest of my time, because of an old injury to my right shoulder, I had to be left handed, with the sweeping broom and other things.

All Sister's scoldings could not change me to sweeping with my right.

As my right shoulder injury was caused by a fight I did not explain

to her. She gave up nevertheless and let me sweep as I pleased. I sure knew how to scrub floors as clean as they would get, and all my hands and knees.

And that was not done that way to humble myself. Under no condition would I humble myself, and Heaven help the name who would dare humble me.

But it was not that severe. I O-K as I never exalted myself either. As I said before, and I will write that because of my injured shoulder I did really find myself unable to use other certain household articles and the sweeping broom brush.

to her she gave up never-
theless and let me sweep
as I please I sure know
or knew how to scrub all
hall floors and rooms as
clean as they would come
and all on my hands and
knees.

And that was not done
that way to humble myself.
For under no condition would
I humble myself and Heaven
help the one who would
dare humble me.

One did and was in a
hospital for a year, and
some how I got away with
it too.

But it was on that
score 50-50 as I never ex-
ulted myself then either,
I do now and how,
as I said before and
again will write that also
because of my injured

shoulder I did really find myself unable to use other certain house hold articles and the sweeping broom or brush.

In my younger days which I forgot to mention when angry over something I burned holy pictures and put the face of Christ in pictures with my fist. I wonder would I have the heart to do so now? I cant say yes or no.

I've got an awful nasty temper.

Sometime how or other for a time sister Rose finding out I came from the home of feeble minded children thought

I was still crazy. I believed she got the information from sister

Hina who was called sister Seno by others. My Godmother not thinking of the consequences told her,

The whole hospital full of persons soon knew. I was then called crazy. I had I believe more brains than all combined. None of them I found out even even knew Geography or History.

I did. My spelling, figures and reading and writing was more excellent than theirs.

My finding it out there are many cities in this country and the old world they could not spell or pronounce. I could.

Berlin and Dresden are still the most beautiful cities in the world.

Berlin is largest next to London and New York city.

As I said before I recieved admonition from Sister Rose because of my enforced left handedness untill I could prove it was impossible with my right hand.

Once in searching for something that got lost from me in a very dark enclosure of the out exit on the ground floor behind the dining room, by which you go outside by the rear, I scared some young woman (she was cowardly and timid anyway) out of her wits accidentally.

When Sister Rose heard of it, by someone telling her, she scolded me good, and said she surely believed that I am really crazy.

But I could see that while scolding me

she also had a hard fight with herself to keep from laughing over it. Yet afterwards by nannys, that woman was looked on as a "scardy-cat", and "chuckern".

Ihe quit after that. Several times when scolding me for something, whether I did it or not, she threatened to sent me back to the Lincoln Asylum.

I wished then she had. I felt I was a fool for after all running away. I was better off there and never was scolded. But I knew they would not take me back now, and told her so.

On the Christmas mid-night mass a cold snowy one in December 1909 I recieved in their chapel my first Holy Communion.

I was able to convince them before them, that I was a Baptised Catholic, but in the asylum I even then knew all things of the Religion but also in the Asylum, and on the state farm, they never even for us all, showed any kind of religion.

They seemed even Godless even in the school there. The only sign of something like religion was in the Asylum main childrens dining room for us when before and after meals the our Father was recited by the dining room matron only ending the prayer in the Protestant way.

On on Sunday some sort of Sunday School where only some hymns was sung by the best singers.

Otherwise no sign of religion at all. She said then I did right to run away. My God mother had me baptised on the snowy afternoon in St Patricks Church on Dearborn and Adams street Chicago.

The way it was there as I told her, you'd think there was no God at all. And at first I wanted to stay there.

I suppose they had the idea that feeble minded could not at all understand Religious instruction.

Then why were they to go to school? The school building as I wrote before I believe was over two hundred feet north of the asylum.

and there was an underground tunnel leading to it from the Asylum to be used only in bad weather. All this I told her, I cant say whether I was

actually sorry I ran away from the state farm or not but now I believe I was a sort of fool to have done so.

My life was like in a sort of Heaven there. Do you think I might be fool enough to run away from heaven if I get there? Besides for doing it the third time the officials of the state farm would not take me back.

If I have to go back for a few words again about my stay at the asylum because many things do slip my mind, I'm telling the truth there was a night freeze rain lasting till mid morning of the next day followed by the most terrific blizzard storm I have ever seen before and during my life time, even now.

I remember the big snowstorms of 1912, March 26 and 27th of 1930, and also before that one of 1918, I've here seen here also two other big ones, including last January 26, but believe me or not that one when I was at Lincoln I'll had them all put together beat.

It raged all day all night and till late afternoon the next day and so thick you could not see a hundred feet away.

But strange unlike most awfully big blizzards it had no very strong wind, and was off the straight north.

As I read in papers, Chicago, all other middle west cities and towns had the worst traffic tie up I ever imagined, at Lincoln too.

was at a perfect stand still of traffic, and it look - bad for us inmates for food and fuel for a time. But we got by.

I would not want to see a blizzard like that again. And all farmers were mansioned and snow bound.

Even the State farm suffered severely. It was as I read near two months before traffic could resume in our town, and all the snow-bound cities.

And it was bad on all the stores as nothing could be brought to them.

The storm was on January 24 1906. It got terrible cold after the storm to add to all the misery caused by it.

I had read the worst

blizzards of all come if they happen to follow a freeze rain, which fortunately seldom happens. The freeze rain was on the night of the 22 and morning of the 23.

The blizzard was on the 24 and 25th.

Another thing I got to go back on, that while still living with my father I was out alone playing on Adams Street.

An old man that had the appearance of what we call now a skidrow bum, appeared as if he wanted to kidnap me. I'm alert and very dangerous to those kind.

At first I fled him till I reached the crossing of Adams and Halsted streets. He still came after me.

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I observed a half brick lying on the near, I picked it up with the intention of hitting him on the head with it. If molested I was a brick thrower and there are some big bullies who molesting me, can now if still living at this time can confirm my statement.

I never missed.

But this time I did and for a very unusual reason. As I threw it, a street car came by and accidentally threw it through a front side window of the front of the car.

I escaped him and the consequences of the brick throwing as no one had seen who threw it, as I

beat it so quickly, at that time a street car strike was impending and

My life history - 80

it was supposed a striker threw it. There were passengers sitting by that side window and I really hoped none of them was hit by the brick, or cut by the broken glass.

My father heard of it, but as it was in the papers and believed to ^{have} been thrown by a striker he said nothing about it.

And believe me I never told him or anyone else I did it. I was afraid of the results.

But I did not mean to do it, and also it was lucky the street car came between him and me.

I never seen him again. I'm sorry, but if there is anything else a game forgotten I will have to write it. I can't be at all left out.

I also remember I said I was

at St Josephs as floor janitor for 14 years, first under Sister Rose, only a short time under Sister Damien, and the rest of my years there under Sister Dorothy.

I had also all the time I was there an extra job of carting away to Engine house trash fire box lots of junk that came down into the large receiver through a large five story rubbish pipe. I took care of that every afternoon even Sunday if it was extremely necessary.

Twice the trash was mysteriously on fire inside the room like receiver.

Something nurses neglected that caught fire and not thinking of the results had thrown the burning stuff down that

pipe which I called the chute.

It was a heck of a job on the rainy days, or the cold of winter, on rainy days or also with summer thunderstorms the trash got wet, and then had to dump it into the lot till heat and sun dried it.

Then I burned it there.

I worked even at my janitor job, or out there getting rid of the trash in the winter when I had my worst colds.

You see I don't know why but they would not let me off, when really I should have been in bed and under treatment. I dared not take off.

And you call that charity. Afraid I would be behind in my work, and that would cost them money?

Also a sister by the name of Sister De Paul was in charge

of the Sisters Dormitory or sleeping rooms. Many a time I scrubbed the floors of the sleeping rooms, and the hundred foot long hall of their Dormitory on my hands and knees.

You would say that was a good way of doing penance or humbling myself?

Ha. Ha. I'll still do it on my hands and knees rather than cleaning floors with a damn sloppy mop.

That never does the cleaning so well as the humble old fashioned way. I'll get down on my knees still with soap, rag, and scrubbing brush.

Yet to me and I hate to say it, but have to, Sister De Paul was a pain in the neck.

She had nothing to

say over me only Sister Dorothy, yet she acted as if I was under her too. I will not and never did stand for having two persons over me at the same time.

I hated her and showed it. That she had no authority over me at all, only Sister Dorothy. Yet as she did not interfere for me I think unless I'm mistaken that Sister Dorothy was afraid of her.

To Sister Camilla I complained and the only answer I got was don't pay any attention to her. I stood for her frowns and ways for a year.

The trouble was with all my work I had to do I could not come and clean the Sisters' Satreen just when she wanted me to come and do it.

Sister Dorothy would not let me do it until my work was done, yet she did not defend me against Sister Depaul because I believe she was afraid of her.

Yet I held my own but not being able to stand it any longer I sure argued fiercely with her one day.

One day I told Sister Dorothy and others of the big grain elevator fire I seen at the Illinois Central Railroad siding and one asked did "you set it."

I said nothing more, my days of agony continued with Sister Depaul and so to Sister Camille I pretended I was going to quit because she seemed to refuse to give me a vacation, but truly I was leaving because of the

what I called "the persecution" of Sister Depaul. Despite of the time I had worked there she did not seem to protest my going.

Sister Depaul had a bulldog like face, and seemed to have the disposition of one I don't really believe any Catholic sister should such a disposition. That is not Charity or Christ like.

Though she was a sister I had a very intense dislike for her and did my best to avoid her. As I wrote before the trouble was caused because I could not come to the sister's bathroom to clean its floor when she wanted me to.

Sister Dorothy was my superior, not her and I had to obey her in all things first. But as I will say

again, she had not the courage to back me up. I heard that most of the others were shy of her. I spoke and complained to Sister Dorothy about it, and yet with me Sister Depaul would not even reason.

As I wrote before if not now I finally could not at all stand it any longer and therefore quit, and even a day later got a new at Grant Hospital. Some weeks later Sister Dorothy sent the orderly to my house at Mrs Cunchy to ask me if I would like to come back.

My fear of Sister De Paul made me refuse.

I was a nurse at Grant Hospital which I came to in June 1923. I seemed to have slipped from

the frying pan into the fire for the woman superior by the name of Mrs Stevens in her nature and prime ways had Sister De Paul way beat.

You could argue and fight it out with Sister De Paul, but if anyone even only tried that with Mrs Stevens you got fired right then and there.

Somehow though I got along with her far better than with Sister De Paul. Mrs Stevens was severe of course, but reasonable. Do the right thing and not argue or talk back and everything was all right. Sister Depaul did not at all appear reasonable.

I do not remember the number of years I remained there, but after Mrs Stevens left to return to nursing, which before had been her vocation, she was

superseded, or replaced by a woman (housekeeper) whose name was Mrs Irene Joyce. She was somewhat severe also, but you could talk back to her and argue too, without being fired.

But out of respect I never talked back to her either. Only to Sister De Paul, and I still would contend with her.

During my stay for the number of years I was at Grant Hospital (the disinfecting machine was at the north side of the main kitchen) there were I believe four very, very severely cold winters, with way below zero temperatures. I hate it. I would like to write about what the distance I had to go and walk it. too. The meanest winters I had to walk it there.

were those of 1924 and 1927. The distance was six blocks east to Sanabel street, then one long block to Grant place, and three quarters of a block east on Grant place to the main entrance.

You were not allowed though out the rear entrance to go, but you could go in that way. But that was a much longer distance around.

How I put up with the severe cold that distance I do not know but I did. I did not mind the walk in hot summer weather.

There was a young girl there who took charge of the help's main dining room on the ground floor. Her name was Johanne Kuback. It seemed strange that every time she had her afternoons off it would

winter or summer come a heavy long rain. On her half day, though in winter it seldom snowed. Severe cold weather however never spoiled her half days.

I felt sort of sorry for her and proposed if she and the housekeeper were willing she could for once change half days with her.

She chose the Sunday June 2 Feast of the Corpus Christi.

My Sundays usually had been sunny. I was to be off the following Monday which is her usual half day.

I'll have to write this down. Did it rain that afternoon? At two thirty it came, cloud as black as the color of Brown black and a very terrific cloud-

cloud burst that lasted more than an hour. Thunder was unusually frequent but not loud. The rain afterwards kept untill late evening as a very heavy drizzle.

As I did not have an umbrella or raincoat, I could not have gotten back to Grant Hospital to work.

I got two hours off in the afternoon every day.

When I got there the kitchen where the dish washing machine is was so flooded that nothing could be done. The food for the patients had to be brought in from outside. As keep who could not do anything because of the flood, had to eat outside.

I wondered where because of the rain where did all that water come from. I believe

it was caused by the backing up of the sewers in the kitchen at late night there came up another thunderstorm that had loud thunder with one extra awful loud crack but shorter in duration.

The rain too was heavy and the (wind) wind blew almost like a hurricane. That flooded all the basement and kitchen again.

In the kitchen on that Sunday afternoon the whole basement too the water was almost up to your knees. No one could work in the kitchen.

The next day in the morning I told her truthfully I was sorry for the debauchery of the weather and she said

she knew it might happen because I having been brought up in the country she knew the tricks of the weather and could tell by cloud formations what would come.

So can I. In the dining room during meal time there was a man who knew of my exchange with her and made fun of her because it stormed on Sunday afternoon.

I got aroused and told him to shut his "blamby blank" mouth.

He being chided got up and went out. He mended his own business after that.

I do not remember how long Mrs. Joyce stayed, but one morning she received a sort of scolding from the Superintendent Miss Watson for being too severe with the bakes, and several months

months later she left to the sorrow of us all.

She was replaced by another woman whose name was Mrs. Sarson.

I don't remember the cause but I do believe because of Mrs. Sarson I was asked to resign so I left and in a huff I had been a friend of Mrs. Goice, who was Mrs. Sarson's rival over something and probably that was the reason.

At first for more than eight days after that I had trouble getting any job, which I desperately needed.

There was one place I applied somewhere on Webster and Bowling streets, and was unsuitably told to go to the poor farm at Oak Forest. And at my young age. But finally after a day work in a cafe across

from the Alexian Brothers I was soon again at St. Joseph Hospital working in the dirt washing department. That was the third Monday of August 1946.

I was under another prime and severe one, Sister Rufina. She had both Mrs. Stevens and Sister Depaul put together beat a mile.

If you talked back to her it would also result in losing your job.

Like yet with Mrs. Stevens I got along all right, never talked back from respect and knew how to hold my ground, I was not afraid of her, and she could see it, that made her like me. She did not like any one who was afraid of her. And do your duty and there was no trouble. And she was not like Sister Depaul

Excepting other wise my compelled contending with Sister Depaul I was not even the talking back kind. I received that sort of training in the "Bughouse" asylum as they called it. I would write about.

Who never talked back to a superior there got the real punishment and how.

Even there I never talked back. I did not dare.

But I had another pain in the neck while employed at St Josephs.

I was a dietitian by the name of Mrs Catherine Nash. Before she got married her name on the last was Conway.

Sister Depaul even if she tried her best could not equal her. But if you even talked back to Mrs Nash, you'd get

fired by Sister Rufina. As there was then an awfully severe depression on, and it was utterly impossible to get a job with any place.

I had to stay there and go through a number of years of misery because of her constant nagging. Once she went too far and I drove her out of the dish-washing Room.

She told Sister Rufina and the Sister told me Mrs Nash has as much say as she has. Then what I could do? nothing. But I decided to get even with Mrs Nash when the time came. I never did.

I was not the only sufferer. She was a pain in the neck also to all the tray setting girls and others.

It seemed like Heaven when the time came that to retire Mrs Nash quit to take better care

of her property and child.
The new head woman hired by Sister Rufina was Mrs Wise. She was good kind and reasonable. She never scolded anybody.

She however was a very fat woman. Whether she was a Catholic or not I do not know or heard. Mrs Nash was a Catholic but the way she was at us I do not know how much.

I don't think you could blame her for her nature and disposition though. She had a strange (nervous) nervous illness which made her that way, and some years later caused her death.

But when I received the news, I had no feeling or emotion. All her firmness killed all that in me.

When I received the news I do not remember if I then worked still at St Joseph's, or the Alexian Brothers.

During my employment at Grants Hospital and St Joseph's a second time under Sister Rufina I roomed at a place at the Southwest Corner of Kenmore and Webster (1935 Webster Ave).

It was a three story wooden house owned by East German people by the names of Mrs and Mr Ametugh.

They seemed sort of godless in their way of living but were nice people to room with. She went to church with him only once a year and that was Christmas Eve.

The church is on Dickons and Kenmore and is Lutheran.

During my stay there there were quite a number of roomers who however

were not steady roomers but come and go. After one particular one left, the police came looking for him, on some swindling charge, but he had left on short notice, at night told no one not even the landlord, and left no address.

As far as I can ascertain, they never found him, or heard of him again.

I was the one that late morning to discover he was gone. I took the police up to his room. But he was gone and all his belongings.

Usually swindlers are very shrewd and clever.

Two of the other roomers good ones, died, one of ingrowing garter that strangled him. The other

killed himself, but not where he roomed.

He had his body cremated

and some of his ashes he willed to the landlord.

At New Years we celebrated by seeing the old year out, and the new year in. We had ginger Ale, or other soft drinks.

I do not remember how long I worked under Sister Rufena at St Josephs Hospital, but the time came when she died of Cancer of the breast.

Her three successors were two women matrons one of the main kitchen and diet kitchen. I don't remember the name of the first one but she was under the diet kitchen by name of Mary Ann Knuckles.

The other one of the main kitchen was Miss Casey. Both did not stay long.

I stayed beyond this time there, and was soon under a sister whose name I could not spell. I could pronounce it though.

I was then fired, after my three weeks vacation on the idea that the work was too much for me because of my age or something like that. I really had worked from seven A.M. to 8:30 P.M. and never got any time off.

In being dismissed I believe I was better off.

While under Miss Casey I had some supervision however, and dismissed one of the girls for misbehavior.

The rest all quit in their sympathy for her.

The day I was dismissed a sister by the name of Alberta was the superior. I was not there long enough to know her nature but it was she who let me go.

But she was nice about it. She told me that I was

not fired for any wrong doing. She said the nurses told her that I was there too long, the work was too much, the hours too long and could cause me to break down in my health.

All too true. With so many many patients in the hospital I got so much work I could hardly find time to eat my noon day dinner.

I thought fired I could eat my meals there yet until I got a new job. She suggested an easier job and with much shorter hours.

I got a new job then at the Alexian Brothers Hospital during the middle of August 1947 after being out of work for a week. I was put in the place of a man who did not show up. I was under a brother Fabian by name. He was not severe at all.

But still he was somewhat strict. On my job in the dish washing room, I had to work only six hours. At this job I stayed there for more than 14 years. I was transferred up to the bandage room, under Joseph Harry.

I had a helper by the first name of Jacob. I could not pronounce his last name.

The job was rolling long six inch wide bandages, called hot packs. They were fourteen feet long.

After I worked there for three and a half years, it happened because of so violent pains of a burn leg I was forced to quit and retire, and am retired yet. Even before then, during Christmas and new years of the year before my leg

me severe pain, especially at night. I though it don't bother me so much now, I always need the walking stick to go out with. I am on Social Security and yet get only enough to barely live on.

I have forgot to mention that from the time I was a young boy, untill even now I always had a very rough nature or temper. Always was and still am self willed and also determined that at all costs, even at the expense of him that all things shall come my way at no matter what might try to interfere or stand in my way.

On that situation now because of my sore and lame legs I am still worse and seem to have no way to control myself. I can blow up like a stick of dynamite.

I had forgotten one thing to describe about when I was employed for my third year at Grant. I believed October 1923.

While at Sunday Mass, I was off that Sunday morning. The priest from the (pulpit) pulpit announced that on Halloween night the students were to celebrate with a big halloween bonfire, with mostly wood that will make much more flame than smoke.

He said all neighboring fire departments were notified that even if they did (not) notice a rising glow in the sky, they need not run out because they'll know what it is.

I was at my friends house William Schloeder by name on Halloween evening. I was astounded by

the fact that enough fire departments were running out as if to a very big fire.

I saw a glow in the sky and it was exactly in the direction where the big celebration bonfire was to be made.

I said to my friend and his sisters that they forgot the announcement made to them and thought it a bad fire. The glow was surely very bright and getting brighter.

Finally his sister Siggie said to me they said the wood was not to make smoke yet look at that big black rolling cloud, and how high it rises.

I said nothing in answer because I was too excited at what I observed. And how extensive the glow mostly to the far north west to be the celebration bonfire.

I said, "It is a fire and a

big one at that. Sizzie and
 his sister Catherine and also
 his mother thought it was the
 university burning but I said
 the glow is too far north
 I and Willie went on
 our way to see where the
 fire was. It was a twenty
 minutes walk but we got
 there.

It was the big two thousand
 foot long and three hundred
 foot wide broom factory, the
 west end of which is across
 on Fullerton from the St
 Augustine old peoples home,
 whose main entrance is on
 the West Sheffield ave
 side.

The burning building was
 4 and a half stories high.
 Only a quarter of the
 building was then on
 fire but despite the
 fierce fight put up

by all the firemen, within an
 hour the whole immense long
 structure from street floor to
 the top was a raging inferno.
 The flames seemed to leap
 three hundred feet from the
 roof amid great clouds of
 roiling smoke as long as the
 building.

The smoke went so high
 I and Willie could not estimate
 it. The west end of the old
 peoples home faces Remmore
 Ave. So did the west end of
 the building afire. And it
 ended with the east end
 facing Sheffield. Sheffield ave
 on the east, three or four
 blocks long.

I have seen quite a
 number of big fires in my
 day, but this one had them
 all beat put together.
 And the worst of it was
 that it threw such a heat

so awful, that the wind direction was west, that the firemen on the south side of Fullerton could not face it and even their clothing smoked.

Some by means of the fire escapes of the old Peoples Home, got to the roof and aimed their streams at the top of the building from there. And the streams then hardly reached as some parts of the home is more than thirty feet from the south ^{side} street sidewalk.

And hoses had to be also trained on the walls ~~of~~ of the homes north side to (keep) keep them cool.

I mentioned the name of the streets, but not of them crossed Fullerton along where the burning broom factory was. It extended

all the way down from down from Kenmore to Sheffield ave. The building also extended from Sheffield to Bissel, a little west though of the Elevated train road crossing Fullerton. The building had a narrow four story tower on its east end and that survived the fire.

When the big blaze started the place was full of night workers. It was I believe a miracle that at the first alarm, all the employees, foremen, and the owner got out safely.

The owner himself and the managers, nearly got trapped in their office.

The head of the fire department, said the fire must have started by spontaneous combustion under neat the high bales of broomstraws.

It was true that the bales of broom straws were large and many, piled up high on top of one another.

Thousands of them were in large rooms, piled almost to the ceiling with small or narrow passage ways between.

It was they say fifty pounds per bale. Standing too long that way could start dangerous heat underneath. And how fast they could burn. Once started the broom stack piles could not be put out. And spread the fire so fast through the whole length of the huge building.

I was never across the street from the building but a little west of it on or near the Kemmore side of the St Augustine

Home. There I did not feel the heat too much, and avoided most of the smoke. I got a good view of the building though.

As I was to start my vacation the next day November 1 all Saints day, I stayed near the fire close to Eleven P.M. at night. The fire being very stubborn because of the size of the factory was still the same though reinforcements for the fire department came.

I did not want to stay up all night, in spite of the blaze so I returned home found I had forgot the key, and no one was home.

I suspected they too, including the house owners, were at the fire. They were.

Mr and Mrs Anscutz came ten minutes after I did and asked if I had seen the fire. I told them I saw it a little after it began.

They let me in and I went to bed. Yet I was still so excited about the fire that I slept but little.

and did not stay long in bed either in the morning. I went to Mass and Holy Communion at St Vincent's Church. Had my breakfast then again hastily to the scene of the fire where from the Church looking Northeast the cloud looked as from an erupting volcano.

When I arrived there some of the upper part of the building had caved in a portion of the south wall by a hundred

feet length had fallen across a part of the street and the building was now like a smoking blazing volcano. The caved in portions of the top floor protected the raging inferno beneath from the hose streams, causing the huge rolling clouds of yellow brown and black smoke. It looked awful.

All the fire departments were still there. This was Saturday all saints day. It was I believe a week from the following Monday before it was all out.

Now to go back to my ill nature and character. I did not and will not bear things going wrong. I went stand for the slightest pain anywhere, though most of my pains were very severe, and I want

everything under any conditions to come my way.

If things went wrong during any kind of work I do, I say I lose my temper terribly and say things the saints and all the angels would be ashamed of me for.

For what I had said in the past, for my severe face pains when I was employed at St Joseph's Hospital, I'm surprised yet relieved that one of them did not strike me for it.

I really believe it is really natural in me as I was that way when I was a small boy and no kind of scolding or punishment could change me.

Once in school for some kind of cutting up a teacher bored my ears, and my father had to pay

the doctors bill for what I did to her. I slashed her on face and arm with my long knife. I must say also when I was aroused I was dangerous.

At least when going to school after that my father would not let me take my knife, or any other weapon with me.

Out side of that it was all right.

But I was expelled from that school for doing that, yet if I could when a boy I would severely revenge punishment, whether I deserved them or not. Some boy once accused me of stealing his wagon, which I did not.

If I would have, I really had no place to hit it. He hit me on the nose with the palm of his hand. For what I did to him in return he was in a hospital for a

long time. His parents could do nothing against me, or make my father pay (and) my bill, because witnesses said and was able to prove, that he and his gang of followers ganged up on me, twelve against one.

What probably caused the trouble was that I often played on the third floor porch of the building across where I lived.

He lived there. Somebody did steal his wagon but not I. What good would it be to have stolen his damn wagon when as I wrote before I had no place to hide it.

If I had even brought it into the house my father would find out who it belonged to, and make me give it back, and punish

me besides for stealing it. As I had no place to hide it I could have fully proved that I never took it, but still they would not believe me. So I was slammed on the nose and I believed I nearly killed him.

I was a very dangerous kid if not left alone. A much bigger boy than I, a sort of bully tormented me in front of where I lived.

I nearly broke his knee the way I hit it when I threw that brick a half brick. That was my temper then.

At the Alexian Brothers Hospital I was a employ in the main dish washing room.

While under Brother Fabian I would bring a food wagon down to the main kitchen from one of the floors.

Every morning except on my day off I would bring the long four wheeled cart or dish wagon full of dishes from the Brothers Dining room to the dishwashing room have them washed.

Then I would bring them back to the dining room man.

But after that, after he was gone the new dining room would not allow me into the dining room after them, and tried once to put me out by force.

Then this dining room afterwards had to bring them to the dishwashing department and back again.

I would not do anything for him, and told him if I had the chance I'd slash him with a knife.

I told him he can't get rough with me and get away with it.

I believe that was one of the reasons I had seen him no more, though I did hear he got into a row with negro employees, in the main kitchen. And they chased him out.

His successor had to bring them and wash them too.

During the time or years I worked both at St Joseph's and Alexian Brothers Hospital and also at Grant Hospital, every evening and Sunday after noons off, (I got no Sundays off at St Joseph's Hospital) I went visiting a special friend of mine by the name of William Schloder,

I don't know his middle name but he was a Catholic and so was his folks and sisters. We often went to Riverview Park. I did all the spending. If I had saved all that what would I have had?

He had a very good pious mother, but I know nothing about his father because he died not long after I went seeing Willie.

He had three grown sisters and a younger but grown brother. Henry. His sisters could lose Willie, but not Henry.

The name of his sisters were Catherine, Siggie and Susan, Schloeder. In their nationality they were Surinlegers. Siggie was very pious and always contesting and fighting with my friend Willie and he never talking back.

I know I would chase her out of the house if I was him, with my strong independent nature.

His other sisters were not like that. Susan got married, causing her husband to be Willie's brother in

law. Their two children a boy and girl were his niece and nephew. I forgot the boy's first name but his last name was Mc-Terran. (Duh?) His sister's name was as her mother's.

In character what kind of family were they?"

In spite of being well to do, I would not count with any other. They were very charitable kind and good. When I had bad mysterious pains on my face he did all he could to help me.

What he told me to buy buy stopped the pain.

I had wished I had children like theirs. They were good.

It was too bad though so often that little Susan had such awful toothaches despite all the dentist tried to do. And he thought it very unsafe to pull them.

To stop the pain he removed the teeth nerves. A dentist did the same for me when I had the same trouble.

After their mother's death they went to live in the city of Willmette. I do not know what was the cause but their sister Ziggy died so mysteriously.

Willie sold the house soon afterwards and he and his sister Catherine went to San Antonio. I was to live.

I wrote to Willie often but as he could not write in English his sister wrote his answers for him.

When in San Antonio three years my friend Willie died on the 5 of May. (I forgot the year) of the Asian Flu and since that happened I am all alone.

I never faded with any

one since. Where I worked I could not get off to go to his funeral. Afterwards I never could find out where his sister went for she went somewhere not leaving any known address. I believe she went to Mexico where she intended to go anyway.

I do not know where the McFarrians were at the time of Willie's death. I just now remember the time while still working at St Joseph's Hospital, on the first floor, but then under Sister Dorothy, that I asked some man, whose name I need not tell or even do not remember, to do me a special easy favor which I needed badly.

He refused sternly saying he had no time to do any one favor. I'm like sort of person that if any one refuses,

to do any favors for me
do not expect one from me
either. Then one day he was
arrested for speeding by a
speed cop. I do not actually
remember what his fine
was but for the full of it
he was short of five dollars
and fifty cents.

A cop or two of them came to
me at the Hospital where I
worked. They told me why
they came to see I me.

I remembered the favor
he refused me (and not out of
revenge) but of my way of
no favors done for me,
do not expect one from
me.

I refused his request for
the five dollar and fifty
cents loan.

Therefore he had to
stay those five and a
half days in the police

station. Because he had been
arrested and jailed he could
not get his job back. I thought
because of my refusal of the
(loan) loan to him the bikers
would rebuke me as being mean,
but they said nothing. They did
not even know of it.

From then on I have never
seen him since.

I am still that way yours
truly and always will be.
If I am refused a favor
I do not expect one from me.

And if I had been refused
a favor, I do feel that the
one who refused has got a
lot of nerve to ask me for
one. I he Guts of him. Pooh

But at Grant Hospital where
I worked in the dishwashing
department in the main
kitchen the work was some
time slack and sometimes
too much.

at Grant Hospital & received two half days off a week and two weeks vacation.

Grant Hospital I believe was fifteen blocks from where I lived to the west at the Anctuzs 1035 Webster and it was ordeal to walk it in bad weather especially in the winter and during severe below zero cold waves.

And during real hot weather in the summer and getting caught in sudden thunderstorms coming up, without umbrella or raincoat.

You would ask why I walked such a long distance? It was because there was no way or means to ride there and I could not afford a taxi that distance.

There was a single car street car running on Dick-ens ave, but it came

only every three quarters of an hour and I could get quicker to my job by walking.

From Anctuzs place it was eight, 8 blocks to St Joseph's Hospital, but also an ordeal to walk even there during bad stormy and cold weather especially of the awfully cold winter of 1935, and also of 1936.

I do not remember how long or number of years I worked at Grant Hospital but all that time there were no big long blinding snowstorms, there was one blinding snowfall but it lasted only long enough to lay 4 inches, a march ended blizzard lasting from March 21 and through April 1, I forgot the year, only layed ten inches, that snow for two days without stopping.

I cant forget the big blizzard of March 26 and 27th Sat, and Sunday 1930. So late in the year too. Traffic was tied up for more than three weeks.

It melted too fast under the sun in the open country as I read in the papers, and caused the worst flood in the country history.

Though she was good as a sister, Sister Rufena was a very scolding kind, and I do not remember or recall how many would not remain long working under her.

Yet too she was prompt in firing any one who would talk back to her.

I stayed through the years under her. She died though in a Hospital in Evanston of breast cancer. So I was told.

Then came the kitchen overseer and when she quit the sister whose name I cannot spell. She was very quiet and easy going.

Work for me those years was way more than I would or could take, long hours no hours off, but yet a day off though.

Then after my last vacation there for which after I came back I found I was fired. The head sister Albert said the work was too much for me.

I received them after a week out of a job employment at the Alexian Brothers Hospital. I stayed on the job there until my enforced retirement.

Because of so many of the patients at the Hospital I would at times

find work too much also
I worked in the dishwashing department there too but not as dishwasher.

I never ran or operated the dishwashing machine.

I stripped or scraped the refuse off of the dishes, and other utensils to go to the dishwashing machine.

When I first came I had to wash all type of the dishes that had on them what the machine would not take off by hand.

Some times here too the work was slack and other times too much.

There came one day there came a change in the dish washing business.

The old machine was dismantled and moved out.

the dishwashing room was changed into a sort of medical department, and a new machine put into another room to be operated by only girls or women.

No more men. That dishwashing room, had a electric driven garbage disposal by the refuse stand.

No need any more to wheel out heavy garbage cans. However a girl had to take out stuff that burns in a container by truck.

I myself to a pot washing job. Sometimes that job was so slack that you could stand around waiting for them to come and at other times there were so many pots pans and other utensils that you could not hardly manage them without addition help.

However as the pot washing room was much too hot in the summer especially for me it caused me to have a sort of heat sickness and had to be on sick leave for more than eight days.

When I came back Miss Sullivan the head of the Kitchen and the vegetable department transferred me to the vegetable room for my health's sake.

It was more cooler there, at times there too the work was too much and everything had to be on time.

By machine I peeled potatoes potatoes and cleaned and worked on all kinds of vegetables. All these had to be on time.

and I had to be at work by five thirty until the brother who came in change changed it from six thirty and to quit at three thirty.

I did not like that sort of change, because when I came at five thirty I could quit at two.

I was going to quit but at that time jobs were hard to obtain so I had to put up with the unpleasant change. I however was soon transferred to the bandage room up on the fifth floor.

Here no one could show authority over you.

Here you were on your own. Joseph Henry was very good to me and my helper Jacob.

They called him Jake. He so had a sort of stomach ailment that made him vomit

for any unusual exertion. He would even throw up if he had to walk through deep snow.

The bandage room was an awfully hot place in the summer, with a very low roof which the sun heated dreadfully. I was a very sweat shop and we shortened our time of work because of it.

In the winter, especially during cold weather it was like an ice box even if we had a radiator on.

We soon succeeded in having a second one put in and it helped a lot.

The heat itself was not so humid as down in the kitchen and that damn pot room.

The heat was caused as I mentioned by that

sun heated low roof. I remember that I did mention that why I was first before that transferred to the vegetable room, because in the potroom the last summer I was in there I got what is called heat sickness, or mild heat prostration.

I could not understand it. I on all the rest of my life before that I stood well worst heat than that.

I had suffered no results from the fierce heat of the bandage room. I stood it perfectly well.

Maybe because that heat was drier. When I got that heat sickness, it was a terribly hot summer where for many days eighty five degrees was the most lowest temperature. Five days it was over a hundred.

While working at St Joseph's hospital and then at the Alexian Hospital, I got on me a very mean streak because of prayers not being answered, an a question over the snow.

Before this happened I was a daily attendant at mass and Holy Communion.

Then foolishly and very sinfully I stopped going to mass and Holy Communion and when work was unusually heavy at both places I badly sang awfully blasphemous words at God for hours without stopping.

I am surprised that for the words I sang God did not strike me.

But no he did not.

I believe he knew there was a time coming

when I would wisely change my ways. It did happen.

I was while I was working in the bandage room up there there were days when the work was so scarce that I almost had nothing to do.

In some sort of a magazine I read of a young fellow who when losing his fortune he turned bandit and robbed and killed at will.

He was betrayed by false women friends arrested and being found guilty at his trial was condemned to be hanged.

When he died he went to hell and was tormented horribly by fiends.

There was not only descriptions of the story but as many pictures, I he pictures of his torments

in the fires of hell, and by the demons, scared me into repentance and I stayed good and after confession, have been going to daily Mass and Confession frequently and also daily communion ever since.

During my long stay at the Alexian Brothers I was raised in my pay three times. Then I got partial retirement and worked part time in the bandage room and had half the pay reduction.

I then received \$100 a month with employment taxes to pay.

Yet it was either at St Joseph Hospital or the Alexian Brothers that I was in bed under the care of the main head doctor for

a severe pain on the right side of my belly. Yet what was the cause of it, I or the Doctor did not know.

Repeated arrays revealed nothing. The pain however slowly stopped after I vomited toward the afternoon of the day, which it had started in the morning early while at work. But I had to remain in bed for for six days. It is a long time since that happened but have been walking with a cane ever since.

I'm over 65 years now but sometimes off and on that same kind of pain returns and goes.

But it so far has not been so severe, except of January 26, a year ago from this January it caused me chills while in bed.

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that I thought would not stop. Then all of a sudden when I did master those chills I felt sudden need to vomit got up to do it, but nothing would come up.

Then as suddenly it was all over and I was all right.

I plowed through that deep snow to the grill on Sheffield and Webster to breakfast. It was Friday the 27th and the storm was still going strong.

Was it that ^{the} blizzard storm effected me that way Thursday night?

I had slightly and suspect my gall bladder. Some of the hospital employees thought I might have strained the right of my belly muscles. That could too could have been a real

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possibility because the pain does not feel like being inside of me but on the abdomen. When I worked in the bandage room rolling what was fourteen feet length of what was called hot packs, I as I mentioned before a helper by the name of Jacob Deseri.

He though somewhat fuzzy, was a good man. His fuzziness made him some what troublesome if I could not while he did the rolling after my turn get the long gauge hot pack straight enough for him.

He would command, "Open"

They are called hot packs because they were wrapped about where they were to go around the patient as hot as he could stand it.

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Goe said the hot packs cost fifty dollars per one. I and Jake and Goe too took turns in rolling them.

It was a sort of pleasure to roll them myself but when Jake rolled I have to say with his complaints and hollering 'Open' he was a pain in the neck.

Other wise he was absolutely peaceful, friendly and good natured. I did the very best I could to please him, and did not understand what he really meant by 'Open'.

I missed him nevertheless when he left to retire. He owned horses, he did not say how many, and two big watchdogs on a police, and a shepherd

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dog. He also roomed in a house on Montana street.

After he left, it would be double work for me and Goe especially if there were more than twelve, 12 large bags of hot packs.

And believe me they were very large back size bags and held plenty.

Jake told me the bags were sometimes more than thirty in number. And then he had to work on all of them alone when Goe was sick in bed. He too had been sick a few several times when I was there.

The hot packs never was as many as 30 of them while I worked in the bandage room but once there came as many as twenty three and I was alone with them too.

That happened when Jake was away on his vacation. They were still that many when he came back. Then it was my turn.

When I returned the hot packs had diminished to nothing. That was the way with that job. Sometimes too many and sometimes almost nothing.

I got Thursday and Sunday and holidays off.

In the kitchen dishwashing and vegetable jobs.

I only was off one Sunday a month, and two week days. I sometimes had to work mostly on

Christmas and other holidays and was only off then when my day off came on one of

them. I know of a country where the employers

would have to pay a thousand to 10,000 dollar fine to work (himself) himself, or work his employees on Sundays, holidays, and holy days.

As I wrote before the bags were large, heavy when full, and held plenty.

The least number were two of them. I would go for the large laundry cart where they were on.

When loaded the cart was heavy and hard to push.

The work on the hot packs usually had to be done on time when the nurses, (men) came up for them.

Yet this sort of work caused me a lot of standing on an uneven floor with my bad leg and the work was worse yet.

when Joe was sick and I had to go it alone, especially if there were a lot of them.

Strange to say there were always a lot of them when I was alone, and they were slack when we worked together.

And if he was with me and the hot packs were not many I was always able to quit before dinner and go home for the rest of the afternoon.

I always came at seven thirty.

If with him only with me and the hot packs were very numerous, I had to work sometimes to past three o'clock in the afternoon.

I thought I could hardly a meal ticked I seldom stayed for supper but

ate out. I was in the Hospital bandage room for a little more than four years I do believe and I and Joe got along fine, no trouble or nothing.

I then one morning I believe it was in early November 1958, my right side, some old belly trouble and right leg both tortured me so bad I could not hardly stand, at the same time.

I went to a hospital doctor who gave me the prescription for some pills for my leg trouble, and told me I got to retire if I don't want to be bedridden.

My side trouble is a permanent strain I was told and told to be careful in anything I do and do no heavy lifting.

I came first to tell Joe
I got to retire, and then
the personal manager,
and got the checks com-
ing to me.

Yet to go back a ways
about being at the Alexian
brothers hospital I was
under Brother Fabian. The
rest of the time I worked
there excepting one occas-
ion there was no brother
in charge when Brother
Fabian left, I was under
no one at all.

I did not like that.
Then came Brother
Hillery. He was all right
but he did not stay
long.

Then in charge of the
kitchen came a Miss
Sullivan she had noth-
ing to do with the
dishwashing room.

She was somewhat prim-
but nevertheless good social
and fair. Do what she said
and she even was your friend.
But as I wrote she had
no charge of us.

I forgot the name of the
woman who had but she
had so much work else-
where that she seldom
came around to see how we
were getting along.

It just now comes to my
mind that she was called
Miss Walquest.

She was not prime or
severe. She too quit some
years later to retire.

Then Miss Sullivan
was put in her place.

I worked under her
in the vegetable room
for a certain number of
years and we got along
fine and dandy.

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I worked under her in the vegetable room until I was transferred to the bandage room, I in the pot room before that, I was only under the chef or the main cook. When Miss Sullivan went I was upstairs then I missed her.

During my stay up in the bandage room there were two awfully cold winters, the one before being below zero for three days before we got a morning that was 14 below.

The winter following I believe it was 1952 there were two weeks of moderate subzero days while came a twenty one below.

The day following I was 14 below and then a week more of severe subzero but

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not that severe. The rest of the winter also was severely cold but not sub-zero any more.

Spring too was cold. The following summer was not a very warm one and rainy.

Strange for me the Sunday before I went upstairs to the bandage room the Personal officer Mr Shields said to take the Sunday off.

Yet according to Mrs Sullivan I was supposed to work that Sunday and she asked me why I did not come.

I did not think at the time that Monday noon of what the Personal officer told me and I told her I had been sick or something like that.

And believe me I certainly did not feel at all well. At that morning

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badly in the early morning. It was not what I had eaten, it was that damn side pain off and on. As I had said, I had suffered from it, since the the first time, and had again a bad spell, the 26th of January at night time of the big blizzard, and I nearly did also vomit that night.

Are you ashamed of me? You ask why? It's because of the pain, I shook my fist towards heaven, meaning it for God.

I also had a bad spell all day last week when near the west side of the St Vincent, Church when I vomited some green stuff in the early afternoon.

The pain gradually stopped. When to go

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back to writing about Miss Sullivan, I told her I was sick she excused me. I should have told her also of about the Personal Officers permission.

She even for that would have to excuse me, because being only a dietian, she has no say on that or even over me. I was on my own.

Then sometime after I had been working for five years in the bandage room, the knee pain came again especially worst after midnight.

The left leg then took its turn, and then back to the right. It was very severe. I would get up and apply a hot rag for a time but that did not help much. When I went back to bed

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I thought I had received relief, but half an hour later it was even worse. I had to get up and stay up. I had ~~almost~~ slightly slackened it. It spoiled on me a Christmas and a new year.

Since then though the pain is now not so much any more I had to start walking with a cane.

It's terribly difficult to walk otherwise. I also discovered how awfully hard it was to walk through that deep snow Friday January 27. of that Thursday and Friday storm. I dread those blizzos do ever since. When I was out to go to Romeo Grill on Webster and Sheffield area I walked in the path already made by those gone before me.

While at Mass in

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St Vincents Church, I can I suppose but dare not stand at standing times, or kneel also and it at times is mighty tire some sitting all that time.

I go to three morning masses and Communion at the seven thirty Mass every day, and one extra Mass on Sunday afternoon at five o'clock besides the seven fifteen AM and the eight I hurry.

And on Mondays I go to the Miraculous Medal Novena Devotion. It too is followed by a Mass.

What did you say? I am being a saint? Ha Ha, I am one, and a very sorry saint I am, Ha Ha, How can I be a saint when I won't stand for trials, bad luck, pains in my 'knee? knees or otherwise.

I am afraid I was a sort of

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devil if I may call myself one during the bad pain of my knee at night. I had forgot to mention that in the early part of September 1917 I was drafted into the army, when the united States entered the latest part of World war one.

I found army life far from pleasant but I was soon transferred from Camp Grant Ill. to camp Sogan, near Houston Texas,

I through real bad eye trouble, which though I greatly exaggerated I received my dismissal from the army, and got my old job at St Joseph hospital.

I was working there afterwards there too under Sister Rufers in the dish-washing room and when the second World war

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was on I had to register them again for the army conscription but I believe because of my age I was not called, fortunately. This time I don't say why, I could not have passed the physical examination.

I sure felt good about it, as I hated Army life. But you know (?) if I would have been a draft evader I would served a three or four years term in prison.

And I do not under any conditions like the idea of being a jail bird, as at least that is what all persons will call you.

To go back to my case of suffering I would not bear. I firmly believe there is no one not even you my reader who would

I'm sure who would put up with such pains, my past severe tooth aches, face pains, and side pains and other things I don't find time to mention here.

The knee pain at night I must confess and am not ashamed to tell of it, I actually shook my fist towards heaven.

I did not mean it for God though, though I felt like it.

What sin it was if it was one I do not know for sure but when I told it in confession the priest was disturbed admonished me, and gave me a severe or long prayer penance to recite. Yet the severe knee pain drove me to it.

Yet while working on the first floor at St. Joseph's Hospital, in the main ward or rooms I never found any patients who put up with any severe pains at either.

Then why should I and people who do suffer are usually crabby or hard to get along with.

Yet despite that pain even bothering me severely in the morning I went to and stayed through three Holy Masses a week on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

And also to work on the working days. Yet I stood it.

Would you have done it?

But I will say again of that one morning I was up at or in the bandage

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room with Joe my right leg began again while I was rolling hot packs, and it became so terribly severe, that I could not stand on it, and to add to my misery my right side acted up severely at the same time.

I had to quit and the doctor who I went to and examined my leg advised me to retire.

I did so depending on my Social Security.

I retired in November 19 1963. I have been retired since and I'll say it is a lazy life and I don't like it.

I suppose a real lazy person would enjoy it.

I do wish I could be

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back working there again. To make matters worse now I'm an artist, been one for years and cannot hardly stand on my feet because of my knee to paint on the top of the long picture.

Yet off and on on I try and sit down when ache or pain starts. I remember when I and a tall man were walking down Webster Ave home ward bound at dark in late fall we saw an auto driver without head lights on strike a dog, nearly killing the animal right there and then nearly being hit by a car coming from the west.

I wished who we had been motorcycle cops then, we would have arrested him.

There is one strange thing
 I have got to write. Even
 when a young little boy,
 "I felt insulted being called
 kid" I have had peculiar
 willful ways, and very
 independent nature.
 At that time I never even
 heard the word 'brat'
 and had I and would have
 known what it meant
 and any one would have
 called me that, that party
 boy, girl, or grownup would
 have got a rock or
 brick on the head.

I don't care what would
 be the result I would
 have done it.

But fortunately I
 never heard any one
 call a little boy or
 girl that. I was told
 that any one calling
 a child that commits

a very grave sin. Yet too
 I'll say again also I won't
 under any conditions or costs,
 stand for anything going
 wrong, or bear any kind
 of trials or disappointments
 whatever.

I would not even stand
 for a snowless winter. I
 cried once when snow stop-
 ped falling. And my poor
 father looked at me so
 queer. It must have been
 unusual for him, or to
 him.

Though were they small
 ones I have committed
 sins because of these
 trials disappointments
 and things going wrong
 or not running smoothly
 and especially all sorts
 of childhood pains
 and miseries. I was very
^{so angry} (belligerent) if teased

for my part to go back to my working time at St Joseph's hospital with your granted permission, I had had toothaches very bad ones, and once severe pains where teeth had been pulled, that would not stop day or night, but much worse at night.

The pain was on both sides in the upper jaws. You I suppose would have been ashamed of me because of the terrible language and blasphemous words I said constantly during this pain.

A friend of mine for a while loaned me the use of his hot water bottle but that did not help. I only seem to make it worse.

Finally a dentist I went to, to see if he could find out the cause said it was caused by the teeth

being pulled at the time of the pain, and gave me some kind of mouth wash, and after a week of using it in hot water in my mouth the pain was gone.

During the pain, the openings where the teeth had been taken out would not heal or close.

Now they did - The dentist knew what my trouble was.

As I will the one who pulled my teeth forgot to dig the hard abscess pus out.

The mouth was disinfected and cleaned out the pus, when the pain was gone.

I also forgot to mention while working at St Joseph's Hospital there came first as a patient an old man who was there for some kind of sickness, a sort of shaking sickness,

but it was not paley. After wards he was put in charge of us working men's house that we sleep in and turned out to be handy for ever-thing even causing a man to be arrested on the charge of hitting a man with a hammer during a fight at night.

He had thrown the hammer out of a window. I fellow was not hurt much. In fact more scared than hurt.

His name was known as Mr. P. helam who took charge of things, and he willingly did his work without pay to make up as hospital pay as that he had no money to pay his hospital bill.

He had studied for the priest-hood but failed to be one because of

his oncoming illness. When I was in the army during nineteen seventeen, I would write him letters.

Would you believe it when I recieved his answers, I discovered his hand writing was exactly like my Father's?

It certainly was.

I also wrote to Sister Camilla who was Superior at St Joseph's Hospital, and in the answer to my letters, she still sent me monthly wages though I was still in the army.

In late December I was discharged from the army and came back to St Joseph's Hospital.

I had sent her a telegram but I do not know or why I got there ahead of it.

That to me was strange. How long does it take to go?

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I know Houston, Texas, is over 3000 miles from Chicago Ill. Did the train take the X-ray Ilier run faster than the telegram.

I do not know however I even got to pass the physical examination for the draft, because all my life I had troublesome eyes, and too much sunglasses or sunlight made me seem partially blind.

I could not stand the bright glare of electric lights in the hospital chapel either. I believe my passing the examination was a fraud on the part of the doctor.

I must exclaim something again about army life. At first I was at Camp Grant at first Camp Grant Illinois.

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I would have in a way liked the army life, only I was forced to leave behind things I loved too much. That was almost unbearable.

I do believe it is in the Bible, that says its transgressing very severely God's law to force any man into the army against his will.

I don't blame the Amish, the Jehovah's Witness, the Quakers and so on to oppose it. None of them will allow themselves to be drafted, even at the cost of the firing squad or let alone imprisonment.

The Bible says woe to the nation that drafts its men into the army against his will.

That nation may be in due time "none exist". I will repay says the Lord.

At first I was sent to Camp Grant at Rockford Ill. through which it is said the Rock River runs.

I would however had slight liked the army life after all if not for what I so strongly yearned for what I had to leave behind, and still worse getting shots for this and for that.

I dreaded them, because my arm or where I got the damn shots was so sore for days. Some of the shots even made me ill.

The only good part was the canteen where I could buy all sorts of refreshments and other goodies.

I came to Camp Grant on September the 17th.

I do not remember the day or date of the

Month of November, but then I was transferred to Camp Sogam, Texas with a long train load of 'buddies' the camp was near Houston.

Here I was for several days reexamined for my peculiar eye condition, failed the test, and so sometime after Christmas there, I received my discharge papers and came back to St Joseph's Hospital a few days before New Years where I stayed until 1922.

I remember after I came back, the great big blizzard of January 6 and Seventh, 1918, and it was Sunday the Feast of the Little Christmas, and the Monday after.

Sunday had the heaviest of the big storm especially of late afternoon and was

into the night I enjoyed the blizzard, though it did tie up traffic awfully.

Then as I wrote before because of Sister Depaul, molesting me and making my life miserable I left and received a job at Grant Hospital.

I believe my first winter at Grant Hospital was one of the coldest I have ever known except later in 1936.

The one I am speaking of though was the winter of 1924 Below zero far down and severe too for more than two months.

I believe too it might have been that winter also that a roomer at Mrs. Amutze wrote a complaint to the Health Department that the land lady did not furnish much heat in her place.

It was true too because many a day did I spend in my cold room there in the winters yet I stayed stuck it out and never complained.

But it was her doing not her husband. He wanted to heat the place but she would not let him.

But as yet as it happened to be, most of the roomers were away to work most of the day, she said it was wasting the coal and other fuel, and only put on the heat about late afternoon before they came home.

He the complainer was a stay at home kind.

Yet as I said before I myself coming home earlier than the others passed many a time inside went to bed with my clothes on and never complained.

However the Health department sent her a warning by mail. I do not know if she could read English, (she was from East Germany) or not, but certainly not write it.

She asked me to write a reply for her. I did but she then got no answer. In the warning she was told it was better to buy the coal. She was told it was better to use the money for it than pay the one hundred dollar fine.

When that man reported to the Health department he did it after he had moved.

I believe it was a very sneaky thing to do, and I believe I told her so. She said I was right.

I also remember again I have to go back to

write this that while I was working in the pot room of Alexian Brothers hospital I was suspected by a certain person to have twice switched on him.

I got relieved however by the main cook and the kitchen employees in not only saying so but able to prove that I never did.

And also for all the work I did and also having to empty all that garbage which was heavy work I never had time to go "hanging around Miss Sullivan's Apron strings."

I would have liked to find out who told him I switched on him. Well? You can guess there were many knives around in the kitchen.

People of my nationality use knives on "framers."

I firmly believe he was the real snitch, and as 'you call it' it 'hooked' me to 'cover up'.

I was a long time living at the Amchitz's. Afterwards I do not remember the fall of the year when she exchanged property with an Italian on Sogam Boulevard.

I'll now tell why I did not remain when he was to come to take possession of the house.

I finally found out that he was having a sort of moonshine still in his house (it was during the prohibition a forbidden years) and when he would be about to take possession he would bring it over to where I was still at what had been Amchitz's house.

That scared me into quickly making a change. I on that reason I would not stay there. I will tell you why and how.

I remembered the big moonshine explosion on Webster and South Port Ave's that completely leveled that big long and wide three story brick building to the ground and broke all the br windows of every house for many blocks around.

Roofs were shaken from from houses even more than a block away.

The terrible blast said to have been heard six miles away happened January 30th 1930 at night just after I got into bed. A lot of people living there were killed or injured. Some of the bodies lay on

the sidewalk across the street and some half a block down Southport are according to the papers. I saw myself the debris laying across and on both Southport and Webster streets blocking the middle of the streets.

It was a good thing for all the people living in the house, where all the window glass went out from the shock, there was no cold wave weather.

Remembering this and seeing all that made me afraid and I moved away to a new place at 851 Webster ave.

I am still there, though this is 1968

The sound of that big explosion I was like some big boom thunder overhead which

I have heard during some thunderstorms, far as it was from my place. I thought it sounded overhead it was way much louder and actually shook our house badly.

I heard Mrs. Amcutz cry out; 'It's an explosion'

As I said before I was in bed when the explosion came, and at first I thought it was one of those big 'boom' thunders overhead I over head which I have heard in some thunderstorms.

But it was louder than all of them put together.

I wonder what was the size of the moonshine still to do all that damage?

I never heard or read in the papers whether they ever found or captured the moonshine maker or not.

He was never seen again. And proofs were he was not in the building at the time it was demolished by the explosion.

I read that those who make the moonshine in Kentucky, Tennessee or other states take awful chances with their skills. It is said an explosion of one of them can kill or maim you sixty yards away from it.

He made his moonshine in the basement unknown to anybody, even the landlord and during time it was outlawed.

Max Anuckatz knew it right away that it was an explosion and when the fire department passed by she followed it to where it stopped.

There was no fire however. In fact the explosion by its great force left nothing to burn, burn.

It is really hard to say however for truth at first whether it was the still, as many say at first it was a black hand Bomb.

The owner however was able to prove he received no threatening black hand letters.

And many of those living across the streets from the destroyed building testified there was no black smoke or smell of exploded powder.

They said the big cloud was white and steamy and had a kummed and brandy smell.

I did not at that time of night get out of bed.

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to go to see what had really happened, but the next day after I was home from work, I went down here.

The scene was worse than what I heard. I had seen and known the building. It had been a large three and half story building. It had been a quarter block long, and also as wide. Of pink red brick, a very handsome sort of building.

I could not believe my eyes for what I observed, and no exaggeration either.

There was nothing at all left of the building but scattered debris.

A lot of the wreckage blocked both streets in that neighborhood.

The building did not have two feet of any

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of any of its walls standing and wooden planks lay scattered every where, even on the roof tops of houses near by and through broken windows. It seems exaggerating but not so.

There was a sort of brandy smell in the air.

And as I wrote before, where ever I went I did not see anything else but all glass gone from the windows, littering yards and sidewalks, like fragments of sheet ice.

I even seen roofs of some buildings near shaken loose.

Not believing it was done by a black hand bomb, I went out of my way to see if there was such a thing any where as a fragment of the

still. I could not hardly believe it, but there it was a big piece too heavy to lift in a lot, near Fullerton.

It was half round with riveted parts, and sort of pipe attached, and was big and too heavy for me to lift even at one end.

Neighbors told me it came sailing through the air and landed there.

Because of needed evidence about the cause of the blast, it was forbidden to be moved then.

That proves it was a still explosion and one with very great force to hurl such a heavy object so far.

Why it was left there all night and the next

day and a week. I do not know. It was a full evidence that the blast was from the moonshine still, even though no officials took it away for evidence examination, or proof.

In four weeks it was gone and to where I do not know.

There had been a few pipes, and one pipe elbow also attached to it. This fragment was shaped like a half rounded tank and eight foot long, and half an inch thick. No wonder it was so awfully heavy.

Excepting for a few days I do not believe January 30 was a terrible cold month and had only a 10 inch snow fall before New Years day. No snow at all for the rest of the month until the 30th.

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One was on the 18th with 21 below. Then a short time later came 8 below.

All other days and even in February I noticed the days were almost warm above normal.

March the first had one below zero. The rest of March until the 26 like late January and through February was almost snowless.

But March the 26 and 27 had a very big snow storm of which I cannot explain why I really enjoyed.

The paper I bought late afternoon (its a wonder I could get it) said nineteen inches had already fallen and even then the storm seemed to be at its worst, and showed no sign of letting up.

my life history

Really through the whole 188-8 storm I am sure it got way much deeper, because it snowed severely all night Saturday, and also all day Sunday, and again way into the night. Late in the year as it was, traffic was tied up for weeks.

But nevertheless I enjoyed the storm.

Later as I read in the open country parts, the sun melted the snow so fast, it caused the most extensive and worst flood in all histories of floods.

When I worked under Sister Rufena, at St Joseph's hospital.

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for that time, the summers from 1930 to 1937 were the most hottest I have ever seen or felt here.

All that time too very little rain or snow except there was a sizeable snow storm on March 7 1931.

The summer of 1934 however broke all records on July 18. Yet too 1933 also broke all records for believe it or not, for three weeks it was over a hundred and three in the shade but never reached the temperature of July 18 1934

my life history 190

The winter of 1936 was the coldest I ever seen here, not only because of the extremely low temperatures, (2 below for 8 weeks was the highest) but also of the long duration of the cold spell.

This time it could not be called a cold wave because for such a long time it did not abate for 33 days all severe below zeros.

All the three and half weeks of January, not forgetting Christmas week and through February without a let up.

On the Saturday of Early February however came the worst cold spell of all following a ten minutes blinding snowfall. And during that cold spell it blew fully strong from the west for 2 days.

191.

Those were awful cold Sunday and Mondays. More than 27 below according to the news. I do not know how I stood it walking to St Josephs hospital from where I lived two and a half blocks away.

Yet it was not exactly the cold. It was that awful wind. St Josephs Hospital is a long distance consisting the length of those blocks.

But despite the severe wind and cold I managed to take it. I also remember the day Sister Rufina died in a hospital in Evanston of breast cancer. At least that is what I was told it was. Even then I stayed for a good number of years and those were my worse

my life history

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years because of the unruly teen age girls they hired for the dishwashing department.

They were the worst or most severe cross I ever bore.

I was in charge though and one evening under a kitchen head woman I could stand it no more and fired the most unruly one.

In sympathy for her the rest walked out. "Oh how I cried" ha ha ha.

Older workers came afterwards and my agony was over.

I did not remain long under the other Sister whose name I can pronounce but cannot spell.

I left by request. Sister Alberto let me go saying the work there was too much for me.

She was very much right. Yet I was afraid to

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to quit after being there so long. I don't say how much work there was but there too many hours, from 7 A.M. in the morning untill 8:30 P.M.

And no hours off. Hardly even had time for my dinner.

After I was let go. I got or obtained a job at the Alexian Brothers hospital, a week after I left St Josephs. A few winters were severe too while I worked there especially one when I worked in the Bandage room.

I first worked in the dishwashing room under Brother Fabian then under Brother Bebe, and then under Women supervisors.

Every one of these were easy to get along with.

my life History

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That dishwashing room was an awful hot place in the summer especially with all that hot water in the dishwashing machine.

But not near as hot as the dishwashing room in St Josephs hospital.

The Brother stripped the dishes I scraped off the refuse and the Machine operator loaded the dish trays and run them through.

I never had the chance to operate the machine though I worked at the receiving end once in a while, removing the clean dishes and loading the dish cart-wagons.

I also took out the garbage, and cleaned the cans. That was the only unpleasant job. Handling and dumping the slops.

195

I believe I had once before wrote that all my life ever since a child I always had a very wilful nature and mean temper and was very determined always, that all things, will and shall come to my satisfaction, or else.

I would not even put up, or stand for any kind of bad luck, And I would always have an anger, slight or severe, which made people say I have fire in my eyes.

I would not even stand for anything going wrong no matter what the cost and am still that way, if not worse, especially because of my injured legs.

It says in the Holy bible, "For those who

My life & History. 196

do not bear the Cross there is no Salvation. I'm sorry to say I defied that and still do.

Yet if I am that way what am I going to do, defy, defie or not? It seems impossible to control myself. Yet I am not that way to persons, only all sort of gadgets and other things.

If something I'm working on goes wrong "I am a spitting growling if not thundering volcano" Blow my top too as you call it, or hit the ceiling And do I say bad words and blasphemy. Oh my.

Despite my nature I never have been mean or hostile to any one except one person.

Yet that was not from my mean temper. I believe

197

I wrote of this before but won't think it wrong to do so again.

I once asked that man to do me some favor, really an easy one, but he refused me.

This as I wrote before occurred at St Joseph's hospital.

As I said before he got into trouble of which cause

I do not remember, but it might have been speeding.

He was fined 50 dollars but only had on him 45.

He sent a police man to me, asking me the loan of five dollars but knowing of the favor he refused me I also refused to give him the five.

He then had to stay five days in the police station.

my life history

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I believe you would think me mean, but, whether you do or not, I am the kind that if a person refuses me a favor, don't dare ask me to do any.

I'll stick to that whether I'm right wrong or even if it is sinful. There is another thing too. There is a saying it's better to give than to receive.

But with me I don't give if I don't receive. And receive first too. If any one don't like my idea on that they can — well reserve mind, you know what I mean.

After five days I really expected to see him come back to work but he never showed up. I think being what is called "a jail bird" he got fired. But I am not

sure I am now past 65-
years old, and I am still
that way. Refuse me a favor
don't expect one from me.

You would say what
would I do, if I had granted
a favor first, then afterward,
in asking for one, I would
be refused?

Set that person watch out.

I had expected after his
five days were up, he
would come to me angrily
and raise eruption, for
refusing to pay his
small part of the fine for
him but I never have
seen him again, since
that day.

I am of those, for what
I did, especially those
in the hospital sided
with me, and were very
much against me say-
ing I was mean and

revengeful and that revenge
is a mortal sin and I'll never
myself will be forgiven. And
to hold a grudge against him,
too is a mortal sin.

I did not commit any
mortal sin.

I was not revengeful or a
grudge on my part at all,
or any intention of revenge.

Such a thing was not
even in my mind. And I
had no revengeful feeling.

I was for the favor re-
fused me so then no
favor done by me.
And I believe I am in
the right.

Aint I right? Well I leave
it to you to decide.

I remember a night at
Mrs. Anchutz which I really
believe she and her
husband would never forget
either.

201

The ceiling of my room in the south end had been gradually loosened by a leak.

I suspected something might happen so I pulled the head of my bed which was in that location away from under.

But yet I did not lie in bed with my head there but the other end with my feet towards the head of the bed.

I'm telling you that section of the ceiling coming down created some sensation.

Mrs Anschutz cried to her husband "Amiel

"Henry fell out of bed".

If I did I must have been awfully heavy to make that terrible noise that was so loudly

My life History 202

to be heard by neighbors who thought it was an explosion. The fire department came, but there was no explosion.

A piece of the plaster bouncing off the top of the bed's head, or hit the top of my right foot toes and though not injured was a horrid pain. I will never forget.

They came up to my room and I had a hard time to convince them that I did not fall out of bed.

I cleaned off of my bed enough plaster fragments to fill a bushel basket.

I almost nevertheless had a difficult time to convince her I did not fall out of bed.

But her husband saw the

large vacancy in that part of the ceiling. the amount of plaster fragments on the floor behind (of) the head of my bed, and knew I told the truth.

During the latest time I worked still at Grant Hospital a disaster occurred which I or even the Hospital Bakers will never forget.

There had been a very leak from the eastern ceiling of the Hospital Kitchen. At the north side (also east) of the Kitchen was the dishwashing machine.

Sucky for me I was at the housekeeper's desk that morning. Something I was asking for which I badly needed.

Before I received her answer to my request, there came from the distant

kitchen a loud thundering noise that startled both us. We hastened to the Kitchen and an awful sight met our eyes.

All the ceiling plaster over that part of the Kitchen had crashed down near the Baking Oven stretched a long wide wooden table and it beside the floor was covered with inch thick plaster. So was the top of the dishwashing machine.

Sucky none was inside.

The plaster we falling on that long wooden table made that deafing deafing noise.

The Baker had been hit on the head by a big piece of plaster and was hospitalized.

He had more than 30 pits which he had baked

on that long table and they were all ruined. They too were covered with plaster fragments.

Had I been by the dish-washing machine at that time I might have got a piece on my head too.

The kitchen ceiling I believe is 25 feet above the floor.

The main cook was sick from shock, at witnessing the disaster.

The ceiling over his part of the kitchen did not fall however.

Unless I am mistaken I believe the Baker sued the Hospital for damages, declared the condition of the ceiling was known, and nothing was being done about it. He had a slight

skull fracture and a badly cut head. He was in bed there for a month.

I do not know if he ever collected as I never heard, but he received his Hospital care free of charge.

By Hospital workers more than half a ton of plaster was wheeled out on carts.

There is one really important thing I must write which I have forgotten.

I was in my late teens when this came about. Even when a young child up to my older age now I am unusually interested may really crazy about thunderstorms.

In fact I love to see them come and am excited to the extreme over them and the fantastic formation of thunder clouds.

Now I will come to what I intend to write. When in northern Missouri I had been watching the unusually black clouds of a coming storm late in April on a day very warm for that time of the year.

Even at a great distance the thunder was booming very loud, very loud for a April storm.

But at a certain distance the darkest section of the clouds though moving north-east very fast had a very high rolled up front the underparts acting very crazy as if flying from four directions towards each other.

To my surprise as well as a funny feeling came swiftly towards the ground a strange long cloud

cloud with a ball like shape at the bottom. It seemed about 20 miles or more away.

Hitting the ground great clouds rolled upwards as if from a great explosion.

Then it suddenly shaped like a huge whirling top around the bottom of the long cloud and there was a loud noise of which I cannot describe to save my life.

I was scared and excited though positively it was not headed my way it being too much westward.

At Allenburgs I heard such clouds called the walking sky terror.

That's what they called tornadoes as such it was.

They call tornadoes with

ball like formations at the funnels bottom" black lusters. They are the most strongest of them all.

Fortunately this twister and what was called a fire tornado which I again seen a year later in August hit no towns or other places.

It destroyed farm property however.

The second one I did see hit no place either.

I could not recollect at first what was transpiring when one day in spring of 1906 when a boy I was walking down a railroad bed towards the big town of (I can't pronounce its french name) in the extreme Southern part of Illinois.

It had been very

Unusually warm for that late part of March and during the night before and all that morning there had been a steady heavy drizzle rain. No lightning and thunder though.

Fortunately though I had a few witnesses of what I was about to observe. All the rest of the day up to then the sun never came out from the dark clouds though now it was not raining any more.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we reached a railroad siding containing all sorts of freight cars, with also flat cars loaded with long big heavy stones. Coal cars too and wooden passenger cars.

But yet I was about

some two hundred feet north of all those standing cars and the like.

I had remarked to one of my companions how dark it was getting and at the same time one of them pointed toward the south west.

There was what appeared to be a very wide cloud hurling a frightful storm of everything from the ground in all directions as it moved along.

From that distance we were receiving mud actually flung wildly at us.

I could not at first think what the devil it was the cloud was like a wide moving shroud and

the craziest sound I ever heard came from it. If I had been where all the cars stood, I would not be here to write about it.

It was only a few minutes later when the crazy supposed wide shroud was rushing through the siding with a roar like the loudest thunder but as steady as the hum of an electric motor.

I was frightened also almost out of my wits and ran north westward from the scene.

Besides the roar there was a bedlam of sounds I could hardly describe but it had got so dark I could not see what was going on. My companions had thrown themselves down to escape the

swiftly flying debris being scattered all about us.

The terrible uproar lasted I believe about a little more than three minutes and then the mad cloud passed on as swiftly as it came.

It was the first time and my last time that I ever was so close to a passing tornado and such a wild one.

The line of passengers coaches, Pullmans, six of them I believe was not on the path of the holocaust.

It even seemed unbelievable that those flat cars which had been loaded with those big stone slabs had been turned bottom upwards, with those heavy heavy

stone slabs scattered about. You must know this awful disturbance did not follow the railroad right of way, but tore across.

Coal cars were overturned wooden freight cars flung every which way and also torn apart like you would rip cardboard boxes. Even the tracks were torn up with the ties from the rail bed which was also torn up.

This railroad line of riding with all that ruin was by the main line of the Illinois Central.

I do not remember the towns name somewhat south of this bedlam scene but we went to there to report what had occurred. They believed us because even there they

there heard the awful noise and knew what it was, but did not think it hit anywhere.

a goodly crowd followed us in the driving rain to the scene. I noticed everything, of even all the damaged box cars lying every which way except one loaded one lying on a field two hundred feet from the track it had been on, with wheels missing.

"Gosh" one said to me you could not have believed this, but seeing is believing. I look at those flat cars, it must have been strong beyond measure to fling them stone slabs here and there like this? what are you looking so

scared about?

I answered "I'm thinking of what would have been my fate if I had been in its path?"

"Probably you'd never be found" he answered.

In the pouring rain we strolled about examining all the crazy things the holocaust had committed. Two of the box cars were on top of one another, but two hundred feet from where they had stood on the rails.

The others were far off too, some exactly shredded apart with the big wheel heavy iron ones, torn off. All this had been done. I believe in less than three minutes.

All of us put together could not even ludge one of those big flat

ten feet length stones, five wide and three feet thick.

As we strolled around, there was a strong electrical smell in the air.

We went to examine the rail bed and saw much of it on top with ties and tracks ripped up, some of the rails badly twisted.

There were some small structures near the siding but they were not in the storm's path.

The storm's center had come over the siding tracks, the telephones or telephone poles were missing with all the wiring.

Some of my companions estimated that the storm's storm path was six hundred yards wide.

What I had seen that looked like that moving funny shaped shroud evidently was the lower part of the funnel sweeping along the ground. I can't understand it however that I did not observe any whirling motion of that strange shroud.

But I did know and soon had complete proof that it was what I heard farm folks call it "a walzing cloud." They call tornadoes that because it does not always travel straight ahead, but goes zigzag.

Some little time had passed when it seemed everybody from the near by town were at the scene more from curiosity than anything else. I don't know why but I did not like it.

I would liked it much better if they stayed away. I could see police officials and other men of high rank were among them even the towns Mayor as I was told.

No one paid any attention to us, but yet I slunk some distance off as I did not want to be questioned.

I have always observed, let there come any sort of calamity, such as a big building on fire, an auto crash, train wreck, or a tornado reducing a town into a widely scattered trash or junk dump and there is sure as anything to be a big curious crowd of people of all ages.

Many would of course come seeking lost loved ones too.

But the damn curious

crowd and many having no sympathy either. This was the case of the crowd of curiosity seekers, at the raved railroad track siding.

I was not curious. I was emotional and still scared. I did not feel at all right about it and wondered why Providence allowed nature to go on such a wild and raring and mad rampage.

I read often of tornadoes and their immense strength but could not believe it until I had observed all this, that would have seemed impossible.

But here it was. And all this done it seemed in less than three minutes. I've read the wind pressure in a walzing cloud is a thousand miles an hour.

The weakest is 300 miles an hour. The worst are believed to whirl like the speed of an electric motor.

As I said before some of my companions believe the storm's path was 600 yards wide.

It seemed more than that to me. I was lucky the handsome Pullman coaches were not in the path of this stormwrecker. The coaches were south of the terrific twister.

The name of this nearby town from which came the curious crowd I believe is called Drummond.

It is in Missouri.

Newspaper reporters came to take pictures of the siding wreckage and of the railroad siding where I

was. I did not get into the picture perfectly, and I did not want to. One of my companions coaxed me to, but I refused.

I said a boy, my age of 15, don't belong there.

He did not insist.

I am men, real strong one at one time tried even to lift one end of the large stone slab, and could not budge it.

One of them said "How in the world could this wind hurl these heavy stones around like this?"

"I do not know" answered another. "Look at those flat cars that held them."

I arranged beyond repair. And those coal and box cars, all damaged also beyond restoration. Some twister. Look at the rail bed. Tracks and ties also

Some of those ties are twisted into crazy shapes. And all telephone poles and wires and even garden farm fences are gone. I don't see any farm house hit though. Sucky they were not in its path. Even look how the field ground is ploughed up.

Was not any witness to the wind storm?"

"That boy and his two companions there" said another, pointing towards us.

Of course I was called over by the questioner who was some high town official.

"Did you see it coming?" he asked me. I said "yes" and gave him all the details, backed by my two

companions. He asked us did it come in all its strength at once?"

One of my companions answered, "it came with fearful force at the start but at the second minute, duration, it raged with such wild fury as to do all this, and ended with the same fury as it passed on".

We even then could not see three for three feet there was so much dust following behind it. Then came the rain."

"No hail?"

"No sir."

"Are you all telling the honest to God truth?"

"He himself would tell you sir" I answered.

He looked again at the scene as if he could not believe it.

As we were still gawking around the distressing scene there came riding up towards us two men on a wagon.

As the wagon was stopped by one of them saying 'rough' work to the two horses the other man jumped off and ran towards us.

At first I thought they were more curiosity seekers.

But they came quickly up to the man who had questioned us and cried out;

"Mayor we have terrible news. We got it over the phone in town, a twister wiped out nearly the whole town of Chesterbrow."

The Mayor at the news was speechless for several moments.

Chesterbrow was only three miles away from us.

"Yes it's true" the man said gazing at the wreck scene about us as if he too couldn't believe his eyes. "This is awful here what I see, I believe the tornado that did all this must have hit the town. They're sending a call for our aid."

"We'll gather the volunteers and start off right away" he declared the Mayor "How many killed or injured?"

"All of them in its path" they told us over the phone. "The twister carried all before it."

All the able bodied men, in the crowd including me volunteered to go.

We had to go the way to the town by road to get the preparation for travel, it to walk to Chesterbrow would take too long to get there for

rescue work on time

We crowded on all available wagons, pulled by two strong horses, (there were no autos at that time.) Those who had horses for riding mounted them, and we all set off, the wagon drivers urging the horses to run their best.

We had with us all the equipment for rescue and other work. On our way we saw where the stern wooden swept away big farm houses and barns, most of the barns scattered along the country sides on all sorts of torn up sections.

I was nervous and heart sick. I have to say I almost gave myself by starting to blubber along of the others

sounded that way too. When we arrived at Chester Brown a sight met our eyes that seemed unconscionable. We do not know where the stuff came from or but long ribbons of steel stuff were rapped around broken trees and telephone poles.

It looked like many blocks of wooden houses had been swept away, and remaining houses were torn apart or leveled. It was beyond all description. Houses not damaged had not been in the tornadoes path.

There was a smell of death in the air. Some of the wreckage was smouldering despite the rain that was still falling.

In what I observed I was sorry I came and felt a certain dread.

There was a large crowd there but they were all men working desperately among the wreckage looking for the bodies of the dead, and for the injured.

What was once a large school building was now a junk pile. Fortunately the children were not in it then, nor the teachers also. How tall the building had been I never heard.

All my companions joined the workers so did I.

We worked desperately for our hours, and from the wreckage did not get a single live person.

All were dead, the storm evidently seemed to have killed every body as it tore up this town. Somewhat later near dark, but still

working we reported "no survivors." One of the men finally said, "This can't be. There must be some of them who were hurt."

We had already pulled from the wreck more than three hundred dead. I felt desperately sick. I had to quit. There was supposed to be a large wooden church on the town's suburbs, but none of us could find any trace of it or its foundation.

Did the twister blast it all to fragments and sweep it all away, also sucking out its foundation?

At first we did not believe there was such a church existing. But later it was found to be true. And a Catholic one too.

But even none of its fragments or debris could be found.

I have read of violent tornadoes making things disappear. Did this one do it to the church?

I went near the demolished school building. Though it was nearly a block long it had the appearance of what was left of it, as a building being torn down.

One whole flooring on the first of story with all the desks on it was on a precarious slant towards the street.

We did finally find survivors, but dreadfully injured and mangled. 500 dead were counted, and we still searched for more.

30 dead were found in a badly wrecked street car, car lying bottom up in the street amidst twisted street car rails.

By night fall we recovered, one thousand injured, and two hundred and fifty more dead. Such a calamity.

The injured who could speak, said the twister struck with out warning.

"It hit us like an explosion" said a man, who was not seriously injured.

What surprised us exceedingly was we found wreckage of torn box cars, and other freight equipment, in some of the streets of the disintegrated town which proved to us it was the same terror of the sky which had struck the railway siding.

Even more than one half of a box car was lying on top of a half demolished town hall building.

Sods of coal lie in the streets.

The coal evidently came from the pulverized coal cars. Some streets were impassable because of the wreckage. The rain had been so heavy and of such long duration that the first of the fires made no headway.

But other fires smouldered beneath the wreckage and there was danger of a general conflagration when the rain should stop.

But fortunately there was no danger after all. It rained heavily all night and the next day with lots of lightning and loud thunder.

It was evident with night coming on we would not be able to work without light.

More help was asked for from other towns.

It took some time for them to arrive because their towns were some distance away. They had extension electric appliances, but which they could not use as all wires were gone, and the poles split at their bases.

So they had to use torches and lanterns.

They would have relieved us but we insisted to stay on. We were too excited and horrified over this devastation to rest or sleep.

With the increasing help we stayed on the job but outside of many more injured did not find any more dead bodies. Yet for the full number of dead pulled from the wreckage we had laid out in rows five hundred and seventy-eight dead. Of course the town had been a large one.

Ambulances came for the twenty five hundred seriously injured, the more or less slightly injured, after treatment by doctors who had come with us, stayed in town also helping us in the rescue work.

Of the whole town there were counted only thirty houses saved intact fortunately including the towns post office brick building. They were not in the path of this crazily wild waltzing cloud.

But at this town its railway siding was in its path. But it did not have such substantial cars as the siding which I and others observed scattered.

But all the box cars on that town siding were scattered as a child would

throw about toy ones, and seven of them were actually shattered to kindling, and also their heavy iron wheels scattered about in nearby fields.

One long flat car was not blown off the track but it had another one lying slanting down almost on top of it, with the wheels torn loose. Even the handsome passenger cars though still on the track were demolished beyond restoration.

The coal cars on this siding though were missed by the tornado.

Others of the flat cars were bottom up, or lying on their side.

These flat cars had been loaded either with iron piping, bales of hay or lumber.

To my surprise all this including the iron pipes were scattered far all over the farm fields. As at the other siding the trestle tearing across, tore up the rail bed, bed, but here very much worse.

Rails with the ties were also torn up, and in crazy twisted formation. A railway locomotive attached to the coal cars, also was fortunately for the engineer about to pull them out, was not in its path. But it still stood there hitched to the coal cars.

Cattle cars, empty of course were smashed or scattered here and there.

One passenger car was crosswise slanting down partly on top another one. There was no trace

of the town's wooden railway station, except a fragment of its platform. This was sure devastation work here. Who could think of a tornado doing this.

Yet now I've read they have more wallop than an atom bomb. Yet here, seeing is believing.

The mayor's large wooden residence, a mansion was a terrible (shamble, shambles) roof gone and the interior badly torn actually inside out. The Mayor and his family were fatally injured. A big heavy grated stove belonging to the house was found on a street some two blocks away.

Though lying on its side it was found intact. Furniture was demolished and window curtains were pulled around a tree.

There was no trace of the towns police station and though the fire station was a total wreck, the hose cart and hook and ladder truck were not harmed.

All of the firemen were killed and injured. The chief was found buried under the debris on the hose wagon.

There also was no trace of the towns big wooden Court house? court house not even its foundation.

The towns jail was flat.

There some prisoners had been killed and the keeper and guards seriously injured, all the police were missing with their station.

Some of the survivors said it came without

any warning. There was a funny shaped shroud coming at the town and all of a sudden came an inconceivably strong wind that tore everything up as fast as you wink an eye.

"It got very dark, almost like night before it hit us said one.

It was without a warning sound until it struck us, and then it was like a rushing explosion" said another.

Said a third "It looked like the houses were flying into millions of splinters"

The way the town looked they were not exaggerating either. The path of destruction through here was nearly all of the town except

the thirty buildings not in its path. The shroud formation which I also saw coming at the railroad siding was evidently the lower part of the twisters if funnel tearing along the ground. At the siding it only made a hissing sound before it struck with that awful roar which was deafening.

We went to interview the dwellers of the running houses, to get their testimony about the storm which we knew they had observed tearing up the town so horribly.

Many of them were too frightened upset or too full of apathy to hardly say anything some of

We wrote down what he said -
'It had begun to rain in big drops and growing dark much darker than during the coming of a squall line thunder storm.

"My wife cried out pointing what is that coming at our town and so fast"
"I looked and saw what appeared going up high beyond reach of my eyes a strangely formed thick fog moving fast and wildly connecting to the ground. It hardly made no sound, until it struck, & it then grew to a howling sound like thousands of wolves but near as loud as sound or loud thunder.

All different kinds of awful confusion of sounds at one time came on as it

crazily and wildly tore on through the town mingled with the wild shrieks of all those being killed or hurt.

We were directly in its path, but fortunately it side stepped us. Because of the shroud and the thickness of clouds of dust, and flying fragments of houses, we could not (clearing) clearly see what was happening. I believe after a little more than two minutes of this wind hell it suddenly rushed on away, but even in the sudden stopping lots of wreckage for a while continued flying every which way. Then came a blinding sheet of rain, then my wife swooned.

I sat still in my chair for some time as if in a trance.

Elsewhere I have seen a number of cyclones, play the devil through towns but not one third as violent as this one.

When I recovered my composure I was to work on my wife. As I'm badly crippled since an accident I had some years ago I couldn't go over there to render any aid.

I was one of them to send persons to your place for help. I heard it played hell with your railroad siding but missed your town.

"I thank God it did" I said piously. If it had it would have been impossible to receive aid from our town.

The officials and news reporters interviewed some others, receiving almost the same testimony.

One of the last, a very old man said.

"What did I see this cyclone do here? In one way I would not like to say. I don't use that sort of language. Furthermore I couldn't call this devastator a cyclone or a tornado, I could call it something you don't see in a bible or a prayer book. Am I a Catholic? You're damn tooting I am, and proud of it.

If you want my description of what I saw I'll give it and how.

But first I'll say I'm going to get the hell out of here and never again live in regions

or territories where we have these terrible twisters. To the city of Chicago I'm. At first I didn't know what in the heck it was coming towards the town.

You couldn't see it clearly because it grew so damn dark, and it was raining. What'd you say? Did it make any sound, No sir, not untill it hit the town. They say twisters whirling too fast while the sound out of themselves, like an electric motor whirling full speed.

Our houses were directly in its path absolutely first, but the crazy shroud turned away from us and hit the main part of the town like an immense explosion. I cannot describe the confusion of simultaneous deafening sounds

of loud wolf like howling and all sorts of ripping crackling and slamming and banging sounds from all buildings being torn up. My wife was scared. She (shriek) shrieked, moaned and sobbed at the sight of what was going on. I never heard such sounds in my life, especially as the howling sound itself became loud as thunder at its worse. For all the length of destruction within my view clouds of debris rushed past upwards and every which way so thick you couldn't see through it. Much of it too as you see was flying upon the ground about us. There lies near us a piano.

I believe the hell lasted about seventy three seconds if not even less. The awful scene ended as suddenly as it started, but for a time a lots of lighter debris actually appeared to follow after the twister as it rushed swiftly away.

It was at this moment that my wife swooned. My little boy and girl, two of them, my grand children were so scared they hid under the bed. I never knew or believed a tornado could be so strong. But see what it did in seventy three seconds."

"How is your wife?"
"I had a hard time to revive her. You know I'm a retired doctor and surgeon. I did what I could to keep on rescue work".

"Is she in a condition to be interviewed?" he was asked, "I guess so." He brought us into where she lay in bed. We questioned her and she between frightened sobs gave the same description, except in different words. When she was finished, she added, "me and my husband, and grand children are leaving here the day after to morrow. We are going to Chicago. No more of this. Oh I'm so sick."

We could see she was still shaking, though the horror happened yesterday afternoon about five thirty.

We managed to interview five others and received the same

description as from the others. Only one woman said she could not see what was going on, it was getting so dark during the unusually wild rage of the waltzing cloud.

We went with newspaper photographers, who took various photos of the unbelievable devastation. As of now I've got a book, with photographs of what the tornado on Easter Sunday March 23 1919 did, and now have photos of the twisted horror of Oak Lawn, and Belvidere of April 27 21 1967.

The wreck of Chesterbrown was just like that. I have the picture of the Sacred Heart Convent wreck at Omaha. There was as we saw a convent at Chesterbrown, longer, longer

and four and one half stories high. It had had as I heard talked about, a high steep slanting roof.

All the roof was gone more than half the front of the structure was down inumbled twisted wreckage and the rest of the building a shambles. What remained was wide open torn apart rooms with the very wall paper stripped off.

All those in the building Sisters, and employees were killed or injured. The rescuers had a tough time all night and nearly all day to bury the 140 injured from this shambles.

They had not yet got the dead out. Almost impossible to get through the

worst wreckage of the front, where the twister hit first and so hard. Even an earthquake, never did any where ~~too~~ what this windstorm did to this town.

Most of the streets were a mass of debris. Wooden and two story brick houses many of them were torn literally apart or inside out, or in actual splintered debris. Most wide stretches of ground where had stood wooden houses now looked like territories full of thrown away trash. You could see though badly broken trees, with strange stuff wound around the trunks like wire or thread around a spool. All surviving trees no matter how big or tall were stripped of their branches, or even bark.

Hundreds of structures which partially left standing we saw, ripped apart in all way or torn inside out with all roofs and other sections gone.

Bad as this all was we came upon a scene which you even would not believe.

Around a big barn, one of the thirty surviving structures, was a full length structure of some farmers windmill. Wound around like wire.

It was evident the twister in getting rid of it, whirled it toward the barn as to wrap it around in such a crazy way and yet not damage the structure.

It seemed impossible to believe but there it was. Of course the wind-

mill was gone, and no trace of it could be found. And where its tall frame work came from what farm we could not find out also.

One no, two long houses near by of wood was so wrecked that they looked as if stripped or ripped as to get them ready for kindling wood.

At least that is all they are good for now. About more than three dozen of us took trips around that barn. We could not understand or make out, how the passing twister, flung the ~~on~~ windmill framework around that barn, and so tight you would have to (tear) tear down the barn to get it loose and away.

We inspected this a lot and a long time.

I know this is a long narrative but I have write all to explain all this unsanely wild twister did and also what other tornados can do, if not even worse,

We went inside the barn and found by stalls it is suppose to contain two dozen cows. By the blow of the long windmill frame work the big barn was crazily shaped and almost like the leaning tower of piza but not damaged,

The framwork of the wind mill (of steel) was in many parts twisted badly out of shape and twisted around the barn like a huge long snake.

The frame work had a very peculiar sickening smell.

Probably from the tornado.

"How in the world could the tornado do this in passing by" said one to another as I saw the Mayor come to observe this also.

"Maybe by the swift way the twister flung it away from itself" answered a second. "And it surely flung it awfully swift and hard. Nothing can loosen it from the barn with out tearing it down."

"Who owns this barn questioned a third.

I heard a woman among us cry out, "I do" raising her hand. She was an elderly lady, but tall probably more than six feet and stout, almost fat, Handsome looking though. "I saw the whole thing as the storm loudly rushed by.

It was swiftly swirling that long thing then suddenly

like the speed of lightning it whirled it away from itself, already badly twisted as you see and with a thunderous 'crash' it hit the barn and somehow twirled twirled itself around the barn around and around with such a shock as to do to the barn you see.

I though from the blow of that framework, whatever it is the barn would go to pieces, but it still stands solid, though leaning so much to one side as it does, I'm for my thirty five cows, God help us if our cows had been killed but they too though on the outside were not in the cyclones path.

"How fast was the twister whirling that

thing?" I asked her.

"Faster than I can catch the motion" she answered, "It flung that long thing faster than a cannon ball from a gun. It crashed around the barn in a seconds time with a deafening number of big bangs. It shook the barn like an earthquake as it hit. I saw the whole thing from my porch, and so did my husband and two little girls.

I hey were frightened also at seeing all those near by houses go into flying clouds of wreckage. It's a God send that terrible cyclone missed us if you'd have looked more closely you men would have seen there are long narrow iron paper sticks in one side of my barn,

like long arrow shafts driven through."

"We did" said nearly all of us at one time. But that framwork twisted around the barn is an main attraction. One of the strongest of us, who can throw a big water mellow like a foot ball, tried as hard as he could with both hands to pull a pipe loose but of no use. This twister had very unusual powerful force on its fling to do this.

Here as, we counted are seven long steel narrow pipes driven through the wooden wall. They must have been flung towards the wall with inconcievable speed and force."

"Here are many stones and gravel also wedged in the wall" said one.

and look at that high stant-
ing roof of the barn" I said
pointing we did.

Believe it or not, there was
the half side of a wooden
house partly splintered
with two twisted out of shape
windows, sticking edge ways
into that roof side. Near it
also were many long sticks
of wooden house plank.

On top of the roof was
lying a long broken stair-
way. Against the barn on
the ground which we did
not notice before was
what once a large front
porch, some smashed
chairs, a chair swing
and what was left of
a large tree. All on that
side of the barn.

Some twister, the long
sticks of wood wood I men-
tioned were in the roof.

stuck in like arrows. Eventually those pipes came from so one of the damage flat cars on this towns railway siding within our view here too dozens of large wooden houses looked like cardboard badly ripped apart or to pieces, with windrows of debris lying thickly every where.

Many had even the foundations uprooted or torn away. But yet still our main attraction was the barn. It too was a great attraction for the photographers who came to take pictures of it, and the shambles of the houses near us. I have a long big one looked absolutely ripped inside out and standing badly out of

shape and tilted dangerously. Some of us went including the mayor to interview the womans husband.

"We did not see it coming or hear it, untill all this part of our town over there near us erupted with all kinds of loud sounds and rushed all over there in immense awful big thick clouds of flying debris" he said.

"Also something like a big large wide clouds was rushing on hurling and rushing all that scene of flying wreckage before it with a deafening howling noise combined with all the other sounds. I did not like my wife see that farm work but the barn but heard the crash"

near us too," stood his two little girls, one appearing six years old and the other eight, they still looked as if they had not gotten over their terror.

He continued "I don't know from which house its side was flung and stuck edgewise into the side of that roof there. Nor that large part of a porch, the chain swing or chairs, that shattered tree against the barn is what is left of my apple tree. My orchard was in its path and all the trees torn up from the ground or with all the branches and bark gone. The apples did not come yet fortunately. That twisted object is a windmill frame work on

structure. It is a miracle how it got twisted that way around the barn. It must have been the way it was flung by the tornado. Before going by it lasted seventy six seconds. I noted it by my clock in side when that explosive cloud struck. And it was nearly as dark when I came. And it did all this so quick. In 76 seconds. Unbelievable."

"Did all this scare your little girls badly," I asked. "Yes, scared them sick and into hysterics," he answered. "They are a little little more recovered now. I don't feel too good about it myself yet. I too was frightened, but my wife was more scared. But she did not faint." "How long did you say it.

lasted?" I asked.

Seventy six seconds. It rushed away as suddenly as it came. But in doing so flung much clouds of debris even behind it as it roared away. Then blinding sheets of rain fell."

"Why that as long as it lasted, hitting the siding near where I stood I said. "Why that is only a minute and sixteen seconds. It sure had strength to do all this in so short a time. Who can believe it. But seeing all this is believing. Why all those buildings over there are literally ripped apart, pulverized. It pulled a lot of dead from there. And how" declared one of

the men. We took a long time till near noon looking over the farm work twisted around the three story barn. It was 30 feet wide and seventy five long. It had a hay loft full of hay, and dirt floor.

The entrance door was a large double sliding one and the top floor, the loft had on both sides a row of large windows, ten on both sides.

All the glass was smashed by the shock of that thing flying around the barn.

And it was twisted awfully tight.

We couldn't understand how the tornado could and did carry that one hundred and fifty length fram-work. It was unbelievable.

But there it was.

But what had become of the top, and the wind mill?

It as I later heard was never found. I asked the owner:

"Are you going to tear the barn down, so as to remove this thing?"

"Heck no" he said excitedly. "I'll just if possible have the barn righted again. Get that slant out of it. This is such a curious thing to happen both can stay that way. The other stuff will be removed though."

We went on through the scene of awful devastation. Many houses, wooden or brick, low or tall, remaining looked as almost completely torn down by men wreckers, with all the debris of all kinds flung far and wide.

The wall of one brick structure four stories high and hundred and fifty feet wide, was totally blown off and even away resembling a large interior of play doll house.

Yet too the rest of the structure behind this was a shambles. In this neighborhood neighborhood my wooden houses were literally reduced into mere scattered timbers or torn inside what was left of the walls.

And wall paper was stripped of these walls. I even saw a small part of a brick wall that was left of a church. A pointed end of some church steeple was also driven part way through a window of what was left of the fire station.

We came upon what was left on one building, wooden or brick I do not know, its three section of walls resembling pieces of cardboard paper, partly standing, but fearfully tilted also with a mass of debris and broken timber of all sizes around it.

Survivors were there looking for what they could find of what was left of their belongings.

There were no vandals here. Curiosity seekers and others having no business here were very strictly barred by many armed guards, only rescuers showing passes were admitted.

One building which had been a long wood wooden structure had only

one section of first floor wall standing, one section of wall with wall paper stripped clean and wall paper of beautiful design left on the other.

Also all about this shambles lay strewn broken timber of all sizes, and shattered debris.

One other structure close by had one section of a wall standing with a window in it with section leaning against it in a very steep slant. Debris of all sizes was strewn all about it. Peps.

People were here too also searching for lost property. Two walls of this building also slanted very dangerously against the other, but also ripped apart, almost into mere

broken boards. We saw also a good ~~number~~ number of one or two story brick houses, or what was left of them, twisted in all sorts of crazy shapes with parts at a precarious slant though still standing.

Some part of one of them was all tumbled down, as if dynamited.

Scattered timbers, all sorts of debris around here also. One two story wooden house had the remaining walls though still somewhat intact, literally gutted of all that was inside the rooms.

The lower ^{one} floor though battered remained.

The whole large roof of this structure lay two hundred feet away, amidst other debris.

How in the world could this tornado do this all in one minutes and sixteen seconds? Tell me that, What wild force and strength it surely had.

So many buildings wood or brick in such smashed and splintered wreckage, street car tracks and bucks tore out of streets, all street cars total wreck, as if they had been flung or banged about, street car barn wreckage strewn about like flung away trash, all telephone and trolley wires, and poles gone and five story buildings a ripped inside wreck. Awful, almost unbelievable. But in Chester Brown we observed, this hellish horror. The very sight of all gave me chills, and retchings to my stomach. The town smelled of reeking death.

We rescuers took a big number of dead and injured from those smashed and crushed street cars. I believed there were a dozen demolished street cars.

Some had been violently slammed against what is left of the shambles of houses, some lying on their side, on bottom up in the street, or lay against each other torn up enough to look like shredded wheat cereal.

again I say that tornado had some awful force. Many streets were almost impassable with debris.

I am truly happy about it, that I was not in one of those houses or street cars when that wild walzing cloud struck the town like an explosion.

We saw lots of house hold utensils, some mattress, sheets pillows, women and men's clothing and various linens stuck in what was left of broken branches of shattered trees.

Even sheets, and blankets were wrapped around trunks of trees, men's socks and women's stockings were hanging on broken branches.

Hoses, garden hoses too wrapped around tree trunks like wire.

Even a fire hose was seen wrapped around a portion of a mazed building's wall like a huge long snake with the nozzle directed towards you. So serious, but yet funny right. It was wrapped so tight we couldn't all together trying it could not pull it loose.

many buildings were nothing but widely scattered timbers and other debris in this territory. One which had been a large wooden structure three story high was left with a one story room wall, with a window showing to its right, and another shattered portion of a one story wall leaning in a great slant against it.

Wreckage around it from other shattered houses lay here three to four feet deep.

Mostly timbers, broken furniture, all sorts of clothing, bedding and even broken bedsteads and large shattered looking glasses.

A large hall grandfather clock was among the wreckage of the

shattered house spoken of and I heard it had been flung there by the twister.

What was left of one three story story ^{though} ~~though~~ badly and totally shattered showed amidst and above a large window of wreckage.

Some what near it was what was left of a three story building of brick, a one and half story junk pile with twisted timber and other debris around it. In these places we had found nothing but dead bodies of men, women and children, no survivors, and all badly mangled.

It was a horror beyond imagination. We saw also where many blocks of all sorts of buildings were all leveled scattered over debris timbers and the like.

Sater when I lived and still live in Chicago. I've seen pictures of what tornadoes did in Omaha, Murphysboro, Melrose Park and also in Oak Lawn and Belvidere.

Chester Brown just looked that but some what much worse. I can't exactly say how wide the path of devastation was in this medium city, but south of its sweep only thirty houses were missed including the barn with the windmill. framework wrapped tightly around it. All sorts of wreckage or debris had various furniture mattresses, bedsteads, broken chairs, and couches mingled with it. included roofs and sides of

houses, a veritable conglomeration of debris. We finally decided to go and see the demolished Sacred Heart Convent. It was on St. Clare street.

We arrived there to see a sight we never expected.

The upper two stories of the four story building were gone, all scattered wreckage about the building, and I believe about three quarters length of its front, was all down in slanting ruins, as if it had been dynamited.

The destruction of this big brick building was far worse than reported.

And the floors of the rooms of the lower stories were down in sloping wreckage, and also a shambles.

Only the Chapel remained

upright, but the big altar was topsy turvy and the tall candle sticks lying on the floor here and there. The pews were broken or splintered and the floor covered with debris from the building. The door of the tabernacle was intact.

The chapel's pictured windows, were gone however, and also the bell and its tower. Even an (earthquake) earthquake no matter how severe could do this.

All sorts of bedding runs clothing were in the debris, even a number of the coronets the sisters wore on their head.

About 4 of the large Rosaries they wore on their right sides we took from

the debris. In the chapel the Stations of the Cross were not harmed, but Sacred statuary lay here and there on the floor. How do we know? We climbed the wreckage on that end of the convent and went inside.

The large Crucifix at the chapel's entrance was also intact, not even scratched. The floor of the chapel was sort of wobbly and my right leg went through a part of it, but two of my companions came at my yell and pulled me free to safety.

If the other portion of the floor had broken under my left leg I would have dropped to the floor below.

I was not hurt, but nevertheless scared.

The altar was tilted topsy turvy, but we righted it again.

I or many others with me had not been in this section, doing rescue work, but some of those rescuers told us, all persons in this convent except only a dozen were killed.

I do not remember the number killed, but it was believed seven of the dozen injured pulled from this shambles of the convent would not survive.

The doctors said were internally injured, some with fractured skulls and crushed ribs, others, broken legs or arms, there was one teen aged boy, whom a surgeon took from his skull late yesterday, but he still was in a deep coma. He had been a young employe there. All the nuns were dead, the other dead women

and girl employes, the dozen injured, were the Sacrestan, and women and some janitors. This convent was absolutely a house of death.

The fragments of the convents roof lay here and there a hundred yards away, all other buildings in the neighborhood of the convent were shattered or shredded wreck.

Again I say of all this in the short time of a minute and sixteen seconds.

I said to one of my companions, "As bad as all this is here and the number of killed and I injured, I have nothing to say against tornadoes."

He looked surprised and asked "Why not?"

"Because I'm not supposed to use that kind of language" I answered.

"Oh" he said, "I see!"

"Do you feel like it?" another asked.

"I sure do very much" I gave answer, "But what good would it do? Nothing whatever."

We stayed around the blasted convent for over two hours inspecting everything. We did not go too near the almost leveled front section, which were floors, and other debris tumbled down every which way on top of each other.

It looked very dangerous to go too close too, and it was appearing loose and very shaky.

The upper section of the front looked all open exposing what was left of the rooms, with all sorts of furniture perfectly in view and undamaged.

But the inside tornado stripped wall paper loose from

some of the walls. Pictures of Saints, and one of our Blessed Lord, hung every which way. We have to say though the place actually smelled of death, and even blood. I was sickening.

Three of the Sacred Pictures still hanging were upside down, or sideways. The glass in their frames were shattered.

Strange the Biggest largest picture the largest one, and appearing to be a very heavy one lay on the uppermost top of the tumbled down flooring wreckage in the front of the building. Its glass was intact though the big frame appeared to be twisted out of shape.

What the picture was we could not see as the frame lay front sideways.

Not far from where we were standing we found the Mass Missal Book, stuck tight among the wreckage that proved the sacristy had been badly damaged. Altar cloth, and chalice linen were also among the rubble.

This darn (if not damn) tornado did a complete job here. And to such a strong building with brick walls more than two feet thick. It was wrecked beyond repair. And it would take lots of labor on workers to clear all the debris and tear down the remains of this convent.

Because of the way it was devastated we called it "The skeleton."

The upper parts of the building got it the worse. The chapel was on the

second floor of the rear of the building. The chapel bell was never recovered. Where did the storm take it?

We finally left this awful scene to take a look at the fire department station.

There was not much left of it, except a small section of the rear, and the debris covering the (pumpers) pumpers, the hose cart, Hook and ladder truck and department ambulance.

They were not damaged, however, but the hose carts were filled with rubble. There were no sign of the horses, or where they might be. A long piece of timber stuck inside of the pumper chimney.

We then went to others of the surviving structures to interview the tenants but they

too told the same as the others did. But one said: Before it came, even at a distance, the lower parts of the very dark cloud acted strangely crazy, all under sections moving swiftly from four directions towards a long black pipe shaped cloud coming along the ground.

When very near the town before hitting, the lower part towering high took the form of a large strangely shaped shroud and upward from the ground, and no sound from it untill it suddenly struck the town like an explosion explosion.

(Excuse some of the spelling, I'm not one, but the damn pen.)

It passed us by about thirty feet long and as actually

tearing and carrying all before it and with something like a howling of thousands of dogs, mingling with the banging, hissing and ripping sounds of the buildings being scattered and ripped away.

My wife at the age of the storm was badly frightened but held her composure and did not faint. My children two boys and a girl, are too young to know what that all meant and still sat on the porch watching the storm's fury, with excitement, as if it were a show.

Day did you see the barn with the skeleton of a windmills framework wrapped around it?"

"We certainly did" we answered.

"We saw the tornado fling it" said the woman pointing as the barn was not too far away. "it swung around the barn as fast as you wink your eye with a mighty crash and stayed there. I can't understand how the twister did that. After the storm we went over to see it. The owner told us he will leave it as it is, but will right the barn if possible."

"Does anyone know from what farm the twister took it from?" one of my companions asked.

"Not so far" her husband answered. "The authorities directing the rescue work here are trying to find out."

"Could the owner of it claim it?" I asked.

Not much, the way its wrapped around the barn. The way its wrecked and twisted around the barn, renders it worth less anyhow. It wouldn't do him any good."

"It's not even worth salvaging" put in the woman. The children meanwhile were all this time listening with studying interest to our conversation.

"Come" she said "Let's go over there and look it over." Suchy his cows being out side beyond were not in the storm's path."

We went, the curious children following. This time were faced the opposite side of the barn. Here the skeleton framework was still more firmly twisted around the barn, like some huge serpent on this side

the barn was slightly damaged. That proved the out-fit hit here harder as it twined around the barn.

From the size of the barn it must have a very tall frame work of steel, to wind all around the barn. Where it came from was never found out, or was there any claim for even years after. It is still wrapped around the barn.

We went inside the barn to see if the shock of the thing did any harm inside. Outside of the strange slant of the barn there was nothing wrong, but lots of hay from the loft hung far down on the upper sides of the inside. It had a ground floor and stalls on both sides. Some of the

stalls however appeared to have been shaken out of place. Some a good number of years later, C. was working at St. Joseph's hospital under Sister Rufena when I saw in a Saturday evening post magazine a photograph of this barn with the framework still unappd around the barn.

When its owner came up to us we asked how the cows were (elw) elsewhere at the time this happened.

"I had them out to pasture" he exclaimed, "Good thing I did. They are rare type of cows and very expensive. Two hundred dollars a cow. And thirty of them"

"Maybe that, three thousand dollars" I suggest, wrong or not.

We now went where the injured were put into large

tents hastily set up. There
a good number of children
injured a few too who were
to be 'crippled for life

One injured person was a
man whose wife and three
children died of mortal
injuries.

He himself was hospital-
ized with both his arms
and legs fractured, and
two broken ribs. Also one
very (severe) seriously injured
eye the left one, and all
his front teeth knocked
out. His two story wooden
house which he had a
store on the street floor,
and which he had spent
years in building up
had been reduced to
scattered timbers. We found
out it was one of the
sides of his demolished
house, that was stuck

into the slanting roof beam
of the barn, around which the
windmill outfit was wrapped
around. He was yet not able
to speak. We hearing of the
tent where the young teenagers
had been struck by the
stone had been taken.

His mother, father, a brother
and sister had been killed
in the storm, and their home
swept away.

The force of the wind had
driven a force four ice stone
into his skull. A surgeon
had removed it, but he has
been in a coma ever since.

He we heard that he
had no other relations.

We visited another who
was one of the badly in-
jured firemen. His shoes
had been blown off
and feet and both legs
all the way up to his hips

were fractured. Doctor said he would never walk again.

He said one of his companions, had a piece of wood wooden plank, driven through his lung but will live.

There is one thing I will say. Not only was the fire department wiped out but all water system for the fire fighters ruptured by the storm.

If it had not been for that severe rain of the night and next day following this darn storm-winder, the whole mass of wreckage would have been wiped out by a raging fire, into ashes. The injured children cried with their painful injuries.

Most of them were orphans, because of their

parents either killed out right, or die of fatal injuries. Some children lost their sight because of severe eye injuries. Others too like the injured store owner, lost their front teeth.

One eight year old girl was there, who had a sliver of window glass driven into her belly. Doctor said, she would live though, as it did not puncture a vital organ.

Another child a ten year old boy lost a part of his left cheek and in serious condition because of loss of blood.

Two teen age girls had fractured left knees, and also front teeth gone. One of them also had all her hair torn off from her head and the skin of her right forearm.

Actually I did not care to see any more of this, but my companions insisted. The sight of their blood soaked bandages made queer feeling go up and down my spine.

We saw one little girl who lost her right eye, and also a portion of her face. Her neck had been cut by flying glass, but not dangerous. Yet the bandage around her throat was red with blood. I felt sick at the sight.

She suffered great pain. Of the surviving houses there was St Ann's Catholic School and Church. The Mayor with us went to the school to find out what they could tell of the tornado.

Every where near there the scene of destruction was much worse.

When we knocked at the

main entrance and announced who were we were we were very politely admitted.

When questioned the Head sister said "at first we heard no sound but it grew very dark.

Then suddenly there came a loud loud curious piercing noise changing to a deafening howling roar. We ran to the windows and entrance door to see what was the matter.

We saw a wide rushing something like a shroud and in it were houses collapsing as though they were made of paper. Roofs and sides of houses, and thick clouds of timber went sailing or flying away amidst clouds of dust and brick grime. From us a cry of horror went up.

We saw a big city thrashing machine standing near one of

the houses when that shroud struck it shoot straight up into the air and carried out of sight. We saw wooden houses of all sizes rolling and tumbling along the ground then crash into splinters everywhere. We also saw a box car carried along by the terrific air current in that wild shroud out of sight. The storm in passing took a minute and sixteen seconds. We turned it on our clock. We saw many of the ruined houses catching fire, but the long deluge following the tornado soon stopped it. All electric wires as you see are torn down telephones are out of commission and all the people over there were killed. We saw one large wooden

house caught in the vortex of that strange shroud. It rose straight up into the air like a toy balloon, its walls shattered and broken but holding partially together. I am sure I could not have moved my eyeballs if my life depended on it.

From the risen house I saw furniture and other household goods falling to the earth and then swept away. Then we watched that house soar upwards at the height of some hundred fifty feet. It was hurled six blocks through the crazily acting onward rushing shroud.

That great sacred heart convent where every one was killed was the target at which it was swiftly flung. It struck the fourth story like a bomb shell.

By the wind and the house the convent was demolished, and that wooden house became splinters. We found every one in that house was killed, their bodies badly mangled.

I was standing at the open entrance when I saw all this.

It seemed to me also to be rushing a strange ball of fire in front of the strange shroud. I believe it might have been in reality a (forward) forward cloud spherical or cloud in shape. It hissed dreadfully like a million snakes.

I looked toward that scene of distant destruction.

Houses had been taken away from their foundations by iron girders were twisted like string

and the most frightful desolation and total ruin was everywhere. In view what remained of trees of all sizes, and what was left of wires, hung bed clothing and people's clothing too. Even large easy chairs were seen stuck between branches.

But the trees were denuded of their bark. Whole blocks of houses as we could see had been picked up and dashed into a shapeless mass.

Surely this destruction wrought was appalling.

All public communications were annihilated by the wind. Even electric light and trolley wires were carried down by the storm.

Yet again I saw twisted mangled portions of houses were everywhere. House furnishings were strewn over

over the ground, and in the branches of what was left of the trees, I saw several chairs and at least more than a hundred ~~chairs~~ cushions fastened in broken trees. Impaled on the jagged end of a torn limb was a large dead Collie dog.

I also saw a lot of dead cats and even horses lying about. I saw dead chickens with all their feathers gone. A piece of timber was driven through the body of one horse.

I saw some surviving women searching among the wreckage in the search of their valuables. At one place where I saw where all that was left of a once big wooden house was the hutch kitchen women

were carrying out dishes that were not even cracked. This storm is certainly of most unparalleled destruction leaving desolate beyond measure countless homes here and threw upon the shoulders of the few remaining survivors mostly injured a burden of untold millions' in property damage. I saw all this I again mention before we interned interviewed the sisters.

She continued

When the storm swept away on its northeastward course, with fragments of building still following after it, we ran over to the wreckage of the houses nearest us, calling loudly for the school janitor other am-pleys, and even the foreman of the Church to help us. We could hear loudly the groans of many of the

dying men and wails of the fatally injured and terrorized women and children.

I was the first to reach over to the horrid mass of broken and twisted wreck and entered a house or what had been a house and before me lay a badly mangled woman and two little boys and baby girl.

They were dead except the baby and she died in a hospital tent this morning.

We with the help of the janitor, the school attendants and four priests got all of the injured out of the ramshackle ruins and brought them to the school house and even Church.

Our attention had been called to a large four story house or what had

been a house some distance from windows of plank sides of house, furniture bedding and shattered trees with all sort of things hanging in what was left of their branches.

It had had been wrecked beyond all restoration and moved sixty five feet from its foundation. And we could not help laughing, we found a woman and a little baby manikins lying upon a bed. And the dummies were not injured. And we found out later they never were in the house before either. How they got blown in is a mystery.

Of course the cloud we saw hit and tear up all these building was most peculiar.

We did not see it though

untill we heard the first sound from it, and looking out the windows and at the entrance door was seeing it fling dense clouds of wreckage in all directions.

Before this it had grown suddenly dark, darker than the blackest thunder cloud makes it, and a strange oppressiveness was in the air.

It had been been raining like a downpour for a few minutes and the sudden darkness and the oppressiveness made us apprehensive.

Some of my fellow nuns were talking about it when we noticed a strange humming sound with a rending grinding and tearing or ripping sound sound, added by a confusion of clashing and

crashing and banging, and loud various hissing.

It quickly grew in volume and nearer untill we noticed it as a sound in a strange occ cloud moving on the distant ground surface and also high up in the air, the most peculiar and fearful sound we ever heard.

We rushed to the door and windows when we heard the sudden loud howl like thousands of wolves at one time but like loud thunder, and the ear-splitting roar of all the buildings being torn and flung through the air, in massive clouds of flying wreckage, sides of houses, and thick clouds of dust from brick buildings.

After looking over all this unbelievable havoc created

I never want to see this or hear such a thing again after this rain fell in torrents. It was almost a cloudburst or cloudburst, but it did not prevent us to rush over there to aid the injured.

During the worst of the wind I could not see distinctly because of the dust but I discerned a big fat man run from a distant street, to another screaming and then saw his body whirled for more than, if I estimate right three hundred feet.

When we heard his scalp was frightfully cut, his arms and legs and also left hip broken, hair torn from his head, stripped of all his clothes and

he was unconscious when some of us picked him up and brought into a school room. He also had a bad spinal injury and serious left shoulder fracture.

We also at a distance had seen a big wagon loaded or loaded big large bales of hay career a corner or around a corner within easy sight. It seemed to be running solidly and on the next instant it was tilted and rolled and then lifted over the roof of a three story house, being torn to pieces.

The hay bales were scattered through the air like pieces of paper.

The driver I believe must have been killed as the big wagon was smashed to kindling. Its four

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wheels were found later in the wreckage of the demolished house, it will be almost impossible to get renewed communications with the outside world from this wrecked town for weeks.

Our population of the ~~town~~ town is nearly wiped out as we heard there so many killed messengers have gone to our nearest town by horse and wagon to give to give out first definite news of the disaster, but only to return with horrid news that that town and another beyond it is ravaged much worse than our town by the same twister with terrible loss of lives, and hundreds injured many fatally.

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They too have all communications wiped out, and rescuers are just now arriving."

I remember other things I saw. Splinters and even long planks were driven through trees and in one place I perceived, without hardly believing what I saw the lower story of a four floor wooden house was torn out completely while the upper story badly twisted out of shape settled in its place. Big shade trees were uprooted and driven entirely through brick buildings.

Wires were torn down and wrapped about poles or remaining branchless trees as if wound tightly by the hand of some clever artisan. These trees also were stripped of all their bark.

We came to a wreckage strewn street where we saw telephone and telegraph poles still standing, but at a very lowering slant. The telegraph poles had six wires across or supposed to be, but all the wires were for more than a distance of two blocks, were tangled and twisted together in all various ways like the severe tangling of string.

Some which were broken hung down. And here and there were caught all sorts of clothing, and around the poles were wrapped very tightly either blankets or bed sheets.

Around one pole was even wrapped a man's long suit of summer underwear.

Here too were the dead bodies of cats and dogs. Even a mattress was also

wrapped around a tree. A very strange thing about this awful disaster at Chesterbrown and the other blasted towns was kept secret from the world for many hours by the storm, for as said before all wire communications were broken down or tightly twisted and tangled together like string in the rage of the terrible tornado through the towns.

Messengers by train had to go to Springfield and Lincoln Ill. to give out the first definite news of the almost unbelievable disaster.

And for a time at both cities it was not even believed until they received proof from telephone coming from Alton and Decatur Ill.

The governor of Ill. was notified the Mayor of both cities

that he would send a special message to the legislature asking for sufficient funds to care for the homeless survivors of the three towns. I believed it was for days if not weeks that every telegraph and telephone officers could report for duty and to repair or replace the wire lines and put again into operation.

The twister had demolished the towns roundhouse of the Ill. Central Railroad and leveled the big thousand foot trestle over the 7th or Ohio River, and took away miles of road bed, track ties and all.

We found that the pathway of the walzing broad, the width of the devastated town was eight blocks or more wide, and

cut a swath through the whole length of Chester brown 75 blocks long. Only the thirty houses, were not in its path. At Chester brown, and the other towns all strangers and curiosity seekers were strictly barred by many armed guards.

Only proven rescuer workers, and those with permit passes from the governor, and the Mayors of Lincoln Springfield and Alton could get through.

All the injured in the two other towns were heard numbered 3000, and many of these were in a very serious condition. In both towns the dead combined were said to be fifteen hundred.

The scenes of the devastated Chester brown had brought tears to our eyes, when rescuing

the wounded when our attention that fatal afternoon and rainy night often was called to the injured and dying trapped in the debris of their shattered homes by agonizing screams for aid. Some died before they could be freed from wreckage, and others who were removed will die.

We also observed within our view of wrecked homes few survivors searching for loved ones but in the majority of cases they were (disappointed), disappointed.

The few number of the survivors were working people of very small means at that and now they have nothing left but the ground or lots upon which their homes stood.

By most of us the injured

had to be carried for many blocks, on account of the debris that blocked the streets.

The storm had even ripped up the sidewalk in numerous streets and car tracks too.

At Center street we heard of a woman by the name of Angeline Meany who had been fatally injured. Her two young were mangled and killed and their Aunt and Uncle seriously hurt. The Grandmother too was killed but the Grandfather survived.

A peculiar feature of their family experience in the storm was the fact I heard from a friend of the Church near the school that the father was carried four miles and three quarters of a distance in the tornado and was found unconscious with all ~~that~~ his

clothing torn from his body, his shoes missing and hair ripped from his head.

Some of his skin was also torn off, or ripped and all his front teeth missing. In the hospital tent it was found he had two broken ribs, one crushed leg, dislocated shoulder, and slightly fractured skull. Also slightly broken leg. It is not believed he will live.

And what awful stories of sorrows of heart anguish lay behind the putting away so many bodies of these three wiped out towns, whole families laid away together brothers and sisters, husband and wives and other relations separated

husband and wives torn asunder children turned into orphans and parents made childless because all us mankind in all our wisdom and glory knowledge and so on, and also power can neither cope with the angry elements nor quell it by supplication.

There were so much devastation by the storm as to prevent bodies being used for burial services and therefore the bodies are being sent to out of town relatives.

These three towns were actually towns of the dead, there so many killed.

Three churches were leveled to the ground and two others so badly wrecked as to also prevent prevent them for burial services.

In Chester town 30 injured persons were found in a

niche formed by a wreckage of timbers and other debris where they had crawled for safety. They were drenched and almost down drowned by the cloudburst that followed the tornado.

It took us three hours to free them. No ambulances or hospital wagons could get into the town because of the wreck strewn streets.

The only place that could receive the injured was the school church. Some of the surviving houses, and hastily put up tents.

We found the body of a man and also of a woman, not his wife under the crushed wreckage of their house while the mangled body of their eight year old boy

was found three blocks away. Another woman we found unconscious seven blocks away who turned out to be the dead man's wife, with her three year old son clapped in her arms. They were carried to the school which had been converted into a temporary hospital and given medical attention and cared for by the nuns.

Over three thousand injured and the few surviving refugees were fed by relief parties coming from Aetna, Springfield, Lincoln, Ill and other towns. Also doctors came to attend the injured, yet the groans of the dying were heard by us, mixed with the lamentations of the dispossessed. One man went insane and for a time fought off us.

one of us rescue parties. Many of the bodies we recovered from the wreckage of the storm were soon to be sent to and cared for at undertaking establishments in distant towns, Lincoln Ill and Alton, and a great number of funeral funerals were to be held in those towns. Also there whenever possible friends of stricken families were also to take care of the bodies, and have them prepared for burial.

The heart aches I know will not end with the burial of the victims of this awful "skroud".

Hardships and tribulation will follow in the wake of the devastation. It will take a long time for the survivors to be heard again.

clothing provided and food supplied to those left homeless through the whim of a damn "breeze".

It will take I believe months to readjust telephone and telegraph wires, put in new poles, debris removed and money raised to carry on the work. Nurses, soldiers and doctors and interns must give their sole services that those who suffered all sorts of injuries may recover, made strong again and whole to continue to live rightly again.

How this is going to be done soon I do not know. It don't seem that it can be done.

To continue about our interview with the nuns. "You asked is there power in praying?" another nun

I should positively say so. When that horrid wind of that big cloud shroud was strewn wreckage in flying flinging clouds everywhere my prayers and many others of us school sisters who were at the windows watching the storm, wild rage were loudly heard.

The awful crazy acting shroud passed close to us hurling lots of wreckage towards us but did not strike. The whole school house shook us from a earthquake from the concussion of the tornado and the floor sounded as if they were cracking under our feet as the tornado swept by us closer than half a block away while the winds howled as loud as thunder out side while

(However), the big clouds of wreckage was being sent swirling and flying and strewn everywhere in a confusion of wild sounds and while we were being blown away or tangled rather our sight we knelt by the open windows and prayed out loud: "God have mercy on us". For the duration of the storm, most wildest insane rage, we stayed on ~~at~~ our knees, praying most of the time for deliverance from that awful cyclone.

The noise of the storm was horrible, mingled with the thunderous howl like bedlam seemed to be a thousand blasts from whistles, all joined and then reverberating over the town mingled with the confusion of sound from the wind swept

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wreckage so thick you couldn't see through it. When finally that immensely wild storm passed on so suddenly as it came the sight that met our eyes was more than terrifying. Many houses had been torn or taken away from their foundations, big rugs and long carpets were wound around what is left of trees, big iron girders and steel picket fences had been twisted and tangled like string some around telephone poles and the utmost desolation and ruin was every where.

For what was left of trees tall or short and on what was left of wires hung bed clothing of all sorts, even rugs and carpets, and people's clothing too.

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But after all boys there sure is power in prayer whether you men rescuers believe it or not, and we escaped.

When we recovered from our terror and excitement we got our janitor, school attendant and priest to follow us, and rushed over to do what we could for the injured.

But many were killed in the wreckage within our view.

But we working desperately, did pull a man from the wreckage of a large wooden house two hours after the leveling of the building.

Eight of us were sitting at table, Grandfather, mother, and father in law, Uncle and Aunt my wife, myself and little boy. Without a moment's warning," he continued "a most

terrific howling roar as loud thunder swept down through our dining room. One wall went outward, as if from an explosion and the upper part of our house was lifted from above.

"You're not exaggerating all this are you?" one of us sisters asked him.

"Cross my heart and to die right now," he exclaimed "If I am, the big dining room table shot straight upwards many feet in the air. All of us still unharmed."

I was with terror and excitement but wondering what in the world all this was going on, the house was flying to pieces and then the heavy dining room table and large sections of the upper parts of

our home came down, all of us were caught in that wreckage and badly injured but one who you see is injured. How long will it take to rescue them? I'm strong and will help all I can."

We got them all out soon with his help. They were severely injured in various ways, but will recover. They're here in one of our school rooms. Medical aid was given them. We questioned one of them who said:

"I don't want any experience like that again. Hereafter we're getting out of this tornado territory. We while at table heard that crazy howling roar, and saw our house split asunder and a wall literally fly out. The upper part of the house rose up, table and

chairs and even the dining floor carpet then all came down suddenly."

He said also when he came too under the upside down table and beneath the wreckage he discovered that a woman's large hat with flower decorations on its top, and long hind silken ribbons from an encircling hat band was cocked on the left side of his head. And so tightly was it on he could not pull it off. It was his wife's hat. It had been hanging in a locked clothes closet three and a half stories above."

"That true" said the sister superior to us. "It took us ten minutes to get it off by cutting it with a meat knife. No

other thing even so sissors wouldn't do it. We also found the bodies of a woman and her two grown sons and a ten year daughter in wreckage of among the streets half a block away. All were dead, but no bruises were found. The wind had ripped and tore all their clothing completely away."

A tornado always does that." One of us declared. Another of the survivors, a woman who was not down in the dining but eating her dinner upstairs said to us "When the awful tornado struck three floors beneath her were shifted out nose high in the air with her at the table, and then the table with her fell into the dining room below, on top of the leg

dining table down there except for the shock and being held down beneath by the large table I was only slightly injured also as you see, a black eye, cut lip, skinned arm and my front teeth knocked loose. My shoes disappeared mysteriously from my feet."

"Tornadoes do crazy things one of my companions said. We rescued a man and his wife and teen age daughter who were unhurt though they were as they said were dropped to the basement of their home from the second floor."

"We had a desperation of time were a wrecked building had been torn apart like tissue paper"

I dared to put in and it was no wooden building either but brick. We were tearing at the shattered timbers of the lower flooring in a vain effort to rescue a woman, her two little daughters, and a teen age son.

She continued with choked emotion in my voice was conscious and called to us workers to hasten.

We got the badly injured children out but still could not reach her. Her husband got a heart attack as he listened and tore at the timbers and had to be kept away to a hospital tent.

We do not know if he recovered yet. The woman died of her injuries just before the final piece of wreckage was taken off. What will happen to her

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husband when he hears of this"

Hell knows, he'll get a fatal heart attack from shock of the bad news" said one of my companions

"His son and daughters are here in a school room" said the Mother Superior.

They needed emergency treatment, and are in a critical condition. We good

sisters have strong very strong sympathy for this poor man. Some

body told us he came from New York nearly twenty five years ago.

Ever since then he had been working and sav-

ing with all his wife might to provide a home

of his own here in Chester Brown, and a means to care for his

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dead wife and very dangerously injured two girls and the teen aged boy. ~~It~~ It will be a miracle if they live. And if they do the doctor said they'll be in wheel chairs all the rest of their lives.

This poor man had paid all but 2,500 dollars for of the price of that 20,000 dollar of this home so near our scene of such devastation.

It is said two months and thirteen days ago his family came here to Chester Brown and they then began to know their real happiness.

The storm completely leveled and scattered the wreckage of the house over a block of territory and there is hardly nothing

left of the house, and it is a total loss. Even the foundation is gone. A section of the hose is stuck on the roof of a barn with a windmill out fit wrapped around the structure. All the poor man saved during your rescue work was a few tools and belonging of very little value. It is said a blanket from his dead wife is wrapped around some still remaining but twisted telegraph wires with the poles standing at a bad slant.

There was no tornado insurance on the house, but as he still own \$2500 the poor man will get nothing now despite the results of his twenty five years

His wife is dead and his three children if they live are so badly injured they may be bedridden or in wheel chairs for life. They said he had been employed as a dishwasher in that deserted Sacred Heart Convent by the dead Mother Superior there.

What will happen to him when he is told his wife is dead and of the condition of his 'two little girl and teen age son'?

He will either have another, fat heart attack that will be fatal or go insane from grief and shock "one of my companions said, 'the sister wanted us to go in to see the injured children but we had seen enough of blood soaked bandages elsewhere and

emotionally and sadly declined. I myself said, "I can't stand any more of such sights, I too may go nuts, or get a heart stroke, those bandages I seen on many others made be sick to the stomach and gave me retching and chills"

Very few were refugees here, as nearly all the survivors were in the hospital tents, many critically hurt and mangled. At the St Ann School more than 500 seriously injured are being cared for by doctors nurses and surgeons from Alton and Springfield and the Sisters. The school is turned into an emergency relief station. The school is

of considerable advantage as the Sisters and relief workers know most of the injured in the school rooms. The Sisters though said they needed more help, for the big amount of aid that is to be provided and given. The girls and teen aged boys is suffering but will be bed ridden for life. Their father stood the shock bravely and is no more ill.

We saw shredded clothing paired over and entangled among all remaining wires and shattered trees in many various places. A big davenport was even seen by us entwined in the lead tangle of telegraph wires. Bedding beds, tables, all sort of furniture and cooking stoves were seen amidst the rubble

tangled and ~~we~~ twisted
windrows of wreckage
clothing of all sorts must
also and were flung
rapidly among all this
debris. I saw believe it
or not a large beautiful
and expensive doll hang-
ing by the very hands
from a torn and twisted
tree branch.

Even all sorts of house
hold equipment were among
the wreckage. Even Saurdrey
washing machines, with
clothes wringers were seen
standing up, on their sides,
on bottom up. Strange as
it was we saw here
and there a bottle of
milk or cream and
of beer standing up -
right in some of the
streets with not a drop
drop spill spilled and

the part board of the milk
bottles in the same position
in which their now dead
owners had placed them
before the storm, yet where
they or what houses they
came from was a mystery
very strange.

Talk about repairing
buildings. None could be re-
paired, as they all were too
much torn up and mangled.
Even brick buildings had
been swept away.

Foundations from many were
even gone. The City hall
was no more as well as
the police and fire station,
and the Sacred Heart Con-
vent wreckage will have
to be cleared away if
a new one is to be
rebuilt. And who will
be the builders, as every
one in the building had

been killed. What Church Commission owned it if any, or did the nuns? The few survivors who were left homeless by the storm it is said permitted pride to keep them from the St Ann School and Church relief relief stations and a committee were to put at work a corps of searchers to reach and relieve this class of distressed sufferers.

We found a general supply depot of Chester town destroyed, with the supplies scattered every where among the wreckage.

Twenty thousand loaves of bread, cake and other delicacies contributed to the wreckage from the various bakeries destroyed by the storm. Even pies and bags of

flour were seen, and barrels over ranges. Clothing of all kinds from wrecked dry-goods stores were also seen in various places, and the marmalades too.

The hardest pressed were the Sisters doctors and the surgeons and physicians.

They incessantly administered to the needs of the hundreds of injured in the School Church and the tents. Because of the town, windrows of wreckage, no horse or wagon or such could get through any where, as yet no worker could come to remove it, and supplies had to be brought by expert climbers, over the wreckage. A tough new work indeed. I'll never forget this indeed, some "walzing cloud."

For these relief workers among the injured there was scarcely time to ascertain the safety of other wounded when the call to duty for new arrivals of rescued injured came.

showing the needs of the injured sufferers, sufferers,

We saw one house a large one, partly standing with wooden wall at a perilous slant that tapered numerous windows with a very long huge scantling driven straight through a still standing straight upward wall of the house as if like an arrow, straight into what was left of the kitchen.

A furniture and table was found by us in that kitchen which never was

in the kitchen. The kitchen stove range was damaged beyond repair. The roof of the house was gone.

We were hampered by the loss of street electric lights when after the storm we had worked to rescue the injured. We worked by lanterns and torches. I worked by candle light helping to get out the numerous injured which thickly crowded the wreckage.

Although I called upon to do serious operations the need and hurry and the awful large number of injured patients made it impossible to administer anesthetics or to aid every one as quickly as needed. No such disaster has ever visited any town like this one and overwelcomed by it.

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Substantial help to the stricken towns and farms, and devastated farming districts I heard are to be given by the state and whole country as soon as possible.

Sets out outside train traffic between the towns have been completely paralyzed by the storm. It was one of the odd situations presented as a result of the storm that confronted the railroad with the stopping of the passenger and freight to and between the towns.

Signal wires, switch and block system were completely demoralized and in the days immediately following in which I was still in the nothingness of poor Chester town, following the record breaking catastrophe.

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the railroad men had to resort to the antiquated methods of sending out signal men to mark the passage of all other trains near and past the ruined towns. Men carried red flags who had been sent out ahead to signal clear track on roads passing by the towns, to warn trains to stop clear of all rubble every where beyond, between the towns, or give warning of grave danger of trains approaching the wreckage strewn territory and so the cars carrying passengers and freight crawled away from the dangerous wreckage strewn for miles and miles over the countryside and between the towns at a decrease of speed which caused bad delay.

The passengers however

were near enough on the trains to have a good long view of what are left of the towns. Relief trains could not get near the towns and the supplies had to be brought on foot from those trains. What difficulty those poor self relief men had in clambering over and through all that conglomeration of all sorts of debris and not what. But they though all tired out reached their goal and distributed the goods and medical supplies.

They wondered exceedingly, I heard at the sight of what the "shroud" did. Such a tornado with a record breaking force. I heard that out of the horror and the sorrow of it all there grew a

some humor for even in the face of death here and elsewhere and all us fellow men 'are suffering so intensely, and the sight of all this record breaking ruin and destruction some must laugh, giggle, while others weep, curse or use profane language or even blasphemy.

I or who would not laugh at the story we heard from the School janitor Henry George Cy, who we saw gazing upon one had been his home in the storm torn section where I approached him and asked was your home so dreadfully damaged Cy?

Cy scratched his head in a reflective way and then replied most laconically I don't know really. I have

not yet found any trace of it yet."

"That is it there though all pulled to pieces and half hidden in debris"

I exclaimed pointing.

"Oh no indeed. You are seeing things" he exclaimed in answer "That is not my house, mine was a two story one made of brick. This is torn to pieces one is of wood"

He told the truth His house had been taken away by the turks and his household goods were found later six blocks away amidst other debris.

His big bed and all bedding were found by the workers wedged between tree branches of a tall but badly shat-

tered tree. His wife and children were in the school badly injured but not fatally. He himself rescued from wreckage of other sections two blocks away. Blown among them by the storm.

Some survivors told me he saw a big fat woman and her equally fat husband picked off their feet and blown through a plate glass window of what was left of a dry goods store. Yet they were not even slightly injured. It seemed unusual for wind to do that to such big fat people and yet it was true. I saw them and they were more than six feet tall and awfully fat.

When I had arrived on the scene that late afternoon many of the bodies

were being removed by the hundreds, and more and more hundreds by the scores of us desperate rescuers who with us from our town which escaped and who worked all night with lamps, lanterns, torches and lighted candles, but I came frequently across some few persons gathered about a dead person waiting to be taken to a ambulance waiting some distance out of the town. They were waiting for the corpse to be carried across the wreck strewn street to the ambulance, a very very difficult job indeed. Also I saw some woman sitting on a broken step or piece of wreckage crying for someone who had been killed in this

second breaking tornado. All the suffering and most pitiful sights appalled me but I could not yet dare leave any of it. I would not care to estimate this town's damage in property. Its way up in the multi-millions. All tracks leading from the town were impassable because of the awful tangle of wreckage from the town.

Some days later I came upon a most pathetic sight I ever seen. It was a little girl keeping watch of the wreckage of what had been her three story house.

When I questioned her she said her mother brother and older sister were still beneath the wreckage.

She said her mother had been ill with severe indigestion

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and very sore arm and confined to a room on the second floor of her home.

She said to me, when the wild rage of the "shroud" crashed against the house it was torn and pulled apart into a dozen fragments as if built of very weak fast board.

She escaped unharmed but her mother and her sister were buried in the wreckage. They're still there."

"Good God I cried, "I yelled for some men to come over and we began a desperate search for them expecting them to be dead,

"How long are they there?" I asked as we worked like fury lifting planks and boards, and other

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wreckage

"since the storm" she said nobling.

"I'm afraid they're dead by now." I exclaimed. ~~Why~~ "Why didn't you call to us for help?"

"I can't get over this stuff" she answered, "I got a crippled leg, born with it."

We men tugged and pulled at the wreckage until our hands were cut and bleeding.

Finally we reached them. We pulled them free.

They were still alive not even injured, but half starved and suffering from intense thirst from being under the wreckage for four days.

They with the little girl taken to a hospital tent, given food and drink

medical aid and then removed to the St Ann School for bedding and proper shelter. I think of it. How would you have liked to be buried under all that wreckage, without food and drink for four days and nights?

"I wouldn't like that experience. They'd been there yet if we hadn't come upon the little girl sitting on some of the wreckage who couldn't go to get help because of a crippled leg from birth. Such a fate. I cursed the tornado and what language I used. You would have been shocked, but I was heart torn and in a rage over this calamity."

In the same wreckage of this what is left of her home we also pulled free a dead woman. She was crushed and mangled when the house went to pieces.

Sodley I must say that we found later she was the grandmother of these three children.

Their grief was unbearable. What this "shroud" could so unmercifully do. I hate tornadoes.

I came upon a street car standing upright against the wall of what remained of the Childs Savings Institution. One of the rescuers said the motor man was seriously injured and all the passengers killed. He said the conductor was pulled from the rear of the car carried 200

two thousand two hundred and fifty feet like a feather and then threw him down uninjured but very badly shaken. The car was a total wreck.

All the children were blown out of the building when the "shroud" struck the child saving and institution. The children of all young or slightly older ages boys and girls were in their nursery on the third floor of the south wing of the building which was partly blown into three sections of badly twisted slanting walls, its roof and front gone.

The children blown away was found more than twelve blocks away

amid the wreckage of other buildings. Yet miraculously believe it or not aside from bruises and slight scratches all of these children were set free far from the debris not badly injured.

But the wind had stripped them naked.

Those in the charge of these children and building attendants also escaped as if by a miracle amidst the wreckage. The street car was held up against the wall of this building by the wreckage of other structures.

Its wheels and trolley were gone.

We had come across what had been left of large wooden houses, with long thin iron pipes driven in the outside walls half way through.

I knew where they came from. Even the blunt ends of long plants were driven deep into the trunks of shattered trees.

While we were still in the stricken district a communicative old fellow among the seriously injured told us that the woman who lived in the same house with him was crushed when his home collapsed like a house of cards and scattered all to flying fragments and her little five year old girl was found lying seriously injured six blocks down the street in a wrecked house into which she had been blown.

I saw the child in the school house. She too will be crippled for a life if lives. I smell side of a wooden house we saw driven into the body of

a dead horse and I was informed that a family of seven which sought safety in the basement of their residence when they saw the twister coming had the whole three story wooden house taken from over their heads and smashed into actual kindling wood.

Then they were almost buried under wreckage strewn about them and flung by the storm into the basement from other houses by the immenely wild wind.

They're in tents seriously injured. One a boy died. In one leveled block a doctors cottage was left standing through ripped apart, and every other house no matter what kind or size or height was in scattered wreckage or turned topsy turvy with all killed in them.

The three large Stationary stores of the town had been torn apart like like tissue paper and stationary of all sorts scattered as you would say "to the four winds."

And they too, were brick structures, I found out also that a man his wife and three young children met death together.

When some of the rescuers were digging through the wreckage of their brick home they found the four bodies, with the two little girls and a baby brother who were clasped in the arms of their mother while the mangled body of the father was over them as if he had tried to shield them with his own body.

All other persons who

lived in the house also were dead about ten among them also children. In a house next to it I also heard, a party in honor of of some saint was being given by a family there. They had begun the party dinner and they all were making merry, and an old man with them the Grandfather, as old as he was had entered in the fun.

Suddenly there was a very deafening howling and humming sound together as one, and the next minute the house a wooden went flying into scattered ruins. We were buried in what wreckage was left of the house. The house had been utterly almost swept away. he said to us in the tent.

All the party succeeded in

in getting out with slight injuries except a granddaughter and her brother, who was internally injured.

I wriggled around and out of the timbers about us and rescuers got the others out. When I learned that my two grand children lying on a bed in the school, were near death I cried out "Oh if it had only been me instead of them, a young girl my cousin was revived after our house had been ripped away and a large section of some other house swept down upon what was left of ours,

she had been imprisoned for more than four hours under that section of house wall.

It was absolutely necessary

for the rescuers I helping the best I was able to chop a large hole in the side of that large section of house side before she was taken out injured. We found out that in the house the party was being given a man was badly bruised and out about the head and shoulder and also back and his wife and four children were fatally injured when the "shroud" devastated that house.

He had been going down stairs to join the party he and his family had been invited to when the awfully powerful wind struck the house and he was hurled downstairs into the dining room when the house was torn into flying debris flat on his face.

Wazed he struggled to his

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feet and hurried his family out and down in the cellar. A second later the big wooden house was changed into widely flying fragments and the family in the basement with the party guests had but the sky above them until wreckage from other houses were flung on and about them. Rescuees lifted them all out and despite my minor injuries I joined scores of my more unfortunate neighbors in the school for medical treatment. We had lost everything including the furniture beds and so on but were thankful to God that our lives were spared, though badly injured. Two of their grandchildren are

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dangerously injured. It is said they will die.

"Some 'shroud'" I again exclaimed, "Why can't the elements behave themselves, and this on the afternoon of the 15th of August, the assumption of the mother of our God. Some 'shroud'" And I cried,

I heard of a servant woman forty years old who was blown out of the same house and badly frightened was trying to run down the street to shelter when the side of street car was hurled at her and she buried underneath of it and by a miracle only bruised.

She got out from underneath of it herself and then ran down the street in the rain, to fall fainting in the front of the

naged convent. When revived by relief workers in a tent, her ~~wreck~~ incoherent story was the news of what happened to the house where the party was on. That brought the rescuers very promptly to them.

Despite what happened to her, strangely the servant woman was not even scratched nor bruised.

Another two a man and his wife in the same structure we too ~~had~~ had heard rushed into the same basement mingling with the others while the house crashed into flying wreckage about their ears. When they ~~all~~ all had been rescued this woman wept bitterly because two of her children and

children and a pet dog had been found dead in the wreck strewn street, sixteen blocks away. In all this district as far as I could see one mass of debris the whole width of the town.

I learned that in one part of this district a moving picture show which was just start its first film was struck.

All the movie goers were killed or seriously injured in their seats, before they could rise up to escape so sudden was the collapse of the building.

It took five hours for rescue workers to get the dead and injured from the debris of the roof and walls. Many ~~dead~~ dead and even injured were crushed, even those near the exits did not escape.

all the seats were smashed by the fallen roof and strange to say the moving producing picture machine had disappeared and was never found.

The man who operated it was gone mysteriously and also could not be traced. The Chester Brown university a large strong five story building a block long and a quarter wide was in the path of the storm and looked the same way as the Sacred Heart convent did but somewhat worse. The bigger the buildings the worse they got it.

I saw some of the survivors making frantic efforts to learn the fate of loved ones. All the tents and the

school and church were now filled to their utmost capacity or with injured and more coming. Still injured persons in threes and sixes would die terribly adding to the number of dead. It was truly horrible. I was scared and sick over all this.

Other tents and improvised shelter from wreck age were set up and soon also filled to capacity from injured still being dug out of the debris.

I wondered when in the world will the injured stop adding. In the school all the rooms were crowded with cots made from wreckage and fastened together. And each held an injured person and they still kept coming.

The rescue work was also

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desperately and impatiently
~~so~~ slow because of dark
 nights, very little lighting
 for the workers, and the
 blockade streets. Emergen-
 gency morgues had been
 out of wreckage were
 established in the neigh-
 borhood of the surviving
 houses, and all available
 nurses and physicians and
 surgeons who could get
 through the debris, pressed
 into service. The city
 health commission
 of Lincoln Ill, Alton and
 Springfield, appealed
 to surgeons to volunteer
 their services for the
 relief of the now four
 thousand injured and
 the response was coming
 in scores in spite of
 the almost impassable
 wreckage.

Safe Harbor.

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The mayors of these cities
 were acceding to the request
 without the slightest hesi-
 tation and were sending all
 available men doctors
 nurses and the like and
 workers to try and clear
 the wreckage away from them.
 I also learned the same
 request to the commanders
 of five local militia
 companies were meeting with
 prompt response and these
 state troops when they
 arrive will add in the work
 of keeping curious sight-
 seers and other persons
 without passes away from
 this stricken town and
 shoot any looters caught
 even trying to rob the
 dead on the ruins if
 such things start to hap-
 pen. Not such a thing
 was attempted however.

Why? Because no strangers could get in, and the survivors were not of the vandal sort. And too heart sick and horrified over what happened to think of such a thing.

The State Governor was also ordering four companies from outside of far distant Chicago, of Fort Sheridan to so report for duty but when they arrive will not be until six o'clock to morrow morning. They will work to get the rest of the injured still now yet in the wreckage, down it.

When the soldiers came and observed what the tornado did, they could not believe their eye sight and said it seemed impossible

that a storm could wrought such appalling destruction.

They said countless numbers of all sizes of houses looked as if they had been picked up and dashed into a million pieces, and shapeless masses. We came across ~~one~~ another convent and a school, named in honor of St Vincent were the roofs were uprooted and the grounds littered with debris.

No one survived here also. All street signs everywhere, were gone and streets so wreck strewn we could not tell what the names of any of the streets were.

Before the long storm of rain followed the tornado, fifty or more fires had been reported in the path of the "shroud" the fire companies of the

of the town were wiped out. Had it not been for the long thunder storm and its cloud burst, the wreckage of the whole town would have been reduced to ashes, before fire fighting apparatus of Springfield and other places could come and be put to work. Therefore the long severe thunder shower that followed the blow soaked the wreckage and prevented total destruction of the town by a conflagration.

The most thickly populated parts of the town contained three large public schools. A number of large Lutheran Churches and churches of other denominations also in that part of this large town

or small city as you want to call it. Where are they now?

We could not find a trace of them. It looked as if they had never existed. Such complete destruction such unbelievable devastation. By now we heard with so many injured dying the death rate had risen to

nine hundred and seventy six and more were dying. Most of the dead horrible to think of were children of the devastated schools and horribly mangled.

St Ann's University outside of the district of escaped houses but a branch of St Ann's School looked as it had scattered far and wide by powerful explosives.

Every kind of communication

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2K1

telegraph, telephone and railway were annihilated by the "beautiful shroud" and no wires of any kind not even yet no could be repaired or replaced, causing much severe almost unbearable high tension day or night and also which at times almost became dire panic.

Sixteen of the severely injured I heard became insane, and it was necessary to take them to a wreckage built hospital where they were placed under restraint.

I also heard that Goulet was starting to send a special train with sixty physicians who when they arrived were to work on the local staff, also more nurses

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and medical supplies and many big tents, bedding beds and so on were also being brought on this train.

Other trains when they would arrive will bring men volunteer workers to the trying if possible to clear the wreckage in the paths the trail arrivals who will have to choose. Oh my.

Can it be done? It will take months I'm afraid. The wreckage is in such tightly tangled heaps.

One improvised hospital erected from wreckage was a complete death house when every room was pressed into service when one after another of more dead and injured still being taken from the wreckage were brought into the house. I learned the number

of all the population was eighteen thousand nine hundred and eighty. The stretch of Chester brown covered by the storm reaches from the western and south western limits to the very still more fatal east an extent of eight miles of devastation east of the point of origin beginning at the wiped out west rail road siding of Chester-brown.

The storm swept all of the town, except the thirty surviving houses, for its entire length and width following the whole territory extending along the Central river and heading in a straight line towards the other

the other towns and also striking a most smashing blow along the north side of Saele and Saele all killing hundreds there as I later read in newspapers.

All of Chester brown except the 30 houses was devastated beyond all description proper proving the immeasurable force of the "Stroud".

Only the thirty houses were out of the path of the tornado, but suffered somewhat by the concussion of the ground caused by the force of the passing cyclone, and shock from the confused clamor of the myriads of the houses being so suddenly split into clouds of flying wreckage.

The section where so many were killed and

injured was or were the residential sections and the wiped out schools where time was too early yet for school dismissal and teachers and all the children were killed and so seriously injured.

The principal of one of the schools, who was in as a patient in St Ann's school and expected to recover said the twist came with the sudden force of a big explosion.

She was found lying among wreckage twelve blocks from the school which she superintended.

She has a broken leg, also numerous shops with retail stores were in this wiped out section with the residence

portion of this big town in the intervening sections. All this is scattered shattered houses and debris of all description. One large recreation park was located within this district covered. A large beautiful park with a '300? zoo of animals and all sorts of very expensive birds. It had no reptiles. The park I heard had the most beautiful trees grown there, and some portions of the ground covered thick with the most beautiful flowers and a large water spray fountain.

It was called Game Park and was a mile long and nearly as wide.

This park was struck with such force as to practically wipe it off the

map scatter the animal
brick house also in flying
clouds of debris dust
destroy all the animals
and birds, and kill
and badly injure all
the people in the park
at the time.

The wind wrenched the
big merry go round from
its foundation while
turning with a crowd
of only children on it,
and rolled it a great
distance like playing
like rolling the hoop
with an iron round
frame and killed all the
children on it.

I saw the merry ground
twenty blocks from the
park badly smashed,
and even its seats
gone. The round top
was very badly twisted

out of shape and the iron
rods badly bent. The merry
ground horses fastened to
those stout rods were badly
broken, some with heads
or legs entirely broken off.
The round flooring as
shattered beyond restoration
I could see blood of the
injured and dead on the
flooring what was left left
of the chairs and between
them. This was more horrible
still.

Three score young children
and a few guarding grown
up on this thing when
the storm played roll
roll the hoop with it,
and it was one hundred
and sixty feet round
and eighteen feet above
its floor. I could not
understand how a tornado
could do this but it did.

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There was no trace of the flowers, or trees, the park benches were gone and the park's ground was plowed three feet deep.

The park had a solar cooker for children, it too was gone, and so were its cars.

I visited what was the park, the day I heard about its location, but I went for nothing. There was no sign of the beautiful park, and districts of buildings in its surrounding where the park had been were scattered windrows of wreckage of all description.

One good thing however there was no looting (booting) looting or robbery anywhere.

It was soon known

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by me that even many more tents set up were filled with the unfortunate injured.

Soon if possible, many of the injured were going to be sent to all the hospitals in the three cities of Lincoln, Springfield, Alton, Joliet and even Chicago as soon as it can be done.

Yet was feared they would be filled to overcrowding. There were so many injured from Chester Brown, So Falls and the other two towns.

It would take only freight cars to take all these injured.

Even in those places public buildings would have to be thrown open as a place of refuge - refuge and care for all the injured.

Terrible. Beyond belief.

I went to take a look at the animal house with my companions. As of what is left of the animal house.

Survivors among the injured in a large tent had told us it was 3 and a 1 quarter quarter stories high two hundred feet long and sixty five feet wide.

It also had a very large high arched entrance twenty five feet wide, and was made or built of very strong bricks and mortar. The animal cages could contain strong long iron bars.

The flooring of the cages were of strong wood.

We did not all expect the sight we were to come across. You think it impossible. This animal house was bigger and

longer than the one at our Simcoln Park. For nearly its full length only the first story remained and it was a shambles.

Many of the cages on both sides despite their strong iron bars, were ripped apart or open, their animals were gone, and the large tile floor covered with rubble. The only flooring of this building was in the cages.

The cages remaining partially intact had crazily looking and badly twisted bars, their flooring strewn with bricks and other rubble.

All the animals in these surviving cages except a Puma and his mate ~~he~~ lay dead, and the pumas limped badly from injuries and wasted away.

The other animals lions tigers and leopards did not as you think take advantage

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of this savage storm and make their escape to freedom. They were pulled out of their cages by the suction of the wind, as I saw later their mangled twisted bodies, were found amidst wreckage strewn ten blocks away from the animal house.

A whole length of torn out of an iron bar was sticking clean through the lions body. Four lions some with mates, six large regal tigers three cheetahs ten leopards and three pumas were the number of dead animals.

Two tigers had the whole side of three window side of a wooden house lying down over them. A long shaft or large splinter of glass had been driven through the head of one other

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tiger, whose teeth had also been knocked out of its mouth and its mouth badly broken at its jaws. Twenty six animals killed and mangled.

One leopard had a crushed in chest, with its organs protruding from what had been its belly and a long thin stick sticking through its left eye.

The other animals had their bodies torn apart or ripped open, heads crushed and thick pieces of wood also sticking through their bodies. The number dead animals still in what is left of the building were sixteen. Some leopards, they were black ones, and tigers. The wounded pumas were the only ones left alive. Fortunately the wind did not get strongly at them as their cage was not damaged and had

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no damaged iron bars. I had no chance of taking advantage at all of this savage storm and their escape to freedom. I believe there were forty seven dead animals altogether.

I was in the animal house though had no torn mangled bodies or any objects sticking through them.

What became of all the upper parts of this magnificent building.

I saw no trace of them in the park or ground or among debris in streets either.

The ground of what was once such a beautiful magnificent park was covered with some of the scattered wreckage of torn and ripped buildings surrounding the park.

The refreshment canteen of the park, a large round ten foot high structure with all its

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refreshment supplies was gone and the operator of the machinery that spun the big merry-ground was gone with its shed, and so was the man or woman who operated it. No trace of either could be found. Another quarter of a mile long park with all its trees and plants was also wiped out with its large serpent

have many of the snakes were from poisonous others, construction or big thursts to forty foot long Python.

Two dozen dozen poisonous snakes were Cobra three tiger snakes, King Cobras, Fer De Sancer, Buff Adders and other snakes, non-poisonous.

I feared if these serpents were escaped ones because of the storm there would be great danger from

them. Yet we learned that relief workers had found all the snakes dead among wreckage sixteen blocks away, many with themselves twisted tightly together as if they were tangled twine or cord. Big pit pythons were found with bodies snapped apart, heads off or wound so tightly around shattered trees that you would have to chop the trees to pieces to pieces to get them off. Two big King Cobras were found tied tightly together by their necks, a black necked spitting cobra was tightly twisted around a broken section of a house, and a long Anaconda was found tightly fastened around a big badly twisted iron girder and a beautiful

Diamond python was found split or broken into three sections. All this done by the stupendous strength of the "Shroud" "Damn that shroud. Not a snake survived. Others were found so tightly fastened together among themselves among the windrows of wildly scattered wreckage that it was impossible to pry or pull them apart.

There was no trace of the wreckage of the long fifty foot high reptile building.

Mostly in what now was only park ground, was scattered house wreckage blown here by the awful tornado.

And here strange to say there lay among this three big Church bells, and their rafters and fastenings

They looked as if they came from some large Catholic Church. Which one.

The longest and widest park first mentioned also on the outside portions had had all the same various sorts of animals and big outside caged birds as one sees in Lincoln Park, including three large African Elephants and an Indian Elephant.

The roofed cages for the big birds, iron barred ones, and the birds themselves were absolutely gone and the big shelters pulverized.

Same with the high barred top hooked fences with nearly three quarters of the number of animals gone and

their rear shelters also pulverized. What animals remained lay dead, bodies ripped apart, twisted into horrid horrid shapes, with some having their bodies wide open and entrails all completely out, lying on the ground from them.

Six per cent of the big bears had all their thick hairy skin ripped completely off and with badly smashed bodies.

Some large deers and a big bull moose also had hairy skin ripped away and their bodies twisted and broken.

Kangaroos were the same way. All these had been left behind by the tornado. The other animals and the iron barred cages were never found strange.

Near the park through a cinnamon bear, and some dead wovels were found wedged tightly between the bars of a shattered iron picket fence near the ruined Sacred Heart convent thirty blocks away from the park.

There was never found also the various large birds, or the caged enclosures that held them.

Various districts of all sorts of wreckage was carefully and diligently searched and prodded by no sign of them or the cages being there. No trace of them any where else either, not even in the open country beyond either.

There had been also a large mammal house

there the size of the one in Lincoln Park, and except for a small six feet corner wall left standing all the rest including the flooring for the animals, and the cage bars were gone. All the animals too.

Some brick structures we saw got the worse of it. What did this crazily wild tornado do with all this? Make all seem vanish into oblivion? I've read wild tornadoes can do this.

Giraffes ten blocks away were found with legs and broken long necks, necks twisted into odd shapes.

Ostriches were found eight blocks away with their heads and long necks and legs pulled from their bodies and all their feathers stripped clean from them.

Cassowaries, and Emus, and giant Cranes were found a mile and a half beyond the town in fields the same way. An Emu's head and neck was found hanging around what was left of a branch of a big shattered Elm tree.

Could you believe a "sknood" like this could do all this? I would not had it not been seen and proven.

Six blocks from the park were found the bodies of three four elephants lying among wreckage of pulverized buildings.

Two had their trunks pulled from their heads, ears ripped off and their large legs broken.

A third had its full entire length of body torn open, and the forth

fourth its body twisted in the shape of an angle worm and one leg torn from its body. The iron bar enclosure which held them in was found three blocks further, the bars twisted in all sorts of crazy shapes. Fastened to this was the dead body of a Gorilla torn from the blown away monkey house.

All the monkeys were found lying dead and mangled in fields six miles from the town with the sections and fragments of the iron bar enclosures scattered far and near.

The bars also were twisted out of shape. "Woe" I saw myself that in the left or right sides of two elephants were enough long scrawlings sticking in to make

them look like porcupines -
nearly half the number of
the monkeys lost nearly
all their hairy skins and
some were dismembered.

Many of the birds big as the
small ones were some days
later found on farm lands,
and fields sixteen miles
from Chesterbourn.

All of them were dead and
completely stripped of all
their feathers. Their bodies
were badly battered, broken
or totally crushed.

Ten of the biggest birds
had their very bowels crushed
out of them.

The other birds actually
had vanished and no
trace of them could be
found.

It was said by many
relief relief workers that
the crowds of people in

both parks, men women or even
children were blown from the
parks like so many feathers
and found in fields five miles
away mangled and dead and
others so terribly injured they
would never be able to walk
again.

Taken to hospitals of Sirmen
Ill Springfield and Alton and
even to St Louis, they be-
came emergencies and received
immediate surgery and medical
care. Among the many wounded
even of children were those
of crippling for life of severe
spinal injuries. Those with
spinal fractures did not live
long. Dead or injured they
had all been found without
one exception stripped clearly
naked of all their clothes.
Women and girls with long
hair were 'scalped' by
the tornado and skin torn off

their bodies. Many had severe eye injuries some broken arms, and all the injuries that can befall tornado victims.

A good number of dead women, men, and children were found disemboweled, on whole fronts of their bodies torn away by the awful force of that "Damn Shroud".

Large park statues of our country's most prominent men, even of Lincoln, Washington, with their pedestals had disappeared and traces could not be found.

An enormous Bronze statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, was found lying face down twenty blocks away in wreckage from the Sacred Heart convent which is on the

edge of Mary Jane Park. A "Mother of God" statue still bigger, no one knows from where it came, lay on its back adorned the scattered wreck of near by houses, in the park grounds.

The pedestals remained in their places especially the Sacred Heart one, but was badly torn up from the ground.

And it was a two thousand pound pedestal. The statue we weighed 500 pounds.

We came upon the scene of still more terrible havoc of houses near the park by the whole^{the} death dealing "Shroud".

We saw a large four or what had been a four story wooden building so badly totally torn up from top to bottom that it

was or is almost beyond description. It is exactly closest to Mary Game Park. And the torn down parts in a terribly ragging position and wide open had the large section of a single four windowed front wooden wall lying straight and slanting upward against to top of this crazy wreckage.

It seemed the slightest shaking would tumble the whole shooting match level to the ground.

A large section of its roof though shattered was lying on the ground on the other end of the park, and two other torn up sections of its wall. The rest of the building ripped up was found scattered all over

park's ground. An earthquake or earthquake no matter how violent could do this. A large section of its strong foundation was gone, and the rest uprooted from the ground.

Four bed mattresses heavy ones, of the building were found at the other end of the park, and various bedsteads here and there topsey turvy.

Clothing from occupants of the building also were found around shattered trees and telegraph poles in city streets and furniture every where, and some in the park.

I desired to go into the building but the relief relief workers would not let me. "You'll be killed" one of them said. The place is

crammed with dead persons. But no one dares to go in for fear that wreck may collapse upon them."

Another worker said "we'd like to burn that wreck and cremate them, but then it will set all the town wreckage into a general conflagration!"

"You lie!" said another, "I couldn't believe a tornado could be that powerful!"

"It sure broke records with its fury" said another.

"But we'll not dare go even near that awful shambles. Sooner a single board and a door will come the whole mass on us!"

We found out it belonged to the town's highest judge in rank, who fortunately for him was away

on vacation with his family in New York at the time.

We heard his name was Jude Wainwright a very prominent Chester Brown lawyer too.

He lived in this large and beautiful home with his prominent tenants. His family were a ~~few~~^{with} three boys and a girl. His mother and father, Uncle and Aunt and their children were away in Chicago at the time of the disaster.

Large pieces of wall paper torn from the walls were seen scattered among this tremendous wreck.

I do not believe they have had news of this yet as there is no sign of their arriving to the town yet. If the building had from four stories been

reduced to a bad remarkable twisted wreckage at its tallest two stories high. I'd hate to be that poor Chester Brown Judge and family, when they hear or read of it and then come back to Chester Brown and see what is left of their home.

Maybe maybe they'll get heart attacks from the shock.

Not far from there is only a quarter length of left left of a two story block-long and quarter block brick row house building. The rest had been swept away. All were killed here.

Near the park also was the St Vincent De Pauls Chateau Catholic Church a 300 foot long structure with 150 foot wide front

and thirty foot high magnificent front doors. It had a beautiful twenty foot rear for its altar. Angels were in a kneeling position at both ends of the altar.

I heard also it had a life sized image of Christ on a large cross, on the Church Church front near the entrance.

On its north and south front sides were two hundred and fifty foot towers, resembling the towers of our Great St Vincent's Church in Chicago.

The stations of the Church on each side were large and beautiful.

The Statues of St Vincent and of the Blessed Virgin and Sacred Heart were actually life sized.

The Church had the most magnificent pews of all the

the Lworn Town Church,
It had beautiful Sanctuary
altars (four of them) with life
sized of the Virgin, Christ,
St Peter and archangel
Michael.

And the most beautiful
pictured windows of Gospel
Scenes. All this I heard
from injured survivors
who were members of
the church.

It was a hundred
foot steep slanting roof
building with a large
high half dome in
the altar section of the
building.

Windows of the dome
had pictures of Christ
before Pilate, being
nailed to the cross,
Christ hanging on
the cross and His
resurrection. On top of

of the altar and the interior
of the top was a crucifix and
a cross. In the tabernacle
with the Sacred Heart
Host inside was a real
golden door.

Now of this big church
only a tower is left stand-
ing. Nearly all the rest
including altar and pews
were swept away or scat-
tered debris nearly over all
half of the town.

The demolished altar was
found in the wreck of
this big wooden house
of Judge Wainwright.

This way it appears
as if us humans or
mankind is awfully and
completely humbled by
the power of this Almighty
"Shroud" (damn it) and this
great town of Chester Brown
with fertile fields beyond

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the other two towns, So Salle
Ill, and boasted commu-
nities of stability and wealth
lies devastated by the worst
record breaking tornado ever
known so far. Like a pigmy
man the powerful has been
mowed down in his posses-
sions, all homes scattered
in widely strewn wondrous
of impassable wreckage and
his possessions cart to
the four winds.

This is a storm of the
most unparalleled des-
truction which averted all man
kind throughout our
country, and carried to
death in Chester brown
along 1500 persons, laid
waste the proudest hand
iwork of man and
won everlasting recog-
nition of most re-
cord power by the total

my life history 415

wiping out of added scores
of millions of these towns
possession. In Chester brown
there were 14,000 injured and
more injured still being
found. If you believe it not
look up the papers of that
time, all written full of
this awful disaster, with big
Headlines. I'll bet there is
still chance you'll find those
back number papers in book
form if you go and look
them up in the big pub-
lic libraries in the large
cities.

The number of injured
continued coming till finally
it was found all the
remaining survivors except
those in the houses missed
by the twister were
more or less seriously
injured. Terrible beyond
comprehension.

Hand in hand this terrible crazy "Shroud" (damn it) laid a claim upon humanity for fifteen hundred lines in Chester Brown, wiped out all property except the thirty houses brought untold terror to the hearts of the thousands of injured survivors, masonry and life long crippling to hundreds, left wiped out all homes and threw upon the shoulders of our proud haughty civilization a burden of untold unestimated millions in property damages, from Chester Brown to Sasale and other territories.

This terrible "Shroud" in my opinion just took in too much territory

Many farms were reported swept away

houses fields of grain corn wheat corn and all other crops and farmers and their whole families killed or injured by the snow.

Their big windmills were away, but not one of them was the one wrapped about and twisted around that big barn. Where it came from is still a mystery.

As I heard afterwards the "Shroud" after wiping out the railroad siding within my horrified sight, as it moved onward with a curious howling piercing roar, this "Shroud" was viewed in its destructive horror by passengers on an Illinois Central Limited Florida train whose word pictures of the wild scene are to my idea

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are far from exaggeration or unsurpassed in their terrifying unbelievable eloquence. Ahead of the train which from Florida was heading slightly northeast for Chicago, on which they were riding, the terrifying black "Shroud" struck Chester Brown like an immense wide spread-atom like explosion. All houses as I heard witnesses of the passenger collapsed as though they were made of paper or went all directions in wildest clouds of all sorts of wreckage obscuring all view before them.

Even countless sections of house roofs, sides, flooring all wreckage went sailing away so

my history

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they were feathers, the thickness of the flying debris they could not even see through.

Though not too close to this awful scene countless portions of the wreckage were flung by the twists at the train breaking windows in the coaches and cutting people in the seats.

Yet the passengers sat as though glued to their seats when the "Shroud" struck with such a fury and immeasurably smash. Then they realized the desolation being wrought and a cry of horror went up.

The engineer brought the train to a stop just in time and the passengers ran over to the wreckage of the houses as soon as the storm passed on

as sudden as it came.
 They could hear the groans
 of the dying and the wails
 of the injured and terror
 stricken maimed women
 and children.

Though it seemed almost
 impossible to clamber
 among the tangled wreckage
 they succeeded in getting
 many of the injured
 within their sector of
 devastation and out of the
 ruins and brought them
 to the train.

I heard of one passenger
 report that he saw a
 big thrashing machine
 from some farm go
 crashing like a cannon
 ball ball through a brick
 wall of a house also
 houses of all sizes were
 going to pieces as if
 exploding or rolling and

tumbling along the ground.
 He I heard he said.

I saw a line of five box
 cars carried along by the
 terrific air current from some
 railway siding and go crash
 ing among the flying
 wreckage of the houses.

The box cars were split
 into shattered fragments.

With some of those big
 wheels torn off or loose.
 The cars were filled with
 with bales of hay which
 were scattered all over the
 territory.

I was recovering from
 what I had seen on the
 train when the train un-
 able to continue onward
 because of the wreck
 strawn track began to
 back up from the last
 place we pulled out
 from.

But not until night were we able to go out even backward. The storm must have thrown the wreckage far and wide, for the tracks even in our rear was heavily blocked by large timbers and other wreckage.

Some of our coaches had long planks driven through the sides and windows.

The roof of the third car had a section of the side of some house lying on top of it near the middle.

We men passengers worked hard and yet slowly to clear the tracks in the train's rear.

It was night now yet not all cleared. But for some time what a night.

The sky was lighted with a very bright yellow orange glow and the country

side were thronged with farmers wives and their children, and relatives from farms which escaped the tornado. Some of them acted as if they were mad for they came for the purpose of rescuing more injured and could not see how they could get through all that undrowned scattered wreckage.

Frequently the cries of the wounded which had been brought on the train were now being drowned by terrific peals of thunder of a quickly on-coming August thunderstorm, strong head winds.

The lightening revealed wires either torn down or twisted like tangled string. telephones were out of service, also telegraph wires and our cars were filled filled with still frightened horrified passengers, mostly

As we could not yet get the rear tracks clear the train was long delayed and all worried about the many most seriously wounded brought into the (coches) coaches.

As I said before many of the torn up houses and wind-sown of wrecks had caught fire, and the coming of this unusually severe thunderstorm added terror to the passengers and wounded.

It was feared another tornado was approaching. Then it began to rain in waving slow formation caused by the thunder squall.

But so far it was not coming enough to subdue the fires. Only added to the smoke the passenger car turned.

"This twister itself had started in the south west

section of this small city and tore through with the most awful immeasurable fury and insane rage all of the town pulling away two large blocks and everything in them like a huge suction tube.

The storm made a howling yell, louder than the thunder of the thunderstorm, added by loud and awful confusion more of everything being ripped, torn or smashed to pieces.

Crazy was the wild tumult also of all the scattering tumblers, banging of sides of houses hitting each other or being slammed along and over the ground.

Sides of whole parts of these houses also went spinning like roll the hoop.

A man who was injured told me that he was seated

in his living room eating
a cheese sandwich with a
cup of coffee by the library
table when he heard the
awful howling roar and
the almost deafening con-
fusion of sound from build-
ings being blasted and
torn to pieces.

A cloud of wreckage slam-
med against the side of
the house, shaking it, as
he seeing what was coming
rushed into a corner
closet but before he could
close the door, the coming
coming wind slammed
the door so hard at him
as to seriously injure
his back shoulders, and
back of his head and
breaking one arm. The
of one I believe.

It did no good also to
seek safety there, for while

the unmeasurable fury of the
wind swept away almost the
whole wooden building into
a mass of flim flying splinters,
and torn away floors, it sucked
him from the closet and
carried him three blocks
down the street, hurling him
clear through a window of a
house glass and all.

I could see he had been
bleeding from many cuts.
In this same house I heard
before it went into flying
pieces a family in the
parlor was whirled around
the room with amazing
speed, by the wind as a
big side of the house
had been first carried
away. They are here on
the train seriously in-
jured and I believe they
all will be crippled for
life. They were whirled

so swiftly as to be banged very roughly against furniture in the room, which whirled with them. Chester Brown is stricken as no other town or city ever devasted before and all beyond is the wreckage of buildings even scattered far from the town into the far country side.

I heard where wires were snapped or badly tangled together in all directions even in the country in the storm's path and so bad is this done it will take many days for the electric line-men to gather and circulate news of this immense disaster.

I learned many many bad fires broke out in the debris and wrecked houses of Chester Brown and types of outside country

town companies not even in the storm's path could get no connection, because of the destroyed Chester Brown communications, and blocked streets and much outside country side. I heard many farmers report of fallen timber, household goods and clothing and bedding and even mattresses on all their fields, on roofs of their buildings and hanging from the bare branches of their Orchard and other trees.

Even long pieces of dry-goods cloth I heard hung from their windmills from work all that thrown that far by the storm. A heavy rain did not yet follow the storm though it was still very windy and the thunder getting nearer and louder.

I heard even for many scores of miles from Chesterbourn outside along six different railway right of way all forms of communication were completely annihilated by the wind and no wires were were not even working when daylight relieved a night of such high tension which at times it was said became panic and utmost apprehension and more great terror.

It was now daylight and still had more work to do clear the rear tracks, the engineers and firemen and conductors and less injured ones helping.

How else could the wreckage be flung so far? Tell me that we were half a mile

from Chesterbourn and our train is eighteen coaches long including the crew car, engine and tender. It seems incredible I seen a private of the signal corps this morning from Fort Seavenfort become insane after helping carry a number of bodies and collapsed. He had to be placed under restraint when he recovered consciousness.

To go back however to the night before "he continued "I forgot to say more of it. The wind of the thunder storm slackened down but when it did the 'rain' of the storm burst upon us in a straight downward pour in all its drenching power. The lightning was blinding and I never before heard such loud thunders.

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One loud rolling thunder kept booming for more than two minutes for the sound died out. Another thunder crash seemed to split the sky with its deafening sound. It was also a cloud burst and drove us from our work into the train and kept us in so we could not go out and resume our desperate work. Finally the worst of the severe thunder storm gradually let up and putting on our raincoats we had brought on the train in case of need we went out to resume the clearing of the tracks in our rear. Though less severe the storm off and on kept up all night, but we now did not stop our work. By that next evening

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we arrived into the small city backwards, and at the station, unloaded our many injured. They were as quickly as possible hastened to this city's hospitals and put under emergency and medical care. A number of these injured were children.

The cries of these wounded children unloaded on the platform of the station in the still continued rain were pitiful. This long heavy rain absolutely put out the fires and prevented a wiping out of what remains of Chester.

Brown by a fatal conflagration"

All this I heard from relief workers who help helped clearing the tracks in the trains rear, of the St Vincent's Church whose big ~~Crozier~~ crucifix

was found by workers wedged in the wreckage of a house upright with the image not slightly, soot scratched, what had been or become of the school that usually stands along the side of the church.

There was no sign of it there only wreckage scattered here and there from the wrecked houses.

I soon learned to my relief it had never been built there. It was a (three quarter) student university building three quarters of a block long half a block wide, six and a quarter stories high with a thirty feet high slanting plate roof and a large beautiful dome on the center of the roof top.

It was erected of gray white stonework, not brick and high handsome windows. It shaped like the handsome St Vincent De Paul university in Chicago, but much longer higher and had a much higher slanting roof and much bigger and handsomer dome.

I had been too much excited distressed and enraged to notice this, but now to think of it, I had noticed it was one of the surviving thirty buildings of the town not too far from St Ann School and Church. Many injured had been brought in there too and immediately cared for by available doctors and surgeons.

Following the all night and next day heavy rain.

with continual bedlam of ~~loud~~ loud ~~then~~ thunder, came clearing of skies and awfully hot weather slowing up the work badly.

The hot sun was too much for them and a good number suffered from sun stroke or heat prostration.

Soon though to our immense relief the last of the injured from the wreckage were removed nearly 15,000 thousands to be sure crowded in that big St Vincent De Paul University building.

It was a place of awful suffering. Even Bloomington City Health Commission appealed to Doctors and Surgeons to volunteer their services for the relief

and assistance of Doctors and surgeons had pressed beyond measure in caring for the hundreds of injured in the big University building. Even the University Chapel was crowded crowded with the groaning at times screaming patients.

It was awful indeed. I dared not go near that building. I was scared at the various most mournful sounds.

Even here all newly arrived physicians, surgeons and nurses were pressed into service. Even the people of the surviving houses gave shelter to the most severely injured.

Even the floor of the barn with the wood mill framework wrapped around it by permission of its charitable owner was turned into a sort

of hospital for the injured. His wife and himself took injured also in where there was room in their house for them.

I went to the barn to see the injured. Then beds were made from the plenty of hay in the barn and covering from relief workers.

For my own good I was not permitted in the barn. The doctors feared I could not stand the awful bloody sight of the critically injured and might lose my mind. So afterwards I stayed away from there too.

Yet the university and all other places I thought were going to be besieged soon or later by friends and relatives of the dead

and injured, but the guards would not yet for a time for their good, and the impassable strewn wreckage let them get into the town.

They had to remain outside but shelter was put up for them and supplies given them.

Yet they are making the most frantic efforts to learn of the fate of loved ones. Many among the anxious crowds were distracted child ren weeping and crying.

Such a dreadful calamity I heard that just as soon as the enormity of the disaster was understood by the citizens of many cities and towns including great Chicago, even as far as New York, Boston and so on, a relief fund was started.

I heard from the relief workers that within an hour millions of dollars were contributed.

Many wealthy people of the cities were back of the movement. The big law university was now filled on every floor to the sixth story to its utmost capacity with the injured, even in its halls and class rooms and corridors which were now crowded with beds cots and also mattresses and bedding on the floors.

Also the barn was crowded to its fullest capacity. It also was a place of intense suffering of the wounded. Doctors said to me that many in there, and in the law university, would be either crippled or bedridden for life.

Now in the world could such a calamity like this ever come to be. And its horror, terror and suffering of the wounded, and the devastation of the town beyond measure.

Still came appeals for more available doctors, surgeons and nurses for these places, as those now there were still hard pressed beyond measure by the awful number of injured.

Who could believe it? I wouldn't if I didn't myself see it.

I came across another street car at the part of the city near Mary Jane Park which had been demolished beyond all restoration by the tornado and the forty passengers badly injured, injured more or less. The conductor who was seriously

injured but not bad enough to be a cripple, said to me in the barn owners house,

I was on the back platform when I saw the loudly howling tornado coming with a perfect wall of wreckage flying every which way before it like clouds of all sorts of house fragments and the like. That wall of wreckage made a much louder confusion of sound than the twister. It was deafening."

He paused a moment to gain his breath and the barn owner his wife and children around his bed.

I gave the motorman the signal to stop and shouted to the passengers

that an awful cyclone was coming and ran for a basement of a large brick building on the edge of the park and three of the passengers were with me.

We couldn't make it, the twister was too fast. We threw ourselves down face front to the street with a thick cloud of wreckage rushing wildly above us with awful noise and also wreckage flew close above us and over us with all the sound planks make hitting each other, and a lot of boards were piled on top of us, with an earsplitting banging crash, crash,

While at the same time the car was flung about like a careless child would treat a toy street car, a long scrambling was driven through the car side

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like an arrow and wedged
between the seats and
through the other side of
the car which after the
storm passed stood end up
in the middle of the street
almost covered with the
wrechoage of near by houses.

Two of its wheels were
gone and one side of the
car the whole long length
badly crushed in.

Every window in the man-
gled car was broken and
debris of all kinds from
houses were piled inside
and every seat was torn
loose or completely out.

It took five hours for
the rescuers to remove
the badly wounded.

They're in that hospital
now outside of Lincoln
Ill. Sixteen of them
passengers were children."

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"How many passengers were in
the car?" I asked him.

"Forty seven I heard they'll
never survive, but none of
them have died yet so
far."

I had seen what was left
of the street car standing
upright among the wrechoage.
It looked like a toy car
destroyed by a careless careless
child for the fun of it.

It trolley was gone and
as he said its whole
left side was actually stove
in. Its four wheels were
missing and its front
platform.

I asked him "what be-
came of the motorman?"

"They have not found him"
he answered.

"Good God" I cried, "what
next? Such a storm.

The Elements went nuts!"

I had seen that the cars roof though still remaining was twisted badly out of shape.

Small fragments from houses were inside the car, driven in through the windows by the wind.

The scantling crawling through the car I estimated to be forty feet long and three feet wide, and it was four inches thick.

A round object of some sort, large at that was embedded on the cars roof top. A side of a house with three window sashes only left lay stood slanting upright against the lower roof portion of the street car. Some havoc indeed. Who would believe it.

Yet papers of that time had photos of this freak of the damn "Shroud"

As he was in no condition to be questioned much more and was suffering almost beyond bearing, we gave him sympathetic words and left the house.

I had a boiling rage within me because of the storm, but what good did it do to me as I cannot do anything against the elements.

We went again to visit the ruined Sacred Heart Convent, and saw the front debris had collapsed and much of it now laying about the ground in front.

Over weight of the wreck on top had caused the under part to give way. The rest of the wrecked Convent was still the same way.

Yet it was this we did not take time to look for the

first time or notice it in our excited examination of the wreck strewn convent chapel.

Large broken fragments and whole shattered windowed wall sections of what had been a large wooden house lay against or scattered on the ground.

All with house hold furniture beds, and bed and other clothing lay ing about or hanging on what was left of broken trees with also their bark gone.

This was evidently the house carried by the twists and then flung so hard against the convent wall, as to split to pieces like an exploding bombshell. All that house had too been killed

and their bodies horribly twisted out of shape and badly mangled some disembowled.

According to the report of the rescue workers who found their bodies, Glad ? was not here when they were removing them, ? it would have been a horrible sickening sight for me.

The dead persons buried under the ruins of the front quarter of the Sacred Heart (Convent) had never yet been removed because of the most extreme danger among among the collapsed floors and roof.

Most of those wrecked sections were not as you see firmly placed together.

Just pull one plank loose and down would come the 'stomies upon the workers killing them. So they were leaving well enough

alone. I could with others with me already smell them showing the bodies beneath the wreckage were beginning to decay hastily because of the hot weather.

So we moved away never coming near there again. The officials of the workers wanted to set that debris aside, to burn the bodies, but the chief assistance leaders would not permit it, fearing it would start a conflagration and consume everything left by the tornado.

For my part the thought of such a plan scared me.

I heard two babies were blown out of a long building and others piled on in a heap on the floor when the twister struck the Child Refuge settle-

ment house near the smaller park. It was a block long three story house, with a recreation center in open air one on the roof. Besides the babies there was as I heard 1300 children from Chester, Brown, and other towns in the building. The babies themselves were in their nursery on the third floor of the west wing of the building which faced the oncoming wind storm.

The west wing was completely blown away into clouds of debris, the rest of the building torn inside out with fragments of the roof scattered far and wide. All this I heard I did not yet go to see.

One of the babies a girl who was blown away was found nearly twenty blocks away among wreckage of other

buildings only scratched and bruised, but totally mangled. The wind took off all she had on. They told me her name was Mary Jane ~~Just~~ Jenkins. Also from bruises and clothes also stripped from them, and the faint the rest of the babies were not badly injured.

All the other children in the lower floor had been bruised in wreckage and when all had been rescued after tedious slow and hard work had to be hospitalized many with very serious injured injuries.

Half of their number had all sorts of fractures, some torn over their bodies by flying broken window glass, fractured skulls, injured eyes blinded by motor dust and every

sort of even painful injuries you could think of. The attendants three on every floor with the Matron Superior, their assistants and nurses were all also all critically injured.

What added to the damage when a three street car train was blown or hurled against the south wing of the Child Settlement house. This was Times Avenue. The Conductor was seriously injured, with both arms, legs and feet broken, and a badly twisted back.

Fortunate for him his spine was not injured. He was one of the injured in the big barn and suffering intense almost unbearable unbearable pain.

The motor man jumped as the car train was about to be sent crashing against the settlement building wall

The wind picked him up and carried him all the way past both devastated parks, and six blocks further on and set him down outside the town in a cabbage field considerably shaken, but very little injured.

He only received a twisted ankle and a bruised, skinned arm and leg. I heard he received aid from a farmer who heard from him of the doctor disaster.

He had his wife take care of the motor man and went on horse back to Chester town to help in the rescue work.

I'll bet what he saw when he got these beggars all description.

I heard the three street car train crashed down the wall, bringing the rest

of that part of the building down on top of them. I heard one of the settlement attendants, on the first floor I never heard her name hurried into a large clothes closet where she heard and saw the storm coming.

With her arms locked about a little boy and girl she waited while most parts of the large building crashed about them, her ears amid the thunderous howling of the wind.

When they had rescued the attendant standing, amidst the wreckage of the settlement building wept bitterly because all the children on all the lower floors were seriously injured and covered tightly among the stream wreckage. It took rescuers sixteen hours to remove them all. I heard they are all

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either on the big barn
or university building suffer-
ing awful pains from their
injuries.

One of the children a little
girl by the name of Jennie
Flannigan was rescued and
revived after a portion of
the house had been blown
over her and she had been
imprisoned for more than
six hours before rescuers
came to her. She nine
years old, It was absolutely
necessary to chop a large
hole in the side of that
part of the brick wall
before she was taken out
critically injured. She will
recover, but be a life
long cripple in a wheel
chair. "Merciful tornado.
God! I call it all the
curse words I can think
of.

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The superintendent in charge of the
Settlement House, rescuer told
me was horribly mangled
though taken from the wreckage
alive. He is in the barn suffer-
ing excruciating pains, and
almost going crazy for his
intolerable misery.

His name was Henry Michael
Dixon, forty years old.

They said Dixon told them
when given something to ease
his misery that he started
upstairs as he saw the tornado
flinging the thick walls
of flying wreckage in front
of it, as it torn tore
howling forward.

He wanted to warn the
others in the building. Before
he could do so the
wind and warning clouds
of swiftly flying wreckage
struck the settlement house
and like a roller skate he

he was hurled downstairs and then through the dining room window and then carried high in the air for six blocks and then slowly lowered untill four feet above the ground, a dmid flying debris and hurled flat face down ward,

That part of the settlement house had been swept away and he heard later the miraculous escape of the little babies, but also of so many mangled children of the lower floors amid the wreckage. That horrible news caused him to try to bear his awful suffering as much as he was able. "It seemed as if the whole city was being swept and expeoded away," he said. "I heard the rescue,

workers had the most difficult time for over six hours in the pouring rain rescuing all those awfully injured children crushed and mangled beneath the wreckage. Its a miracle that they are surviving - yet the doctors and surgeons, said they will live, but 25% of them will be life long cripples."

A matron and two children with her with her mat death in the same building together.

When the rescuers digging about the ruins of the settlement house found the three bodies the two little girls were clasped in the arms of the matron, while the body of a male attendant was over two other children, a boy and girl as if he had tried to shield them with his own body.

One hundred and fifty children, of all the children in the building had been killed on the wreckage who were pulled out after all the injured had been freed, and hospitalized, hospitalized.

A servant girl who was blown out of the home, was also critically injured when slammed against against the wall of a breaking to pieces wooden house.

She they say will die of her internal injuries.

Among those of the settlement house not critically injured who gave me and the others with me a incoherent description of the thoroughness of the tornado, destructive work of the settlement house in the Chestertown town, in William Jerry Schleader

the foreman of the settlement employes, who was directing their work at various tasks and himself standing near an open window when before hitting the settlement building the wind began tearing the whole town beyond into walls and clouds of flying wreckage everywhere and flinging wall of wreckage before it.

It was then carrying all before it, like a broom.

"It suddenly grew very dark, and I and the employes couldn't see to do our work," he told us. "We tried to light up but no lights would turn on."

The sudden darkening of the skies and an awful confusion of distant sounds made us all very apprehensive and tense. A few of us

were talking most excitedly about it when we noticed an awful sound of houses being reeled and torn to pieces amid a strange unearthly humming sound in the sky far above us in the distance mingled with a awful bood loud howling and yelling noise as from a whole troop of dogs doing it all at one time.

It grew in volume coming close to us fast, and we recognized it as a sound in the air and lower down through the streets of the town. The cloud overhead moved forward and yet in four different directions against it self at one time, and also as it moved forward from

the southwest an under part of the cloud covered with some strange hanging down globular shapes, raced from northeast towards southwest.

"My what, that thing coming towards us" one of my workers cried,

"We ran to the window to look, and saw a huge black something like a wild crazy acting shroud, with flying wreckage and all sorts of bedding and household goods in thick clouds crashing every direction and swiftly before it.

A most peculiar and fearful sound I ever heard came from the shroud amid the confusion of noise from all that wreckage sent flying like thick clouds swiftly towards an building.

The ground shook, and swayed our building like a mild earthquake. After what happened, when I recover I'm going to Chicago where I hope I'll never hear or see such a storm like this again.

In a minute or so that storming saving mile wide or more shroud or what ever it was burst upon us in all its fury at once.

The whole west wall flew away with great clouds of motan dust and debris other sections of the house collapsed floor by floor or was sent flying all directions and the children all of them were buried in the wreckage of bricks and flooring, over a hundred

killed and all the rest injured, I don't know how badly.

Their shrieks and screams were pitiful and deafening. I was with my employees sucked out through the window and blown back down the street. I was not injured so bad but my men are mangled & heard and are not expected to live.

While lying here near this the doorway of this barn I heard the whole town is wiped out and over a thousand killed the all the rest of the surviving people injured many very seriously.

I heard thirty buildings with the Church School and that large University were not in the tornado's path. Those people are so lucky. I hear though the

university is just overcrowded with awfully bad injured and is becoming a mad house and there yet it not being enough surgeons doctors and ~~a~~ nurses or medical supplies for them. Are others afraid to come to this town?

"Hard to get through all the wreckage" I explained. "They are arriving as soon as some of the town can be cleared for them. And it is very difficult work. I'm helping all I can but got to rest one or a while. It is awfully tiresome all this work in this scorching heat."

"And this heat adds to the suffering of us all," he said. "If it was one thing thing then something miserable must add."

I hope it isn't tiresome but I have to write this so long as to let you readers know what a horrible storm this was and what it did.

After a moment of silence he asked

"Says how that windmill outfit like that get wrapped around the outside of this big barn, and still there?"

I told him what I had been told by the owner and other witnesses.

"The tornado must have thrown it awfully swift and sudden to do that."

he exclaimed, "Its amazing beyond believing. But

I saw it while being brought in here. Who does the farmer do about it?"

"The owners of the farm it came from cannot at all be

traced" I answered. The farm property was swept away like you do dirt with a broom.

"Awful he exclaimed. And so the the location of the farm found."

No trace of knowledge" I said.

He continued "I heard some iron bar was driven into the right side of one of my employees and killed out right."

I finally felt left him sick and shaky, I felt also sick to the stomach.

When I arrived near the university building I heard all the rest of the injured had been removed by hundreds of rescue workers who worked all day and ~~all~~ last night with

torches and lanterns and even large candles. Some were put in tents and shelters who from what could be put up from wreckage that could be used, I seen them but sick at heart I did not go near them.

I frequently came across knots of more slightly injured injured persons, gathered here and there waiting their turn for shelter and medical treatment, besides provisions of and food. Here and there I saw some men women or children sitting on wreckage all covered with bandages waiting their turn, and yet crying or wailing not from pain, but for some one who had been lost. The children cried the most

This surely was a territory of awful grief distress, and misery beyond measure.

We know now what a tornado can do, when it once gets started full sway.

I also again came upon the pathetic sight of a nine year old girl keeping watch over the body of her dead mother.

The mother had been killed instantly, as the body lay loose among the wreckage near her waiting suitable burial arrangements the daughter who never told me her name told her experiences.

"Mother was ill from overeating to ice cream and cake, and drinking too much milk, and confined to the second

floor of our three story home," she said. "When that funny raging shroud hit the house it went to pieces like flying paper before the wind.

Mother and myself were buried in the wreckage.

As soon as rescuers pulled me out, and I told about my mother buried also they began a swift search for her.

I helping until my hands were bruised and bleeding I got a twisted foot in some wreckage keeping them lugging and pulling at the planks and other stuff.

Finally it was me alone who reached her and I cried to them to help help me free her. I bent also to help raise her, and I cried wildly as I found she was dead."

The suffering and pitiful sight of this little and the loss of her mother appalled me and I had to go away without asking about her father's fate.

A strange thing I learned during my fourth day in Chester Brown was from a conductor and also a porter who had been on a Northeast bound Bulerton train which passed South to Northeast along the ~~east~~ east side of Chester Brown.

It was here that the thirty buildings were missed. Her train passed the town she was beginning to pass the town as the storm struck. He said at a distance to the south west a very long black funnel cloud with a ball shaped outfit at its lower part

swooped down to the ground of some large farm and looked like it had a sudden big explosion as the downed upon the farm.

Great rolls of cloud shot high and then spread out suddenly forming into an immense swiftly shroud.

"Here, the shroud" word again blast it.

"It rushed over the farm and picked up the farm house and two big barns and the large round silos smashing them in a seconds time all to smithereens.

Then scattered the wreckage through the air all over like wind does snowflakes in a gale.

Coming as it then seem towards our train the air was filled with flying boards and other wreckage and clouds of

all the sorts of stuff torn from
gran, barley, wheat and fields
of corn, farm fences flew
like planks made of straw
before that fierce windstorm,
It howled like hundreds
of mad dogs, but very much
louder.

On our route alongside our
train track was a long
side track going more abrupt
northeast.

The engineers quickly
had the fireman switch
the train on the side track
to get out of that tornado
path. It is said to escape
one you should go north-
west of it.

There was no track
going that way and if
there was we had no
time.

A little time was left
for us for little com-

mation as the shroud swept on
thirty feet west of us as the
next moment the wildest yelling
wind began to sweep along side
of our train which had been
stopped.

As far as we could see all
the houses flew here and there
in immense scattering clouds
of wreckage with an awful
confusion of noise I never heard
before, and never want to hear
again, again.

I thought after all not in the
past path of the storm
showers of debris flying out
by the rushing wind batter-
ed all the coaches on
their west sides going through
the windows on even sides
injuring many of the pas-
senger, especially from glass
from broken windows.

Ten seconds after it started
it suddenly increased in strength

for times for more in savage
fury an unexpected for any
tornado I ever heard of, and
already the destruction through
Chester town was four times
worse.

The howling sound of the
storm now was loud as loud
thunder, and the confusion of
sound of wrecking building
four times more dreadful and
the wreckage flying every
where four times thicker
and sailing hundreds and
hundreds of feet higher.

It had also grown much
darker. The battering from
the wreckage at the train
was four times more savage
but most of the passengers
had put their selves
as best as they could
under the seats so no
more were injured.

Half a minute had

already elapsed when the storm
increased to a fearful immeasurable
strength and all the wrecking
building and clouds and clouds
of wreckage was or were in
the most fearful motion too
fearful for any one to describe.

It seemed from the scene I
witnessed and now the most
dreadful uproar the world was
coming to an end.

When the full minute was
up believe me or not the
storm had immediately creased
it ten times stronger an in
conceivable or immeasurable force
indeed.

A large side section of a
big wooden house was slammed
against the side of my car
with a terrible as it seemed
a two thousand feet a second
speed, nearly derailing it and
bursting our car wide open.
Yet no passengers were hurt or

the seats they were under protected them. The incredible force of the storm it seemed was absolutely carrying all before it, and you could not see through the immense clouds of scattering wreckage.

The deafening roar of the storm and the bedlam sound of all the building going into a mad mad raging wreckage was ten times worse than ever.

Bigger pieces of debris, and of all sizes hit the sides of our train like snow flakes in a blizzard.

Many of the passengers, mostly women fainted, and men screamed and yelled and even prayed, or cursed and swore in their awful terror and panic. Some blasphemed. I was horribly stricken but just then not

panicky nor frightened. The porter was under a seat, his face white with great fear.

Lucky for us, for the tremendous battering and slamming and stalling they got from the far flung wreckage the train consisted of steel coaches.

Turning towards this direction from which the insanely fierce, winds blew so immeasurably, immeasurably strong I saw to my great astonishment and increased horror and apprehension that it seemed most of the houses were being swiftly swept away and many biggest and tallest brick building disappearing away like clouds of thick dust.

Ever many whole trees were flying away in broken pieces. Branches broken off by hundreds with a loud crackling noise and even

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being stripped of their bark
and long stuff being wrap-
ped about them like string
or wire. Upper parts of
massive trunks, snapped off
and sailed through the air like
balloons, and in many cases
whole trees of gigantic size
were falling entire to the
ground. Big branches by the
score even hit the sides
of the coaches with a resound-
ing whack, and the noise
of the storm and wrecking
buildings shook the ground
and coaches nearly like
an earth quake.

The twist it seemed
was actually carrying all
before it.

So I could remember the
length of the storm
duration I had the pres-
ence of mind to time
it from its beginning to

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end by my watch. Yet so rapid
was the progress of this stupendous
storm that before I could think
of taking, taking measures to
get further to the middle end
of the coach to insure my
more perfect safety the tornado
was passing opposite the track
where our train stood.

It was raging then far much
stronger and wilder.

"I hope you are not exaggerating
all this" I put in strongly
doubting all he said. "A just
child like make believe or strong
excited imagination"

"Upon my honor please believe
me you rescue worker" he
replied. "Please believe me sir.
God Himself some day will
prove you that it is no
exaggeration imagination or make
believe. I'm a perfectly de-
vout Catholic my brother is a
priest, so you should know

by heaven I name I am not mad, and am telling you the plain full truth. Hope to die if I am not. To go on with my description where you interrupted me. In the truth when you can go so on train I is still there the track so blocked with debris that we'll be stalled there for weeks. The siding of the house is still slanting partly upright against the west side of the coach I was in.

Never even till my life ends can I forget the scene which at the end of the minutes presented itself.

The force of the storm grew still much worse the more unending my ear drum almost.

The storm now had a most blinding fury. Clouds upon clouds of

dashing on onward surging scattering wreckage were seen moving in the craziest wildest and strangest manner amid the loudest clamor of all in what ~~look now~~ looked now in the central current of the immeasurable tempest which carried along with it most mighty masses of all sort of house fragments and all other debris that ~~comple~~ completely obscured the view as far down down the street stretch of roaring flying wreckage as you could see. The dark cloud above acted like the described big whirlpool ~~whirl~~ whirlpool north of either Sweden or Norway. It droned a horrible hum hum. All tall brick building that could be seen were all of them seen disappearing in swirling writhing clouds of mortar brick and thick dust.

before the force of this stupendous gale, others went swiftly away in dust and clouds of rubble with the craziest noise and many others after a momentary resistance were no more.

Some of the widest tallest trees were seen withering bending swaying wildly before the wind with a mingled mass of branches twigs and foliage being fiercely torn from them as to obscure the view. The wind also roared like deafening thunders through these trees. Many big trees snapped across and still many others all these trees on the edge of the town after a few seconds of resistance either fell uprooted to the ground or were carried through the

air surfler as if the storm intended to use them as battering rams.

Even the massive clouds of houses wreckage, dust and all sorts of the heaviest or lightest household goods, and bedding, sides and whole fronts of houses, and big roofs and large section of flooring moved through the air was sent flying in all directions and swiftly onward as to my right, like a cloud of feathers, and on passing onward within a minute and sixteen minutes revealed miles of town length of leveled and shattered tangled wreckage which marked the path of the terrible most inconceivable tempest.

Between that last part of the minute as I timed by my watch, and the sixteen more seconds the tempest was an added ten times worse

and all of a sudden as quick as an explosion, it passed on, but the sudden calm was worse than the wind.

All remaining wrecks of all the brick buildings within sight went to pieces, flying pieces and clouds of debris and clouds of dust, as if they were big exploding bombshells.

Wooden house fragments everywhere, appeared as myriads of explosions in this sudden calm, and trees remaining in shattered skeletons seemed to dance the very shimmy, all sorts of stuff was wrapped around them or hung on what was left of their branches.

Even though the principal force of the mighty gale was now over and it grew more calm with

the sound of the turbines going off into the distance with a shroud still within it in an extensive proportion, millions of house fragments, small or big, clouds of twigs, tree branches, and all sort of clothing window frames and smaller bar boards and planks which had been brought from distant parts of the large and long town were to my view following the terrific blast as if drawn swiftly onward by some unseen mysterious power near as strong as the turbine.

Much were still floating high up in the air as we and all the recovered passengers saw for some hours after as if supported by thick mass of dust that rose high above the horribly devastated town. The sky though the turbines

had roared on its onward way was darker yet, a thunder storm which was awfully, severe with a long cloud burst came on and an awfully extremely disagreeable odor of sulphur was diffused in the rain swept atmosphere. It was as if his infernal Majesty unseen was being out for a walk after the storm rage.

Half an hour passed and quite distinctly you still could hear the distance rage and howl of that damned "Shroud" I call it also as yards, I thought our train was so roughly battered by all that stuff hurled against it by the wind and broken windows was not fortunately in the path of the twister. It had been a very wise thought of the fireman

and engineers to pull out onto that side track otherwise we would have been in its path and then what would have become of the train and its poor passengers and even us train employees. I shiver to think of it.

Wreckage everywhere however covered the track, some ten feet high and our train was completely blocked, either front or rear.

We though were within sight of thirty houses, a school big church, large high and long university and a big barn with some queer type of frame work wrapped around it and a large section of the side of a wooden house sticking into the side of its very high slanting roof.

For some moments 7 feet

undetermined whether I should
try to get across the wreck
strewn debris, or as you call
it force my way through all
this wreck of the timber
to get over to these houses
and get their men folk
to come over to the assist-
ance of us persons on the
blocked train.

My business however being
of the most urgent nature
for the sake of the passen-
gers, a good number of
children, and nearly all
of them cut on faces hand
and arms by the window
glass, I dared venture toward
the houses to attempt the
wreckage trip but after
encountering unnum-
erable difficulties had
with some hardy strong
followers crossed
one fourth of it. One

my foot and leg got caught
tight between wreckage, and
they had to pull it all off
to pull me loose.

I was about to give up but
thought to go back would be
still more difficult.

While on our way we came
across a life sized Christ
image embedded among some
of the wreckage. A Sacred
heart stone statue. I must
have been made of strong
stuff, for not even any of
us hands or fingers was
slightly broken, I was lying
on its back.

We had the most difficult
time to climb over even
over the least of the wreck-
age where path we chose
chose while my followers
slowly and desperately
scrambled over and on top
of the debris the best way

they could at times even so
 hemmed in by the broken
 planks fronts and sides of
 houses, flung way over here
 broken tops of fl- far
 flung tops and tangled
 branches of trees as almost
 to become desperate and
 tempt us strongly to give
 up and go no further.
 We too were terribly tired
 out and had to stop some
 five minutes to rest.

And all this in that
 pouring rain, and blinding
 lightning and crashing
 thunder.

We were drenched but
 we fought on over the
 wreckage. Then amid the
 wreckage before us

We came upon a large
 wooden ~~cross~~ cross with
 a life sized image of
 Christ fastened to it. & the

The right hand and arm was
 loose, - but the whole image
 was not slightly damaged.
 "What next will we come
 up?" I thought "and where did
 that statue and crucifix
 come from?"

"I'll bet it came from that
 large St Vincent De Paulo
 Church that was swept entirely
 away" I said. "Only fifty
 feet of its once 200 foot tower
 is remaining."

I heard of that "he ex-
 claimed it was on the north
 edge of Mary Jane Park.

In arriving at the nearest
 house I was surprised when
 giving an account of what
 I had seen on the train by
 them telling me most
 excitedly that they seen
 all the horror too.

Because of the darkness they
 did not know whether the

the train escaped the storm or not. "It was saved by the engine crew pulling the train on a siding out of its path" I said - "It passed as close to us as the width from the train as a narrow street" I said.

One of those persons informed me that a large wire shifter had been conveyed by the gust and found fifteen miles away. Another had found a cow, and a big Bull lodged in the fork of a very big broken tree, stripped of all its bark, and all its top branches broken and carried away. All this in the town. A large block along three story wooden grain elevator with all its high silos we were told had been blown over -

turned, crushed and reckoned torn away and all the workers on it killed and badly mangled. When I came to the point telling them why we came.

They said they did not expect to find the train or the passengers running. They said they would aid us. They gathered lots of men, and the strongest of the women, and boys joined them.

They gathered among them shovels, wrenches, hatchets, axes and long sharp strong iron spikes and other strong implements to fight their way through the wreckage to the train. I and my followers also armed joined them.

After most difficult desperate almost overtaxing our trying work in the pouring rain we finally cut and

paired and clasped our way to the train. yet most of the people stubbornly refused to leave the train until the worse of the rain had stopped. Then they were brought from the train and housed in the basins of the swarming houses. I'm here in that "barn" painting "yet."

"Sometime to day I went over to the still blocked train, and saw that everything the condor told was so true. The side of the house standing slant wise against the coal coach was twenty five feet high, thirty long and had two stories of window frames run across on each story but glassless.

The house side was

almost busted in half I was to finally figure out the width of that horrible twister.

The length of Chester town was twenty miles long and more than a mile at its widest section. The storm was almost a mile and a half across according to the width of the path of destruction. The houses that escaped the tornado are a street width from the path of the storm to the east of the city of Chesterbourn.

The long stretch of of this city, wiped out so completely by the wild tornado which seemed as fierce as ten severe tornadoes put together into one, reaches from the southwestern limits to the last northeast section to the town suburbs of of what is called the Elm district.

tree district, twenty six miles north of the point of origin. The storm swept the whole area along longer length of the city, and beyond its width to the west extending along the Illinois Central railroad right of way.

All the length of the city generally composing of business sections, residential, and all churches, schools, post office, courthouse, fire station, Police Station, St Vincent's Church, Sacred Heart Convent and the parks were torn apart fearfully by the tornado almost out of existence.

It seemed the further on it raged through the city the wilder and stronger it got.

All the way onward it

never swerved off its course but made a bee line straight onward. It did not zigzag until it left the town. It then ran off its course, and hit the next town.

All sections of Chesterbrown were wiped out, as well as its track riding of which we were soon to visit and the totally ruined 10 million railway bridge crossing the Contralia River.

The most wiping out part of Chesterbrown was done in all the residential districts in the neighborhood of the two parks and surrounding territory extending to the full length of the entire city. Also Humboldt Park, and Johnson Park were wiped out, Lincoln Park was fearfully damaged and Bloomington Park was

one of the most beautiful show parks of the city with its immense conservatory and other flower houses and stately magnificent trees was struck with such force and unbelievable fury as to practically make it non-existence.

It is believe the glass, frame work, of the conservatory, and flower houses with all the beautiful flowers, and most expensive plants are scattered all over the city's debris.

From what the remaining shattered large trees were so thickly strewn with, they almost looked like dry good stores. Song pieces of strong cloth were around the tree trunks, and as I

did you ought to see the number pairs of women's underwear and pants of men and boy pants hanging from still remaining tangled and telegraph wires, or remaining tree branches.

It was an unusual sight. It was a fact too, the bigger and taller the brick buildings were, the worst they got it.

I heard countless number of books of all sizes were among the wreckage. They came from the annihilated book stores.

All sorts of hardware from hardware stores also are among the far stretch of wreckage. All kinds of toys too. Everything you could know from backeries and Bakery stores.

Nothing escaped.

I saw a big toy teddy bear hanging from a tree branch.

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after visiting the scene of storm to day and place over overcrowded with the injured and crowds of anxious distressed people outside the town who couldnt be admitted because of the almost impassable wreckage the governors of Blooming-
ton Springfield whom I saw face to face issued orders for the mobilization of many more doctors, sergeants and nurses and also orderlies from Springfield and other cities and near by towns and also St Louis to add to the hard pressed taking care of the vast number of injured, and give proper shelter to the anxious crowds of people waiting out side of Chester town for news of

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5-10

their loved ones. Many of these had from guard made frantic efforts to learn the fate of loved ones. The guards yet not did not know themselves not being informed for a good reason by officials and rescue workers.

The suspense among those crowds was heartrending. They could not tell the anxious waiting crowds the awful enormity of the disaster.

Many of the people of the crowd may go mad, running mad, a enormous line of soldiers, police from other towns and running men of Chester town from the escaped houses, was thrown around the path of the town to keep curious seekers out of Chester town still. For the last description of the storm we got the information from

a middle aged farmer whose farm was about five miles away from the twister. He had been or still was one of the relief relief workers. This is going to be a somewhat lengthy narrative, but surely should be interesting and awe inspiring to hold any one who might read this tense.

The farmer said:
It had been clouding up as if a severe thunder storm was coming and this, being busy in my cowbarn near the open door I paid no attention too. It was calm and very hot, but there was a strange smell in the air, also. An hour passed when I noticed clouds of a peculiar red purple color coming up from the south west with an unusually high boiling front.

Along the front of some portions of dark cloud was moving swiftly from northeast to south west. The main cloud with that high straight front was it seemed not hardly moving forward at all.

Below that cloud of that strange purple color was coming apparently, a lower one also with a straight front.

But it had the color of the blackest smoke.

It also had a high boiling front pushing upward into the higher cloud which seemed very strange to me. The cloud gradually came up overhead, making it nearly as dark night. I feared that a disastrous cloud burst was coming. The cloud passed beyond overhead then I observed a most startling appearance right. It actually scared me.

The head front of the black cloud had been about ten minutes passing over head when I had first seen its approach, when I became aware of a loud, strange and gradually increasing sound up above, in the darker rear of the cloud further away, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie and looking up,

I noticed at the same time that other farmers term the chopping & character of the ocean beneath us.

But that character was in the lower bosom of the large rear of the cloud instead, and was rapidly changing into something like a current which crazily set to the southward. Each moment added to its speed as the

black rear came down to over head in its slow forward movement. In three minutes the whole large cloud rear was apparently lashed into some sort of ungovernable fury, but it was still more closer to the rear which was as black as tar that the main up-roar held its sway.

And now all parts of the lower section of the cloud began to rush from all directions toward a common center, much to my agitation and great surprise.

Yet the whole cloud rear now seemed and seemed into a thousand conflicting channels to my greater surprise and agitation, then burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion, heaving, boiling, hurrying, gyrating or gigantic and countless vortices and all whirl.

all whirling and plunging on to the northeastward following the onward motion of the main cloud rear, with a rapidity which a cloud of any big mass never assumed before in all description of storms.

Then came a flash of lightning making everything as bright as day for those few seconds and a roar of thunder louder than any I have heard in my whole life time."

He paused for a moment for breath, and lighted his corn-cob pipe.

Then he went on for a few minutes more when the black rear of the cloud was overhead there came over the scene above an another radical alteration. The general

surface of the forward part of the cloud rear grew somewhat more smooth and the under white pools one by one disappeared while prodigious streaks of foam like cloud became apparent where none had been seen before.

These streaks at length as I still gazed upward, as if in a ~~trance~~ trance, at length spread long out to great distance across the forward cloud and entering into combination took with them - & selves the gyratory motion of the subdivided cloud vortices and seemed to form the germ of another much more vast with a weird uncanny humming sound.

Suddenly very suddenly this assumed a distinct and most definite existence in a swiftly whirling circle of nearly the size of

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of the rear of the cloud with a strangely acting churning center, with dark masses of the cloud around it seeming to be flapping up and down crazily. The strange humming sound grew louder and more in volume.

The edge of this vast cloud which was represented by a broad belt of what looked like gleaming spray then quickly from the churning cloud center came down toward the ground, I believe eight miles away, a long terrific cloud funnel with a peculiar ball shape at its base.

The whole funnel taking a long steep slant to the ground was extensive as far as the sight of my eye could fathom its length from the clouds near was a smooth

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shining and jet black funnel cloud, inclined toward the distant ground toward where it was going to hit, inclined at a sort of angle of some one hundred degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion and sending forth from above it a terrific humming sound.

Its lower parts especially, the ball formation at the same time sent forth to the winds the most appalling voice like sound, half shriek half thunderous roar such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara, I've seen and been to often, ever lifts up in its agony in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This" I said at length "what it did here in Chestnutbrown it it could be nothing less than have the force and

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and speed whirl than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom north of Sweden or Norway."

So I could term it that "said he. "We call, we farmers call these twistens the waelzing clouds, as they usually turn off course while moving onward. The ordinary account of these sorts of cloud vortices had been by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of a tornado expert which I once read over and over and which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any cannot impart the faintest conception either of the fierce magnificence or of the horror of the scene or of the wild bewildering sense of the tornado descriptions

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which confounds the beholder. I tell you fellows I'm not sure from what point of view the writers in question on tornadoes surveyed them nor at what time but it could neither have been descriptions of the fury of tornadoes that takes on that crazy ball or globular form at its bottom nor during its descent towards the ground.

There are some passages of their descriptions nevertheless which may be quoted for their details although in their effect it is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of this crazy wild of this awe inspiring spectacle.

It of course did not descend too swiftly or too slowly either but when it hit the ground, the upper part of the funnel staggered or swayed like a drunken man, and an immense erupting cloud of dust ground, and everything it struck there

went rolling. I believe more than a thousand feet around the funnel, which immediately had a long thick line of this stuff showing on both sides of the funnel.

But each strath was far from each side of the funnel. By some falling like snow I believe that lots of stuff was sucked high into the go. cloud and began to come down beyond its wheel.

Between 'up the upper part of the funnel connecting with the rear of the cloud, and the front main one came a sort of fiery fiery glow in wild motion, but on the other side more towards the rear of the rear cloud this fiery appearance decreased so as not to afford a convenient view of it without the crazy motion of under

clouds obscuring it. The funnel slowly seemed to having have a swaying motion like a big top slowing down and seemed to be splitting four or five miles of ground all around and much worse before it.

It now moved across the ground with very boisterous speed probably twenty five miles per hour, but the roar of its unbelievable impetuous churning and of its course along the ground was far far worse than than the loudest most dreadful catonacts the more being added by a most ear-splitting howling roar.

I'm eight miles or my farm from that twister and could hear it like that? Amazing.

Some say the noise was heard five sea leagues off and at Alton, and slightly as far as Springfield and that vortex was of such a length

down from the cloud bosom to the ground that all the earth in its path of march, was inevitably absorbed and sucked to the top of all the main cloud ~~are~~ above it and there swirled and beat into dust around the swirl and then flung far beyond it, came down as distant farmers said like a heavy dust and dirt and also gravel storm,

My houses just from the noise and turmoil of that twist, and my barns may the ground beneath my feet, trembled to their foundation, and my orchard trees rocked, and branches acted as if a very strong wind was blowing.

And it was calm. Some sort of shock then threw me on my face violently. You can see I have

some adhesive tape on my cheek and forehead. Also on my nose and upper chin. After my finger downward like that I clung to some roots of a plant in an excess of nervous agitation.

When a long funneled storm becomes like this I've heard and most boisterous and its fury heightened by such a motor electric motor rapid of whirl it is ~~is~~ very dangerous to come within three miles of it.

I saw barns, silos, farm houses and high framework under windmill and enormous clouds of ground carried away by it as it formed something like a large wide shroud all around it. Oak and other fences flew before it like small feathers and I saw a large flock of hens swooped away high into the air along with

the sort farm animals there is. It was now impossible to describe the howling and bellowing of the tornado as it rushed past my farm towards the northeast.

The main rear cloud was again in all that crazy insane motion, but much worse this time. I saw large stacks of fir and pine trees and all orchard trees after being absorbed by the fierce winds being flung in every direction far and wide broken with all their leaves and branches torn off to such a degree as if they were reduced to appearance of shredded wheat or had bristles growing on them.

I saw countless numbers of great big rocks whirled to and fro then sent flying away in all direct

directions by the funnel. Far as it was it flung some of the biggest onto my farm, and I have abundance of proof from all my neighbors who also witnessed this awful performance of nature.

So this so so plainly showed the stupendous saving madness of the twister. A few minutes later cornucopia closed but not towards my farm it raged with such impetuosity and insane violence that one of my tallest silos came tumbling to the ground.

I saw the twister lopsided down or tear away power line towers like jackstraws, flinging wires into all sorts of tangles down to the ground and then sweep them away and churned straight through my neighbors big farm wiping out everything killing him and his wife and four children all girls.

This long three story brick house was first reduced to rubble and then all was instantly swept away like you sweep dust with a broom. I felt sick. I also saw a near by Country school full of kids and their teacher at this time of hour flying into scattering brick clouds and rubble dust, and the children go like ants before this gale. None of them lived.

I also saw a horse team of mules and a large long farm wagon loaded with hay with its driver swept of the road, slammed against a farm house demolishing it and wagon combined both tangled together in their debris.

The driver escaped injury as if by a miracle though thrown from his seat very

swiftly and the mules also I heard injured. Unknown through the barn. The hay I saw was scattered away like a yellow brown cloud and then everywhere, I believe this tornado was produced by a network of violent August weather as I have heard covering all of Ill. Mo. Missour, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and many of the middle western and Northeastern states.

Before this happened what I observed funnel clouds elsewhere had been prowling the area and one was reported uprooting a forest just north of Chester brown fifteen miles from there. All over other territories and Joliet. Blooming and even Chicago much earlier to day had most violent wind squall thunder storms with bling rain and big hail stone,

As far as I could see all ~~country~~ country communications were being wiped out, and all farm crops tearing away. Near by was a large live stock auction barn, and instantly it and the animals vanished out of sight.

In regard to the length and mile an half width across of the funnel I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex.

Yet the force in the center of this awful mosquito-storm of the storm clouds must have been immeasurably greater, and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be as I did see obtained from even the side glance up the funnel of the whirl which I had

observed from looking up as it seemed to storm now almost towards my farm, northeast of it. Looking upward upwards upon the upper howling air Phegator above I could not help shivering and sweating from the awful dread and thought that what would happen if this insane horror would hit near by Chester town.

For it appeared to me in fact a self evident thing that the towns largest brick building of the line of existence of the storm path of this deadly "Shroud" could resist it as little as a feather in a hurricane and must disappear bodily at a and at once into clouds of rubble dust.

"That's just what happened!" I exclaimed almost sobbing. "I know all about it and that big magnificent St Vincent

Vincent De Paul Church and the Sacred Heart Convent" he answered Yesterday. I saw it and kept away from the shambles in front.

The attempts to account for this ~~unusual~~ tremendous phenomenon, of which I remember seemed to me sufficiently plausible in personal now were a very different and unusually unsatisfactory aspect. The awful noise and howl changed to a strong whin and suddenly stopped, as it rushed on.

I've noticed electric motors or dynamos gradually stop this their ringing or hum when churning at their fastest spin and therefore this came to my mind.

The twister was now whirling with such unbelievable speed that because

of this all sound absolutely died away. This is when the twister becomes exceedingly dangerous. It will now when hitting any place pack a wallop fiercer and stronger than ten tornadoes put together into one.

Always the one that comes down with a ball shape at its lower extremity will always do this. It's the most dangerous of tornadoes.

The idea generally received is that this awful speed of the whirl now killing all sound as well as the onward progress of the tornado, have no other cause than the speed of the churning movement over ground with now also nothing for a while being in its path, and falling at flux and reflux against inner whirl which

confines the main outward whirl so that it precipitates itself more downward towards the ground like a whirling cataract, and thus the higher speed of its whirl, the less sound the tougher must be, and the connection with the ground be, and the natural result of all in this vast whirlpool or vortex of air and wind, the awful prodigious suction, becomes silent, of which is sufficiently known by experiments.

There are words of all our Tornado experts and others that also in the center of the big wind channel of this type of wind maelstrom is a very narrow supposed to be calm center permeating the funnel

and issuing in some very remote part, "the damn" center being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion itself was the one to which I yielded my imagination most readily assented and mentioning it to another farmer standing at my side watching its fury as came dangerously near my farm I was rather surprised to hear him say that although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Tornado experts it nevertheless was not his own.

As to the former notion he confessed in his very utmost inability to comprehend the wild fury of this oncoming terror, and here I agreed with him for however conclusive on

on paper it becomes altogether
unintelligible and even
abroad amid the howl and
the thunder of a tornado.

It so swept silently past
my farm on towards now
the northeast and it was
spared.

The storm was now a mile
away from us, but tearing
up other farms farms
in such a fury that it
is of clay to attempt des-
cription. Many farmers
whose property was not
in its path watching the
distant horror said they
never before saw anything
like it. We saw all telephone
and telegraph poles snap
in two as if they had
been sawed off, the
poles falling with them
all the telephone and
telegraph wires twisted

by the gale like langled turne
and every other electrical out-
articles with them. The air became
thick clouds from dust and
flying all farm production
and flying debris of farm
houses barn and field
ground.

After all the storm now
seemed about to change its
course and come straight at
my farm, and but for
this circumstance we should
have been swept away at
once and my houses and
big barn and silos being
carried away like feathers.
And woe to my hundred
dollar wind mill.

Seeing observing that it
appeared to come for us
we all threw ourselves into
a deep ditch near us with
my feet against the narrow
other side and with my

hands grasping a strong young tree near the bottom of the ten foot ditch. It was one instinct that prompted me to do this, which undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, for done, for I was too much flummied to think.

If it still was coming for the farm I could not hear any sound as it was still whirling silently.

Still nothing seemed to happen and when I could stand the suspense no longer I raised myself upon my knees, the others remaining still down, but still keep keeping hold of the little tree with my hands and thus got my head clear.

Presently the ground gave itself a little shake, just as a dog does in

out of the water and still was all dark and silent. I expected down there in the ditch to soon from the fierce wind to receive a deluge of dirt and gravel but none came down upon us.

I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me and to collect my senses so to see what was to be done and if the twister was really heading for us.

I looked up, rose up and saw except for the devastation of most of my fields it had missed the houses and barn and live stock out in the pasture.

I thought I was somewhat lucky when I felt somebody grasp my left arm. It was my elder son who had unknown to be climbed to

me to the top of our windmill two hundred feet high to get a better view of the tornado. He must have climbed down on haeta and his face was as white as a sheet.

Seeing he had been safe up there my heart leaped for joy for I had made sure that he took an awful risk up there had the twister struck the wind ~~mill~~ windmill but the next moment all the joy was turned into horror for he shouted for me and the others to hear.

He shouted "that cloud moshoe-storm is headed for Chester Brown. I could see it going wards there up on top of the windmills flat farm"

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. My father mother and sister were there on a visit to my brother and his wife and children. Also I had my wife and children visiting their Grand parents there and a Cousin.

That twister heading for Chester Brown I shook from head to foot as if I had the most violent fit of the ague. That tiny, small one will be wiped out and my loved ones killed. I'll be all alone. And excepting for my house barns and my live stock all my fields of tall crops and a large portion of my orchard all wiped out. What a blow.

I knew well enough what he meant by those few words, I knew what he wished to make me fully

understand. With that crashing shroud that now was heading for Chester Brown, that city would be in the immeasurable strong whirle of this cloud funnel "Storm" as we farmers called it, and nothing could save it. Oh my loved ones.

He paused for a moment surprising me by not even showing a true sign of grief now. I was soon to learn why.

You perceive that in heading for Chester Brown the funnel wind "Storm" had only ten miles from here to make it, and now it was driving in a headlong bee line upon the town itself and such a tornado in this the railway siding you said it with

you mean it is north of Brattleville, a mile north of here. Sucky it escaped.

To be sure I thought I strongly hoped by the desperate prayer I shouted God would cause it to turn away from there and spare my loved ones. There was some little hope in that, saying the Rosary, I'm a Catholic you must know!

I am one too" I answered. "Well the next moment I cursed myself for being such a fool to as to dream of such hope at all.

I knew very well from an awful roaring and other sounds that far away the city was struck head on and it was doomed, had it been even a ten times more strongly built place. Far away in that direction even I could see immense clouds of stuff and also

all sorts of debris and clouds of dust spread out like an immense canopy from the top of my tall 200 foot windmill out fit I hastily climbed. It is easy to climb.

By this time I knew the great fury of the tornado had been added to a most terrific rage, but at all events the storm, when hitting now got up into made sensa like ferocity to view such a far distant scene of immeasurable destruction. To hear it that far away almost as if at your front door was marvelous.

A singular change too had come over the heavens before an unusually severe thunderstorm set in following the tempest.

Around in every direction

was the color of very dark olive Brown, except over the direction of the town it was as black as pitch but nearly overhead there burst all at once a circular rift of strange fiery color of cloud as clear a fiery glow as I ever saw, and of a deep very deep yellow orange color and through it there blazed forth, peculiar white short flashes of lightning with a luster that I never before for lightning to even assume.

The thunder was like short sharp ear-splitting explosions that seemed to shake the air.

The flashes lit up everything about us, everytime they appeared with the great mass distinct mass, but oh God what a scene to light up of my devastated fields.

I made one or two attempts to speak to my son, also with me on the windmill platform but in some manner which I could not understand, the distant din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear.

Presently he shook his head looking as pale as death as he gazed towards Chester Brown thinking of the fate of his father mother sister brother and other relations.

Then he held up one of his fingers as if to say "Oh my God, listen."

To hear such an uproar 10 miles away was incredible but later I was told by friends and saw in newspapers that even as far as Lincoln the people wondered

what was that crazy sound And Lincoln is some distance from Alton, where the sound there had caused much excitement concern and apprehension and drew crowds into the streets.

But also what they saw was only thunder storm clouds. But the crowds were nervous and tense and stayed outside until the sound finally died away into the northeast. But they saw nothing except for their city, finally saw and lightning with thunder.

At first I could not make out what he meant, but too soon a heinous thought flashed upon me.

I dragged my watch from its fob. The time was twenty to three. The thought was "oh all those poor children in the schools and children's settlement buildings."

I glanced at its face by a

distant flash of lightning from the approaching thunder storm and then burst onto leave as I put it back into its job. It had promoted exactly twenty to three. All were still in school. What a fate they all meet as there will be no time to get to safety."

"I saw the schools were all gone, and mostly all of the settlement" said I sadly. "And and all were killed and mangled in that destroyed Catholic Sacred Heart convent"

"We heard of that horror and saw the convent" he continued "But to go on,

We were still up there on the platform two hundred feet above the ground and from the sounds of the whirl of that long funnel like "Storm" I believed it

it was now in full fury. When the framework of our type of high windmills is well built of tough iron intersections, riveted together well built, properly made well trimmed and twenty feet wide, with equally wide sailing platforms, with a strong windmill above I cannot conceive how a tornado can destroy them into crazily twisted shape but here they were scattered miles from our farms in distant fields or roads.

Only mine escaped. I would not have believed that any tornado could even do what this tornado did, wrap that longest one I ever saw around that big surviving barn.

During the rage of this storm across the farm of my nearest neighbor it seemed it took the whole length of his windmill framework right under its bottom

pull its fastenings from its well dripping with water, and bore up everything connected in the well as it rose up up, as if into the sky, I would not believe that any thing like that could rise of high, heavy as it was.

Then partly down it came and then surging full length with a sweep, twisting motion and then a plunge in a field a mile away and then rise suddenly again and fly off like a outburst out fit that shape made of matchsticks. That scene made me sick and dizzy as if I was falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream. That farm, and his whole family, or his house and barn, have not been found yet.

But while we were still

up so high on the platform of ours, I had again thrown a quick glance toward the direction of roaring splintering Chesterbrow, and that one glance was too darn sufficient.

I saw even that distance off the twister high towards its parent cloud in an instant outlined plainly against the near darkest portion.

The funnel, as I'll call it again cloud Moskoe storm air whirl pool was full thickly of all sorts of debris, flung far but in whirling motion around it. It was peculiar but showed the power of its awful suction.

If I had not known where we were and we had to expect to see done at Chesterbrow I should not have recognized such a wild funnel at that distance at all. But

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you know as I saw said me
and my son were on that
platform two hundred feet
up. Down on the ground I
don't believe we could have
seen this

As it was I involuntarily closed
my eyes in horror. The lids
clenched themselves together
as if in a spasm,

It could have been only
a quarter of a minute after
the storm started slamming at
Chester Brown (?) now continually
looking at my watch. I wait till
we suddenly felt the wind-
mill platform shake from
increased bedlam over there
and the whole funnel all
the way up all around and
from far from its where
was enveloped in clouds
of whirling debris. All
sorts of cloud stuff high
above where Chester Brown

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was being deviated, made whole
or half turns seemed seeming
at least to us in various directions
nearest the funnel with confusion
of clattering sounds, and then
most of it, shot off from the
front part of the funnel
as if shot from a big gun.
The sky above became thick
with the wide new swirl.
It was stupendously, ~~be~~ unbeliev-
ing, but I can furnish proof
as we excited as we took pho-
graph of the scene.

No wonder wreckage of the
town afterwards were found scores
of miles from Chester Brown.

At the same moment the roar-
ing noise and shrill shriek
of the wrenching town and upper
part of the whirlpool of wind,
was completely drowned by an
awful loud ear-splitting howling
sound, such a sound as you
might imagine given out by

many thousands of dogs or wolves but loud like severe thunder, as all of those animals letting off their awful tumult together. The swirling clouds around the funnel grew immense and spread out now from upper and lower parts of the funnel like wide open umbrellas turned upside down.

Marvellous sight too though horrible. Another cloud of swirling debris surrounded also the extreme upper part of the whirl directly under the cloud. I saw with my field glass, and I thought of course that another moment would be that the storm would suck the whole town high up into the main cloud and shy from what we saw.

And all that up which

now could see even with the glasses indistinctly on account of the two umbrella shapes which spun the same amazing velocity as the tornado as we could not distinguish their motion of which all that stuff churned as the devastated sections of the town was borne along. They did not once change shape or part from the funnel at all but spun like the funnel with the speed of an electric motor. They were all around the tornado while whirl in the most perfect shape, same dark colors and same size. The funnel was itself towering high from the ground to the cloud boom, the highest widest twists. I even observed it was a huge writhing long thin hastening through the town leaving all before it.

Why the storm stayed within my sight all this time is it turned course after ravaging my farm which is lightly, slightly an even northeast of with the town, but some-what west of it too. Still I took more photographs all of which I'll show you and your party here when I'm through all my long narrative.

Now all that whirling debris laven down more like, if I need to call it that a world of cloud wreckage and also swirled around the base of the funnel,

My son has that picture which he will ~~see~~ show you. It stood like a huge whirling, writhing, scudding, wall around all the base of the funnel flinging great clouds of swirling debris far and

wide I now tell ~~to~~ all this to you fellows and I can scarcely expect you and your companions to ~~on~~ put more faith in it, than as if I was the biggest lying story teller on record.

"After all what we have seen still more unbelievable, than what you are telling, I know positively that you are telling the plain and ~~a~~ positive truth" I said.

"It may appear strange but now when the town was in the very - "jaws" of this cloud storm" I felt more composed than when the twister was only approaching it. Haring made up my mind to hope no more I got rid of that terror a great deal about what will happen to Chesterdown which unmanned me at first.

I suppose I was a bit ~~defensive~~

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despair that strung my
nerves, I thought it did not
prevent me or my son to
take the camera pictures.
It may look like boasting
but what I am telling
you is the plain "Cross my
Heart to die" truth I began to
reflect how magnificent a
thing it was to die in such
a manner as those being
killed in Chesterbourn and
how foolish it was in me
to think of so paltry a
consideration as my own
individual life, with so
many being killed there,
even with my family
and relatives in view of
so wonderful a full
manifestation of God's
terrible power.

I do believe I blushed
with shame when this
idea came into my mind.

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after a little while I became
possessed with the keenest type of
of curiosity about the great
whirl itself and all the horror
it was doing to Chesterbourn.
I positively ~~wt~~ wished I was
way above it to explore its
depths ~~ex~~ even at the sacrifice
I might make, should I fall
into it, and my principal grief
was that I should never
be able to tell friends and
relatives, and distant town officials,
officials about the mysteries
I should see.

There no doubt were singular
fancies to occupy my mind
in such extremity and I have
often thought since that the
electric motor like revolutions
of the tornado, I watched and
all the bedlam I heard down
and up, even in the big
cloud, rendered me a little bit
light headed,

There was another circumstance which soon tended to restore my self possession, and this was a more crazy roar of the twister when its duration was three quarters of a minute now which actually shocked us in our present situation for as you say you saw yourself what it did to all Chester-brown biggest st brick structures and St Vincent's Church near what was once Mary Jane Park, the force of the tornado had grown immense its on its overwhelming strength, and I saw at that distance still that the twister towering so high above Chester brown, like a long black wide pipe shape with those umbrella shapes thrown much further outward around it, becoming wider and

higher and they too seemed to make a thousand different sounds as one.

If you had never seen this twister before, you could never have formed no idea of the confusion of my mind occasioned by the awful myriads of bedlam and roar, and all the noise of the racket of of millions of wreckage debris continually flung tog together, among and against each other.

"I didn't" I exclaimed. I was never near Chester brown when it happened."

"No?"
"No sir We were looking all the havoc it did in hitting the rail way siding when from the direction of Chester brown, came men on horse and wagons bringing the first unbelievable news. I saw us, and all the able bodied bodied men, women and teen

ages, in all conveyances with all tools possible hastened as soon as we could for here. But we came upon a sight we fully did not expect. But go on. Sorry to have interrupted you."

"It's all right he said. Well all that worse noise now going on almost blinded, deafened and strangled us and seemed to take away from me and my son all power of further movement, or reflection.

We had hoped the twists would soon go away further on enough to for us to

get rid of that crazy sound annoyances, just as death condemned felons in prisons are allowed pretty indulgences forbidden them while their doom is yet so

uncertain.

How often all that wreckage

clouds of debris made the circuit of for the funnel, nearly as swift as its whirl it is impossible to say. As how far much of it was being flung far from the twister no one knows not even I or my son.

The clouds of debris careered around and around continuously, the umbrella shape grew more larger and flung outward while unknown debris drives of all sorts below was getting swiftly more and more into the middle of the whirling cloud and then nearer and nearer very quickly to its horrible inner edge to gether.

All this time we never moved a foot. For a time I stopped taking pictures. My son was near the windmill high above us still holding his camera. As we watched the

ferocious ferocious waltzing
cloud near now what I believe
was the city's park section
he again snatched his camera,
which in the agony of his
terror, ~~he~~ he endeavored
to make me do which to
sooth him I did. I never felt
deeper grief than when I saw
that part of Chester Brown
turn into a enormous cloud
of everything you could think
of, rising high upward and
yet sweeping forward like
a huge cloud of a swiftly
approaching thunderstorm.
The roar was now beyond
description, although I knew
the storm had become
actually frightfully mad,
when it now was doing
all this, a raging wild
manic of fury and
preternatural force.

I did not care to contest

this idea about it, it seemed a
thing of Hell gone insane. But
ho, you must know when I
first saw it first come down
towards the ground in globular
form from at the funnel
end I ought to have expected
this.

I knew it could make no
difference whether I or my son
now saw what was going on
so wildly and crazily, and
I let him take more pictures
especially of the seemingly
out of this world horror
and went to take a few
too. The roar was shaking
our platform more notice-
ably, and feared of being
flung off so we firmly
grasped the railing around it.

This was no great difficulty
in doing as we still wait
watched the whirling horror
close within sight yet though

rearing and sweeping through this part of the city, the funnel now seeming to be swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the stupendous whirl. Scarcely had I taken the last picture in my tight leaning position against the four foot tall sailing when we saw the lower part of the twister give a wild lurch to the northeast and heading through all that part of the town, all going before it like an immense wide spread explosion, the noise even that distance was almost ear-splitting.

I muttered a continual Rosary to our Blessed Mother of God and yet knew all was over for beautiful Chesterbrown, all its people and my parents wife family

and relatives. At least I thought I knew which I'll explain later.

As I watched this sickening sweep of total destructive horror beyond all comprehension and saw another umbrella of immense circular size form around this time the far upper part of the funnel, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the flat form sailing it shook so, and closed my eyes.

For some few seconds I dared not open them while I knew there would be instant terrible destruction of the rest of Chesterbrown and why it was not already it in its death-struggles with the wind "Storm".

But second after second elapsed. The twister had not yet reached that part of Chesterbrown, Two minutes had now passed since it first struck.

yet from ^{what} I was witnessing I had a sense of falling when soon ceased as I grasped the railing more firmly, the awful increased motion of the funnel seemed much more swift in its whirl, while in the best of cloud above, it swirled more and more debris with the exception that none of the stuff was ever coming down again. An awful rattling banging and slamming sound was now heard by us even way up there, yet I took courage and looked once again upon the unearthly scene.

Heaven shall I forget the sensations of awe, terror, horror, and admiration which I gaze at the twister when for a minute it seemed from the awful speed of its whirl to soon come to a complete standstill.

I still have a large photograph picture I cut out of a magazine of a very historic tornado believed to be the first one photographed in South Dakota in 1884 which remained on very sight at nearly the same spot for than two or three hours before it moved forward again. Two secondary tornadoes were hung from the dark cloud near making it shape like the wings of a devil. I'll show that picture to you.

Also something strange now appeared to being as if my magic midway down from the main cloud near the now stationary funnel which was whirling now most fiercely forming on the outer bottom and near this immense funnel vast in circumference where it connected with the main cloud near prodigious

in length from its parent cloud and whose perfectly smooth sides not obscured by its upside umbrellas, might have been mistaken for ebony but for the most bewildering rapidity with which it spun around and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance it now shot forth, as the rays of the full sun from that circular under upper churn which I never observed before streaming in a golden glow along the upper whirling under portion, and far away across the under surface of the main rear cloud.

You ask how I remember all he said? I wrote it down as he told all this. I'm copying it all now. The strange glow was also noticed

noticed far away down into the innermost recesses of the whirling terror. I have heard they call this phenomenon the "fire tornado." They say it's caused by some strange electrical phenomenon when a twister whirls out of its bonds.

At first I was too much confused to observe anything too accurately.

The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I and my son beheld. When I did recover myself a little from this uncanny sight however my gaze came instinctively upward because of a new appalling sound. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view from the manner in which the strange form of cloud hung from the under surface of the rear cloud near the swirling funnel.

The funnel though stationary was upon an even peculiar slant that is to say, her formation lay in a plane parallel with that of the rear cloud but this latter slanted at an angle of more than forty-five degrees so that it seemed to want to now get ready to lay its lower portion on the devastating town. I could not help observing nevertheless that it seem to have more difficulty in maintaining its upward form and too the way the platform was now shaking from the more intense bedlam, I too had the most difficulty of maintaining my hold and footing on the windmill platform and sailing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level, and this I suppose

was owing to the concussion of storm of slamming wreckage and the howling yell and shriek of the still speedier white whirl of the cloud "Storm".

He paused for a few moments looked at the scene of devastation before him, and continued: "The strange rays of the tornadoes, strange fire phenomenon seemed to reach the very bottom of the slanting funnel but I could make out nothing distinctly on account of the umbrellas and stuff still swirling far out around the funnel, which still on that slant was moving forward again and also of a thick strange mist around it in which everything whirling there was now enveloped and over which there hung another funnel trying to descend in a form like that narrow and tottering bridge which we

Muscul man say is the only path way between time and Eternity. Fortunately it did not descend but remained suspended. This mist of spray was no doubt occasioned by the closing of the great walls of the inner part of the funnel as they all met together at the tearing bare through Chester brown but the yell that now went up to the very heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

Our next gaze upon the screaming twister itself to the big rear black of cloud had as to say it carried us to a great distance of upward sight but our further gaze was by no means prop. orionate.

Round and round every thing swept up there with dizzy

electric motor like speed not with any uniform movement but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent them sometimes flying off thousands of yards sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl.

And now the tornadoes forward progress was slower at each unseen speed of the revolution but very perceptible.

Looking at the churning mad horror the whole length of it from top to bottom from which the revolving umbrella shapes were borne, I and my son perceived those those three freaks were not the only object in the outside of the whirl.

Both below and above the funnel were visible clouds of new building fragments and my racks of trees from the parks, and all sorts of animals, large masses of broken wooden houses, building

material and trunks of park trees, with many smaller articles such as house furniture, clouds of dry goods store stuff, masses of stuff from butcher shop, grocers bakeries, everything a tornado can take along with it. All this I saw with my powerful field glasses.

I believe I have already described the unnatural Curiosity which had been taking the place of my original terrors.

It appeared to grow upon me as the little city of Chester Brown was its all lengthy stretch of twenty six miles to meet its full dreadful doom.

Half the city's length was already wiped out. I now began to watch with a strange interest the num-

things that swirled far out around the cloud "Shorn" I must have been temporarily delirious for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their ascent toward the rear cloud from below.

This big shattered apple tree I found myself saying will certainly be the next thing to that takes the awful upward fling and disappears in the rear cloud, and then I was disappointed to find that the upward flying side of a house overtook it and went up above and then sail out ward beyond our sight.

At length after making several guesses of this nature and being deceived in all - this fact the fact of my most invincible miscalculation set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs tremble again.

and my heart beat heavily one more. It was not a new terror that thus affected me but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory and partly was present observation.

I called to mind the enormous variety of all swirling debris that was now I know strewing the whole country side outside of Chester Brown, having and is being absorbed upward, and thrown forth great distances by this enormous rushing stream of the above cloud.

By far the greater greater number of the massive clouds of wreckage were I know were being shattered the most extraordinary way so chafed and chafed and roughened roughened, as will have the appearance of being struck full of splinters but then I distinctly recollected recollected that most of the

the large fragments probably were not being disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened swirling fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed that the others were sucked up by the whirl at so quick an instant time and from some reason was swiftly ascending after being drawn up that they were entering the vast east section of the big cloud above at the turn of the biggest whirl in that cloud as the case might be. I conceived it possible in either instance that all masses of debris might thus be whirled to the top of the cloud or even above it or to its rolling sections without undergoing the fate of all the other stuff which had been drawn in more suddenly or absorbed more rapidly.

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I also made three more observations. Am I keeping you in suspense for what I am driving to soon explain?

He said "answered" "Go on with the narrative."

"Well the first was that as a general rule the mass or clouds of the larger debris and the larger they were, the stronger to say the more rapid their ascent, the second that between two swirling masses of equal extent the one like rising cloud wreckage and the other flying literally upwards, the superiority in speed of ascent was with the cloud wreckage and the other masses flying upwards was about absorbed much more swiftly. And the umbrella of swirling wreckage came to my striking observation.

After the twister I have had

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several conversation on this subject with an old Schoolmaster who had studied on all tornadoes, their descriptions, and examined my pictures of them. A school master of my farm territory and it was from him that I learned that some very exceedingly violently fierce tornadoes that hit town or cities, can and will suck up so much debris as to form the weight of all that stuff slow down their usual or destroy the twister altogether.

He explained to me, I have not forgotten at all how what I observed was in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the swirling wreckage and clouds of dust and smaller debris and showed me how it happened that all this cloud of debris swirling in this tornado vortex

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offered more resistance to its upward suction and was drawn in and up with greater difficulty than an equally bad bulky mass or body of any other form whatever.

There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations and rendering me anxious to ~~the~~ watch them turn to account and that was that at every revolution, the swirling wreaths would add to the strange whirling umbrella formations, or being sucked way up into the big churning near cloud which most of the clouds of debris and many bigger things such as rods and big fragments of wooden houses which were swirling around the level of the under section of the immense near cloud when I first opened my eyes upon the wonderfire

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honor of the whirlpool of immeasurable wind, the funnel now going forward again, but with a slight swaying motion was somewhat further on, and had moved away from where for a moment it seemed to have become stationary.

I tried to attract my brother's attention to my observations by signs pointing to the swirling wreaths going up through and into the main near cloud and did every thing but successfully to make him understand what he thought of my observations. I saw at length that he comprehended my explanations to him but whether this case or not, he shook his head despairingly and hanging on to the platform railing shouted as loud as he could,

"No No No No, the twisties will not do that. Its whirling too fast and throwing away

far much more from itself than its sucking in. It will not slack or die out for a long time. It's too damn strong."

"Being disappointed I felt a sinking of the heart. It was almost impossible to believe him, and then it did come to my mind that no tornadoes have ever stopped in their fury or died out no matter what the quantity they sucked up.

So after a bitter struggle against my great disappointment, I was forced to resign the seat of Chesterbourn and my family and relations to their awful fate.

As wind and heavy big drops was now slapping with the very near approach of the thunder storm we almost precipitated ourselves down the ladder of the windmill tower without another

moment's hesitation. The result was precisely what I had hoped to be, or might be. As it is myself who tell you this last true tale as you know I reached my house before the cloud-burst came and as you are already in possession of the mode in which my swift run to the house was and must shew therefore anticipate all that I have further to say I will bring my horrible story to a conclusion.

In spite of the cracking thunder the roar of the twister still could be heard but not seen any more because of the blinding rain.

It as I heard later it might have been an hour or a little later on there about, when first striking the southwest of the city of Chester Brown, it finally finished going through its northeast section

and leaving the city behind in unbelievable wreckage and awful loss of life. After quitting the Windmill platform to make shelter from the down-pour, I came to the idea that the forward speed of the tornado was about 25 miles an hour, the same length of Ches. terdown, twenty miles, or a little more.

Before the rain came I had a last glimpse of the towers, and had seen some strange very large unknown object make three or four wild gyrations in such rapid succession as that my sight could not follow it, and bearing something else with it, rose headlong at once up through the chaos of the underpart of the big rear cloud above some other heaven object, at which I had been watch-

ing before I turned climbed down rose very little farther than half the distance upward, between the lower part of the funnel and rear cloud and the spot at which I observed this before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool of wind.

The wide broad funnel connection with the main rear cloud, became narrower and momentarily, doubly worse and it seemed to me ten times more violent.

The wind of the coming thunderstorm, was starting to blow them.

The gyrations of the whole whirl of the long tornado funnel grew as much worse the upside umbrella shape grew gradually more extended outward by degree, and all that part of the city seemed to rise as it was becoming a big moving wave. The cloud above there

still gleamed fiery, yet the winds of the thunderstorm grew stronger, when fearing to be blown off the platform, or getting drenched, we came hastily down, and ran pell mell for the house.

Then the cloud burst came fast and lasted three quarters of an hour. Even after that it continued all night off and on keeping us in.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that the storm came to a slack, but it was still dark and cloudy.

For all that day, the night before too, I was exhausted from fatigue and loss of sleep and was speechless from the memory of the horror I had seen.

Those who came to see me that late afternoon of were

from farms much further to the southwest of my farm, and also west, but I found out they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit land.

For our hair which had been raven-black the day before was as white as you see it now. They said too that the whole expression of my whole countenance had changed.

I told them my story and they said they would not have at all not believed it, if they from the tops of their windmills, had not seen the awful phenomenon, themselves.

They told me finally the reason they had come was if I would join them in rescue work as they had been notified what happened at Chesterham, by messengers on horse back, I consented willingly

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We gathered more than a dozen others, and their eldest sons but for some time I was too exhausted to converse much with them about the storm.

I had two large strong long heavy wooden wagons and two teams of very strong mules.

It took us some time to get there but we reached what was left of Chester Brown.

I really did believe I would meet a most horrible sight, but to my own opinion it seemed a thousand times worse than I expected to see.

There sure happened to this city of Chester Brown a horror of devastation as you see yet yourself, such as never happened before, to all other cities and towns, as even beheld by mortal man, and this scene confirmed my two hours of deadly deadly terror

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that I and my son had observed on that windmill platform.

You suppose me a very old man don't yet?"

No I answered I know it all now. Your fright and anxiety, changed you."

"I am not an old man, it took less than a few hours on top of the platform to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs and to unstrung my muscles for what I saw while up there, and so that I tremble at the least exertion yet, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can still scarcely look over this awful scene of devastation without getting sick at the stomach and giddy?"

With me we were within close view of the Sacred Heart Convent, whose whole half front portion had so terribly

down thrown into such broken twisted shambles, with the three upper whole part blown entirely away. The weightier portion of the upper slanting wreck hung very dangerously over it, which I had not noticed before while it was only kept from falling in upon that beneath it lay the turnure of a big slanting downward portion of a large but broken flooring of the second story.

This crazy sort of wreckage shambles arose upward in all sorts of twisted sections,

beneath the almost unobstructed larger wreckage above which lay almost flat, some three stories high.

I soon it came a smell of dead bodies still under it.

Nothing could have tempted me under pain of sin even

to within a half a dozen feet of that towering shambles, which looked very dangerously loose under the wreckage above it was so feebly supporting.

In truth so deeply was I excited and apprensive by the awful perilous position of that convent shambles in front of the convent, that I fell full length on the ground, clung to some loose wreckage about me and dared not even glance any more at the rage raged building upward at that frontal shambles, while I struggled in vain to divert my self of the idea that the very foundation of the under part of the shambles were in danger if you would ever throw a large piece piece of board at it. It then I believe would all come down with a crash.

It was long before I could

reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look at that horror of a wreck. All upper rooms were exposed, but all in them had been sucked out by the wind.

"You must get over these fancies" the farmer said to me "for I have brought you here near the front of this Convent that you might have the best possible view of the ruined building, which you had not observed when first or other times near it and let you see all this shambles with this spot just under your eye" "Whether you saw it or believe it or not we are now" he continued in that particularizing manner which distinguished him we are facing really what was the most beautiful and strangest of all buildings in

this what is left of Chester Brown. The ruins upon which we look and whose ragging front ragging front shambles could at the least shock come crashing down shows the awful power of this awful maelstrom of the air and sky. Everybody, child students runs and employees and even the engineer and his assistant I am told were all killed in this aged building.

Now raise yourself up a little higher hold onto some of these planks if you still feel giddy, so, and look with my field glasses I'm handing to you, beyond that tumble down shambles in front at what is left of the building, especially its red walls."

I looked dizzily and beheld the walls, which I did not notice before were not made of red or brick, but of solid blocks

of one foot length of red stone, which were two feet thick. And those still left of what was once a mighty building were held together by some substance much firmer than common brick mortar.

The appearance was such as to bring at once to my mind the building contractors account of the "earthquake and tornado" proof building. He it sure looked it. There yet has been built such a structure.

I could see between some of the upper section of the ruined part of the wall that intermixed with the huge stone work was network of very strong steel frames, a panorama more deplorably desolate of such a strongly built structure - no human imagination can conceive.

I think of it. It had been a long five story building with a very high thirty foot roof as I was told by the sister of St Ann's school, and the priests too, and now only a shamble of two stones remain. The wreckage was swept away absolutely, then disengaged nothing left, even to be traced. The bell found among the wreckage of building in Mary Jane park did not even belong to the Chapel's bell tower.

Where it came from no one can trace. It absolutely does not belong to any church in Chesterbourn.

And not from the next town either as it is northeast of us.

There were no big Country Churches, and we have received no report of a town hit before the railroad

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siding or Chester brown. Some
freak freak of the Mac-
strom of the air.

To the right and left as much
as I could reach with my eyes
there stood outstretched what
we had called the skeleton
of the building like badly
battered ramparts of what
remained and lines and net
work of horribly twisted
what could be at seen of
the steel frame work and
raging rear walls whose awful
character of demolition
was but the more forcibly
illustrated by the
surrounding Chapel of its rear
which reared up but with
shaken loose and walls
twisted three ways, after try-
ing to not withstand in
the thundering howling
strucking tornado, wildest
savage fury.

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Wonder how we had been inside
inside that shaky Chapel and
nothing happened to us. All but
that 500 pound Sacret Heart stat-
ue statue is still lying on the
middle of the floor from which
it had been hurled from its
pedestal lying upside down
where it too had stood.

Just opposite the promontary upon
whose apex were we were gazing
so silently and near the frontal
shambles fourty five feet long
from the rest of the remaining
building there was visible what
had been school room and
desks or more properly its
position was discernable as at
a long downward slant toward
the frontal shambles, with
books all scattered over the
slanting floor, through and
also among the battered and
ruined school desks torn loose
from the floor.

That sagging floor appeared fifty feet long and forty wide. A wall beside that floor was twisted loose and sagging inward among other debris that almost enveloped it.

The ceiling of that schoolroom was gone. A large Holy picture still hung by its fastenings on that wall, but upside down. What it was I could not make out from where I was still reclining in a half sitting position.

About close to the shambles of frontal ruins another section of broken wall with two large frameless windows rose as if what was still left of the third story hideously sagging and twisted away from its edge looking as if you threw something down

of light weight at it it would come crashing down into the ceiling Chapel.

The appearance of so mighty a building in ruins like this between the front shambles and its rear skeleton portion has something very unusual about it. None in one way I wondered why the Sacred Christ statue didn't go through the floor of Chapel floor to the room below where it was slammed to the floor with such force by the wind.

I had not dared go near the altar for fear the shaking caused by my footsteps might topple it over on me it was standing at such a dangerous slant though not injured.

The half circle of glass with beautiful holy pictures I saw when I was up on there were gone below.

all blown in, with all the glass covering the debris strewn floor, 6 large piano 7 perceived lay under the lower section of the frontal tumble ishambler, and constantly remained in an upright position 7 and against it in full sight still there was a large picture of Christ crucified.

The picture was fully unharned, but the glass was gone and the frame badly out of sight shape with the hanging wires laying across it.

What saved the picture made of only weak canvas 7 do not know when the wood from some wall had plunged it down down there still there was nothing here like the four piano stand

standing upright, but all had been during the storm a short quick angry cross dashing of all wreckage in every direction here of the upper shambles, as well as the caving in of the upper frontal floor leaving the room open to exposure as open doll houses, with nothing in them.

Of all furniture of those rooms bedding a other house hold goods there was nothing but badly cracked walls with wall paper stripped off.

The wind had eventually sucked everything out.

This very building said the farmer as I heard you say is now called the "skeleton." That's the way it looks now by gum.

"Did you first call it that?"

"No, my companions did. It sure resembles the skeleton of a building though."

"It sure does he continued. But

why it came to be necessary to name it that is more than either you or I can understand. But look that way in its complete ruin. Do you see any other change in the wrecked structure?"

"We had now been about half an hour observing this sadly devastated building to which we had come close, but safe beyond the tumble down frontal shambles so that I had caught a glimpse of what was supposed to be the interior of the first floor.

As the farmer spoke I became more aware of also remarkable debris inside and in there was the Sacred Heart Statue.

I had thought I heard a strange crashing tumbling sound with the crash of floor timbers. The floor had finally given way under its weight, and a big portion

of the floor with the heavy statue had crashed down into first floor below.

This time the statue in falling, miraculously remained standing upright, not lying down on the chapel floor as I had seen it.

What if I had been up there now? I would have went down with floor and statue, and if not killed seriously hurt.

The chapel floor or ceiling is fifteen feet above the floor of the first story.

The twists must have had the most ungovernable immeasurable fury and force to do all this to so strongly a erected structure. It seems able absolutely that it could not have been done. But there it was. And a ten million dollar building.

The awful state of this building had by no means prepared for me for what I now

now even that of the most house wrecking crew cannot impart the faintest conception either of the horror of this scene of demolition or of the wild bewildering sense of the novel which confounds and scares the beholder. There I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question ever surveyed ruins of buildings after the rage of a tornado, nor at what time, but it could neither have been from the rage of this incivable "Dann I hroud".

There are some passages of his description of horribly wrecked buildings even by his theory of 'what earth quakes did nevertheless which may be quoted for their details although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of any spectacle like the damaged

Sacred Heart Convent And the wreckage of fragments of a large wooden house scattered along its west side. All also had been killed in this house. In regard to the described size of this wooden house and a fifty or length length three story one? I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all so I carried from its place to the immediate vicinity of this convent by the wind. Whirlpool and dashed against the wall of the convent and burst apart like a bombshell.

I and the farmer gave all this some half an hour observation. The largest portion I with four lower and upper what had been eight windows lay upside down interior view flat on the ground, almost split under apart.

No better proof of this is necessary than can be obtained by the wreckage of this wooden building from every side long glances upon this large section of wooden wall.

I attempt to account for the strange phenomenon of the twister's conduct with this large very heavy house some description of a witness that told me about it. I remember seemed to me sufficiently plausible in all personal tells that in being flying against the Convent wall the wooden house went to pieces piece like a bombshell in striking against the convent wall.

The idea generally generally received is that the

the wooden house was flung with the same speed against the convent wall, as the framework of the windmill flung around Simon Segres Big Barn. Not the Simon Segres of Uncle Tom's Cabin" book. He has not that calm, measured way and is a staunch very devout Catholic.

I suppose this has no other cause than the way the house was so swiftly whirled away from the tornado: awful flung and with the speed of a cannon ball flung against the Convent wall, which resisted the crashing structure and did not crash in from its blow. The prodigious speed in hitting burst the house into all these scattered fragments.

This sight was one as I gazed, was also to my imagination most readily recreated and mentioning to the farmer I was rather surprised to hear him say that although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject it nevertheless was the last farmhouse of one of his neighbors, whose farm was totally wiped out and he and all family killed in it when dashed against the convent wall.

How the tourist brought it all this way from the farm and through the city and dash it against the convent is a mystery. As to the farmer nation he confessed his inability to even comprehend it and here I agree with him for however conclusive this will soon be

in the news papers it becomes altogether altogether unintelligible and absurd and all the wooden house wreckage and its damaged house hold furniture and beds scattered about near this side of the convent.

"We have had a good look at all this and what left of the Convent," said the farmer "so let go to where my wife family and relations are." He bet you were surprised to day I showed still no grief or emotion about the supposed loss of my loved ones. I'll say thank Almighty God they were in one of the thirty houses missed by the tourist at that time. But at worst so close that they got the whole horrible show."

Thank God indeed I joyfully exclaimed.

But he added "At the time of the tourist my father was at some safe section of near Mary Jane Park, where he saw all the tourist flung wife & cut and if you ask him he will tell you and us plenty. He even has full proof of it from his daughter and grandfather who was with him. He is still shaky though over his experience."

We went there. It was a long three story building I had seen often next to the big tourist building. Though much older the farmer did almost resemble his son but his wife though much taller actually in face was a twin to my Aunt. His grandfather look ed like his father and his wife was a tall strong shrewd woman and at the same age son and his son

very pleasant girls. We first had a supper meal then the farmer told his family to inform me of the awful show they had witnessed. Their description was the same as I had heard from the other, and they too told how they saw the passing Twister wrap the mill frame work around the barn. Their house and the 29 others had been severely bombarded by all the debris flying against them but outside many broken windows and their roofs strewn with the flying wreckage that covered all the ground the house had been upon was unimpaired. On the roof of one house I saw what I thought was a high lit starting sky-light. It turned out as they told me the slanted roof of a wooden building across from them.

"Mary Jane Park which my son and one of my granddaughters went to visit" said the old man is nearly as long as Chicago's Lincoln Park and as wide, had a big glass conservatory somewhat larger in size, a mammal and animal house.

It too had a zoo, out side large bird cages and outside 300 with bears, large ostriches, camels, emus, cassowary and Gre. Geffs.

It too had a monkey house with a hundred and fifty monkeys of all sizes. It had a actual forest of tall beautiful and stately trees, a casino and a ground both of it covered with flowers growing of all kinds.

And also a Paper-mont Carillon. The last was a big snake house all the buildings were large of brick and the main animal house was the tallest and the largest and had a very under ball front and rear

entrance. The snake house was the most largest and the bird house a three story one and longest. It also had Buffalo, strange sort of all different sorts of European, Asian, African and Sacred cattle from India, even two Moos, muses and Carib.

Also donkeys, Anas, Zebu and other sort of strange animal from India.

The Animal house had all the jungle animal you can name. The Snake house had 29 various snakes the majority the poisonous ones. The other python and Anguconas. It had King Cobras and the still more dreaded black mectel spitting Cobras.

The other park further West is called the midway. The third Buckholm.

They too had good bird house, and Buckholm had the biggest conservatory of the three. The three parks put together near Mary Jane is a fifty foot long high under passage way with a high top for conveyance to roll on across.

There are the true names of these are beautiful parks but why it was necessary to name the next largest one Buckholm which is a Norway name is either more than I can understand.

While at the park for about two and a half hours from noon to two thirty we noticed it was getting unusually dark and a very queer sound was heard over far. Hearing a clash burst we made to the underpass for shelter from the rain and stayed there some few people malle, warm and children

They came close to us. It was nearly as dark as night and the cloud was the color of intense black brown and acting crazily beyond belief, just as my son described it to you. Then one of the women excitedly exclaimed, "Do you hear anything strange? What's the funny wide black long cloud? It's full of blizzards of wreckage and two umbrella shapes spinning around its side upper and lower?" She pointed. We all looked.

As the woman spoke we became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound like a remote hum mingled with a howling of hundreds of dogs and the confusion of sound of the rifting and smashing of numerous houses and at the same moment I myself perceived that what seamen term the chopping sea character of the ocean appeared above all the far distant part of Chester town was rapidly changing into a vast current of swirling flying house wreckage.

As it came nearer and as I gazed this current of storming debris acquired a monstrous forward speed and velocity. Instead of running for any shelter available the dumb crowd on side of our shelter stood watching this tremendous phenomenon with tense curiosity.

If they had not been doing this I believe they would be doing now. I positively knew that this was a fierce cyclone and we and the Park was in its path. I shouted to the crowd to reach shelter but they seemed to pay no

attention. Those with us or under the underpass did no also at the top of their voices. It was of no avail. They either did not hear us or paid no heed.

I yelled again at the top of my voice. "Hail you crazy fools are you deaf? ~~It~~ can't you hear us a tornado is coming this way!"

They I suppose were overconfident for at a short time it did appear as if it would not come at this section of Chester town.

But I watched as it progressed forward. It had a slight swaying movement from right to left as each moment added to its speedy wheel and its headlong impetuous impetuosity.

In three minutes that whole part of the city beneath that terrible twister from the left to right as far as you could see through the increasing darkness was lashed in a most ungovernable fury of houses being torn to millions of splinters.

But it was between where the main streets and avenues and all alleys also open courts that the main uproar held its sway.

I yelled to the crowd again, but as well have shut my mouth.

Here the now vast bed of swirling flying wreckage and all types of house fragments reared and scared into a thousand conflicting channels of wreckage and all parts of that city burst suddenly in frenzied convulsion, heaving upward all directions, boiling, re-erupting, heaving and gyrating in the most gigantic and unnumberable waters of debris and all whirling scattering and flying in clots and falling in toward the park now pouring with a rapidity which torn up clouds of splintering wreckage of houses near before

all that was rushing like a headlong mad monster. In a few minutes more to my surprise and terror there came over this crazy scene another most radical alteration. The swirling clouds of wreckage grew into a very large out stretching deep saucer shape also whirling and the whirl pools of wreckage one by one increased in size and height while most prodigious clouds of wreckage shooting out in all directions most violently and became apparent where none had been seen before.

It was now three miles away. In one chaotic chaotic yell simultaneously we shrieked screamed and howled to the people out there to run for shelter.

But they all stood spell bound as if rooted to the spot. I thought to myself truthfully "They'll be gone." I'll bet they thought that "Wind Maelstrom" would not come their way. Foolish brainless fools. We yelled and yelled again and again, until we became hoarse, but to no avail. They remained in the same position. I dared not leave the underpart to go to them for fear of leaving my place of safety.

The big under ~~saucer~~ saucer like upon at length length spreading out to a greater distance and entering into combination took into itself a much more severe gyratory motion and seemed to form the wreckage cloud of that whole part of the city literally swirling away to nothingness.

Suddenly very suddenly there was some sort of a shock that made the underpart shake as if there was an earth quake and the incoming funnel at being nearer

assumed a distinct and definite existence in a funnel of a circle of more than two miles wide across. The crazy looking umbrella shape, upside down soon seemed to be swirling the speed of the funnel and a combination of crazy sounds.

The underpart of the whirl to a great distant up looked like a broad wide forward moving shroud but no particle of this whirled away from the sides of the terrific funnel which seemed to be inclined at an angle of some forty five degrees speeding most dizzily around like an electric machine, round and round with a swaying motion and sending forth its in its also sweltering motion to the words an appalling voice loud thunderous hum way above and half shriek shriek, and ear-splitting howling noise like thousands of wolves in one single voice below, such as even a hundred mighty cataract of Niagara ever could

left at their most agonizing yell to the skies. Our underpass shales trembled to its very foundation, and the ground under us rocked.

A few among my companions shrieked, shrieked, or howled in apprehension and fear, and some others among them including myself threw themselves upon their knees and began to pray loud in our excess of nervous agitation.

"This said I at length to my daughter near me "can be nothing else or could not match the great the idea of mine what Hell must be like. Even the great

Maelstrom whirlpools could match this terrible tornado. And those fools still standing there I'll soon hit the park pell-mell."

The usual fury of this funnel vortex was beyond what I could comprehend, as I saw it explode to ruin that great St Vincent Church and then ~~as~~ it

disappear in a rushing cloud of dust and onward towards the park. Not the best describer even can write the faintest conception either of the magnificence of its awful spasm, or of the horror of the scene or of the wild bewildering fury which now confronts us.

I am not sure what point of view any of the best writers on quaternions could ever survey this terrible scene, or now have the time but it could never neither be from the park nor during the forward motion of this awful monstrous twister.

There could be warden warden passages of their description I suppose but nevertheless they could not get any details of this scene and their effect would be exceedingly feeble in conveying any impression of this coming spectacle only a mile away now.

It was moving with with best-
man rapidity and the roar of its impetuous advance it seemed now could

never be equalled by the loudest and most dreadful roar of big water falls put together as one the noise they said being heard as far as Alton and Lincoln 7-10 many leagues off

It seemed as all that part of Charleston was being irresistibly absorbed, and flung in flying clouds of all sort of wreckage and debris towards us, the storm carrying all before it all the wreckage being beat together against each other and the fragments in dense masses being scattered everywhere.

I was surprised to see that the twister had become stationary. What in the world caused that?

"I know the cause," believe said a stout woman who looked professional and might have been a teacher "It's whirling so fast. Hurricanes do that too."

"I have myself heard of that. But these intervals of halting in their onward course are only at their

fastest whirl and in such a case will last on its standstill but a quarter of an hour or less, its onward progress gradually returning. It then gets a good hold of its self by assuming a peculiar long slant and retains that awful whirl while again resuming its onward course.

Then it is ten times more and more boisterous and its fury heightened by the action of the parent cloud above therefore its very dangerous to come within an American mile of it.

Wagons, buggies and short trains had mysteriously pulled towards it, by the drivers or engineers not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that horses, cows, bulls, dozens of sheep or even the largest hogs come too near that type of spinning tornado and are at that distance overpowered by its violence and then its impossible to describe their various noises in their fruitless.

struggles to disengage themselves. I read of a bear once attempting to swim the Mississippi river in Wisconsin, was caught in the attraction of such a tornado a mile away, and pulled up into the funnel while he roared terribly so as to be heard for a mile.

I saw fir trees that close and pine trees after being absorbed by the attraction, rose high into the main cloud and finally when flung free, came down broken and torn torn to such a degree as if bristles had grown upon them.

Even farm houses, silo barns or tall windmills have been torn from their foundations by the attraction, and absorbed into the awful funnel. Persons too.

This plainly shows beyond a reasonable doubt that the twister grows ten times stronger. This whirl I believe is regulated by the flux and reflux of the hot and cold air during hot summer weather

like July and August. Summer tornadoes are the worse of all for their unbelievable strength. I remember in the year of 1886 or may, in the afternoon after a unusual early hot spell for that time of the year by a conflict of hot and cold air a tornado was formed that all but totally wiped out the part of St Louis it tore through, killing over 1,996 persons. It had a dangerous attraction for two miles.

I can not in regard of the strange twister devastating Chester Brown I could not see how how this could be ascertained if it too could have been drawing objects to the inner late vacuities of its vortex.

To stop and go forward again must have reference only to its strange long slant from the main cloud towards Chester Brown, raging through all the streets avenues and ~~alley~~ alleys with this unceasingly wild fury. At the center or in the center center.

of us, may I call it that instead of cursing it the center of the Whirling an'nd coo' cloud. Nozhae, - from the power must be immeasurably wilder in its pull, and no better for proof of this fact is necessary than can be have been witnessed by us all in that house near the big University when when it tore by us missing that part of Chesterdown by two hundred feet or across that street less across from us.

Even a side glance of that rush of destruction had been had by your family, I was not there but in the park with your daughter at the time.

So many at their phleggethor then rushing near the park but yet a little more than a mile away. I could not help at all smiling at the simplicity with the honest tornado described records as a matter

difficult of belief the anecdotes of these tornadoes, attracting creatures towards them a mile away, for it appeared to me in fact a self evident thing that the impact was that the largest grain Elevator in existence, when a twister of that sort, passed within a mile of them and being them within the influence of that deadly attraction could resist being pulled towards it as little as a feather in some West India hurricane and must be pulled all to pieces long as they are, and some of the debris disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon of some which I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in all personal, now was a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that thus as well as the upside umbrellas out fits, have no other causes than the most violent collision of all the wreckage rising

and falling at an flux and reflux
and thrown far outward so that the
debris drawn high into the main
cloud precipitates downward like a
shower, when thrown out of the ~~at~~
attraction of the whirl, and yet
the higher the debris
rises the further the fall must
be and the natural result
of all is an air cloud whirlpool
or vortex of clouds of torn build-
ing wreckage, the prodigious
suction of which is sufficiently
known by lesser experiments.

The interior of the ~~or~~ in the
channel of the wind maelstrom
is a suction very tightening
though it comes as a wind pulling
all before it, and sort of upwards
and issuing in some very remote
part, the exploding force on big
buildings decidedly seen in
many instances. This
opinion is in this itself
was the one to which I gazed

at this horror now heading for
the park fell on me, and my imagin-
ation readily assented of its going to
be hell fury through the park
and mentioning it to your intense
daughter. I was sure very much
surprised, to hear her say that
although it was the new almost
universally entertained of the subject
of its ferocious approach it nevertheless
not her own. As to the former notion
she confessed her inability to com-
prehend what it will do it
becomes altogether unintelligible
and most absurd whether it will
leave any of the park behind it.

"I have had a good look at the
approach of the big whirl as I ex-
plained to you" said the old man
and if you will come inside
the house as it is raining and
we don't want to get soaked and
so to get into shelter I will now
tell you the story of what it did
in the park that will really I know.

convince you that I ought to know something of this type of tursters after what I saw it do to the park. I placed myself as desired and he proceeded.

As it was rushing with the wildest utmost savage fury for the park, the crowd of people now came to realize what they were in store for and began to rush in panic and confusion for what ever sort of shelter they could find, the building or tunnels under passing park roads. It was too late they had delayed too long.

Yet little time was left for us under the underpass as the next moment, a perfect awful blizzard of all sorts of debris swept in all directions at once, accompanied by the most immeasurably pushing store strong gale of wind I could even conceive. As this happened in looking upward at the

onward flying storm of wreckage I saw in the large large black cloud above a yellow oval spot the appearance of which was quite new to me.

People caught in the gale were flung against trees, and the sides of houses as if a strong man would throw a child's small rubber ball.

Houses went to pieces in the park, as swept by a giant tidal wave. Barred cages went sailing away with the wind flinging animals and all the big brach. A large portion of the big animal house disappeared in a cloud of swirling dust. The branches of the trees with a deafening uproar whipped themselves to clough of fragments and the trees swayed like string swung by a child. What a force of winds. But this was nothing to what it was going to be. The tumult was unbelievable. The elements had gone stark mad.

Both people men and women were flung about and in every where like they were broom straws and still slammed against against trees and was still left of the bigger buildings. The fragments of the big smoke house was going fast like clouds of rubble dust.

I knelt on my knees praying desperately. So did the rest still safe under the underpass. I had thought this gale was a score more stronger than the toughest wildest West Indian hurricane and could get no worse than it is now. But Heaven it quickly increased to the most unexpected degree than I could even comprehend, it was blowing the most terrible wind that ever came out of the heavens.

Clouds of house wreckage so thick as to almost obstruct the view blew in through the part, smashing against

the frightfully swaying trees in innumerable battering rains of all sizes. All overhead the sky was covered with a singular copper colored cloud that sped overhead with the most amazing velocity. A quarter of a minute had now passed.

And now such a fury of wind as there tore through the park it is folly to attempt description and even the sky above it was covered with flying wreckage of all sizes as if they were millions of birds on swift flight.

I never thought to experience anything like it. The upper parts of big trees went by the board like snapped straws.

The whole forest of trees in the far flung park as far as you see, was in the most fearful motion beyond any belief.

Here and There where an bigger tree pressed violently against another a creaking noise was produced,

similarity to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Also turning to the direction from which the wild wind blew I observed to my greatest astonishment that the noblest, biggest trees of the park, bent their lofty tops for a few seconds and unable to stand against the immeasurable blast were flying away in large pieces amid an awful confusion of tumult.

First the biggest branches were broken off with a crackling noise then in a second time went the upper parts of the massive trunks and in many cases trunks and whole trees of gigantic size were either falling entire to the ground, or carried away like huge balloons.

And the time to make matters fun & worse clouds of wreckage of all sorts battered the trunks of the trees like bullets with

all the sound plants can make when slammed at things and together making the most awful din ever heard.

I now saw the wind hurl through the park among the trees the whole side of a wooden house which was shattered to pieces against the still running ~~running~~ trees, it was slammed against.

The bird and other house, and the Com glass conservatory were no more, including the snake snake house. Another quarter of a minute had passed, & a rapid was the progress of this stupendous storm before I could step further back in the underpass to insure still more my safety the Tornado was passing opposite the underpass under which I and the others knelt in prayer.

Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself.

The tops of the biggest trees were seen moving in the most

craziest and strangest manner in the central current of the tempest which was carrying along with it a mingled mass of twigs, branches and foliage that completely obscured the view of the flying wreckage of houses being blown through the park.

Many of the largest trees while being battered by the blizzard of house debris, were seen badly bending and wuthing beneath the gale others suddenly snapped across like pine stems and many others after a secondary resistance either fell uprooted to the ground or were swept away.

The mass of clouds of branches, twigs, foliage and all other debris of shattering trees, and the blizzard of house wreckage of all sorts and dust that moved swiftly like that moved so swiftly through the air like arrows was swift and whirled

onward like a cloud of feathers. At this moment my terrorment and great excitement was turned into fear and horror when someone was heard to shout above the din:

"The wind is blowing ten times worse"

I could never describe what my feelings were now. I shook from head to foot as if I was having the most violent fit of theague.

I knew what he meant by those words perfectly and well enough. I knew what he wished to make us understand, how it sounded as if all Hell had broke loose with the wind now tearing through the park like that nothing could save the rest of the trees and under the very underpass we now too seemed to be in great danger.

But our underpass was a long wide one, with on top a long wide path to which rose on each end

and rose a long not too steep an
uprising wide path to the long
broad top which had a smooth
tanned top.

Other ~~area~~ section of its tunnel
like underneath walls firmly built
of heavy stones mated even to
the ground it was erected to was
strongest yet. It was fully on the
storm worst fury, but the winds
followed the right of way of
the underpass ~~instead~~ instead
of across.

Hence as that screaming horror
was, we under there didn't even
get the slightest breeze from
it. Had the turbines swept
across I don't believe it could
have anything to us even then,
but we might have been strongly
blown at as the strong wind
of a squall line thunder
storm. All winds follow a rise
and then sweep sweep over the
descent. The top of the pass

had a strong hard sailing and the
freak of the storm was it did no harm
to it either except loosen a few bolts
where the wind hit it first.

It was the best thing we had ever
took under by this way of pre-
caution against against the wind. But for
this circumstance we would have reversed
the fate of the crowd at once for
those heedless reckless fools were swept
off by the terrible gale or battered
into a frightful death against the
shattering trees.

The friends and relations of
mine could not understand how
I and your daughter even escaped
destruction even under there, for they
never had an opportunity of ascent-
among, not having seen us beneath
the underpass or how it was
situated. At the time the man
holler shouted, "Its torn times
were, I and a few of the
other threw ourselves flat to
the underpass floor with my feet

against the under pass wall, and with my hands grasping some so large iron ring like object fastened to the lower part of the wall in front of me. It I suppose it called a ring bolt. It was more instinct that prompted me to do this, which undoubtedly was after all not the thing not needed to do at all for no wind came in at us at all.

The outside on the park was deluged with as it seemed ten times with as much savagely flying debris. The trees began to actually disappear away as I say and all this time terrified by the hellish fury of the tempest I held my breath and clung to the bolt.

When I could not stand it no longer, the noise of the storm and flying wreckage almost injuring my eardrums, I raised my self upon my knees, still keeping hold with

my hands and thus got my head clear. Yet the underpass was shaking just as a dog does in coming out of a long swim in the water and thus rid itself of the water.

I tried to get the better of my stupor that had come over and to regain my senses as to see what the immeasurable tempest was still doing there was such a multitude of very crazy sounds when somebody grasped my arm out of fury.

It was your daughter, and my honor and temperance was added, for she put her mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word,

"The stress trees are nearly all down gone, and there not much left of the animal house or the big conservatory."

Who could know how I felt at that instant. I again shook from head to foot as if I again had the most violent fit of the ague and felt very sick at my stomach.

Any one could know the meaning of those words positively, she wished me to understand that all of that beautiful park, almost "Chicagoer Sunbalm park" size was being totally blown off the map.

With the powerful wind that was driving all before it, the park was being wiped out cleared of all its trees by the wind Moshoe - Lion and it would be no more.

You may perceive that in crossing one section of the park, we always paid a visit to the Conservatory too, and also went a long way down to the big bird house, even in rainy weather and then to the avian and mammal house, but now they were all torn away with all living things in them and in such an unbelievably strong wind as this.

"To be sure" I thought there may still be left some of the biggest trees at least to look

what will be gigantic skeletons of shattered trunks and rumbling branches. There is some little hope in that but in the next few seconds I could have cursed myself if I used such language, for being so big a dumb block and fool as to dream of hope at all. So thick now was the flying clouds of wreckage, that we couldly see the remaining, remaining trees, or what the storm was doing to them.

I knew very well that all the rest of the trees were doomed had they been ten times much taller and stronger trees.

By this time the tempest had even again increased in redoubled fury and looking at my much needed watch I saw ten or over a thirty seconds would finish the minute. All this destruction done in so short a time. Yet we did not feel much wind come in at in the underpass but at all events sides of houses and

even long large sections of big
starting roofs went through the
air above the park or through
the park like wind blown news-
papers as it scudded before the roar-
ing squall but at all events
the squall was something in
force and fury no one would be-
lieve believe if they had not
seen it, and at a distance it
seemed as if the town now
southward and north east ward
got up in absolute absolute
mountains of flying portions of
devasted houses and brick build
buildings, a singular change too
had come over the rage of the
maelstrom of wind,

Around the park in every direction
everything was clouds of wreckage
rushing fiercely in every forward
and side ward direction and
way up wards, but overhead was
such a blizzard of flying
fragments of houses the worst

right I even observed and of all large
and small sizes, and through it even
there torn forth many large sized
sections of wooden houses, roofs
with a wild fury and multitude
of noises that I never before expected
to see or hear. Some storm,

We could see all this with the
greatest distinctness, but oh God what
a scene all this was to be so
clearly observed, And was what a
terrible racket of all that hitting
and slamming each other,

I now made one or two attempts to
speak to your daughter but in some such
manner which I could not expect or understand the dear had
no increased that I could not make
her hear a single word although I
screamed at the top of my voice in
her ear. Presently she shook her
head looking as pale as death
and held up one of her fingers
as if to say listen. Five seconds
more and the minute would be passed

I at first could not make out what she then meant, but soon a most peculiar thought came upon me. I pulled out my watch from my vest pocket I glanced at its face, by a match light it was now so dark and then burst into tears as I realized by that the hands the room had already aged only half a minute instead of what I thought and was now fiercer than ever and had committed all the uprising out havoc in all this short time. We were behind the time of what we had expected or ahead rather and the whirl was still getting worse in its most full and savage fury.

How could a wind blow like this, It seemed of a supernatural strength and power, a storm not of this world.

Fortune fortunately for us the wonder was well kept quiet not too high a ceiling above us so that the waves of delirium

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blown by this slip and down gale, did not do anything to its sides which they were so swiftly, slammed against when the fragments were flying so violently and the debris swirling about the pass mostly passed upward on the up grade, and flew flew past the down grade without any of it steep slipping beneath it, which appeared very strange to an onlooker and this is what was or is called sliding up the slope and flying straight ahead at the top of the down grade.

Well so far the underpass had stood against all this flying storm of debris cleverly, but I got frightened when what appeared to be a gigantic sea of roaring crashing wreckage happened to hammer with the most tremendous force and strength, and to take us under the underpass ceiling and showering us with fragments through the wide opening into the underpass.

The force of the blow of all this wreckage and the shock against the side of the underpass sent us all sprawling head over heels, some us sustaining minor but painful injuries.

All that did not remain out there being afterwards so instantly being swept away with great noise.

I would not have believed that such an immense of mass of wreckage could be blown all at once so swiftly onward and such force against the underpass.

And then before the wind of all was swept away with a sweep incredible rush of forward speed, and a sort of upward plunge or rise that made me feel sick and very dizzy to witness the wild phenomenon, dizzy as if I was falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream.

But while we were getting up to our feet, I had thrown

a quick glance around from the opening of the underpass and that one glance was all very, very, sufficient.

I saw an exact position under the underpass in an instant. The center of this horrid "Cloud funnel" "Moakoe-strom" was about a quarter of a mile away from the park, but no more likely the unusual typical Central force than the whirl as you see it being swept yet in its diverse churn or spin.

If I had not known where we are in the underpass tunnel, and what what we could have expected if elsewhere I should not have been here to tell this at all. We could not hardly recognize the park at all now, or what was once a park.

My eyelids clenched themselves themselves tightly. I felt as if I was on a spar.

It could not have been more than two seconds afterwards until we suddenly felt a second tremendous crash against the side sides of the

front of the underpass that from the shock sent us all flying head over heels again and caused some of the underpass ceiling plaster to come down on us. But this none of us hardly received injuries except that a woman ~~was~~ accidentally sucked me in the mouth while sprawling loosening two of my teeth, and your daughter at the same time none too gently connected her head against mine. A lot of large splinters of wreckage came in through the entrance, and hit some of us almost at the same time of our sprawling but did us no harm. But one sharp piece striking struck into an outward projection from the side of the wall.

But we were covered with some of it that came inside and had difficult time to crawl and struggle from under it. Outside the porch was ~~unprotected~~

enveloped in cloud of swirling flying wreckage which masses of it seemed to make a sharp turn also toward our shelter, and then shot off in a new direction like a thunderbolt that saved us from another such shock so far.

At the same time the roaring, clammory, cackling, clammory and various banging & more of the wreckage in collision with each other, was completely drowned in a kind of shrill humming, shriek such a sound as any one could imagine to hear, coming out from millions of bicycle Cyclone Whistles, and simultaneously from pipes of many steam vessels letting off their whistle shrieks and the pipes of steam all together in one sound.

That noise was from the tornado center as it came instantly rushing through the porch.

Yet we were outside of the danger of all the stuff and watch the belt of debris that surrounded the whirl of the center and I thought of course

that another few seconds would pull up even the ground of the park, because of the amazing velocity with which the unseen center was spinning.

None of the storms of wreckage did not seem to leave the swirling masses at all now but to run through what was once the beautiful park like countless millions of arrows and battering rams.

The west section of the underpass was next to the storm of flying wreckage, the opening of the tunnel facing almost directly south and toward that opening arose a wall of debris towards us. We swiftly moved to or near the north tunnel we had come in by, no more of that shock if we can help it.

The furious advancing storm of wreckage stood like a huge withering swiftly moving wall between us and that front part of the underpass. It smashed, a good part of

did like a wave of splintering flying forward high reaching clouds of wreckage with the most tremendous, unconceivable force, a speed and force which strange to say prevented any of it, even the smallest part to come into the south entrance of the underpass.

The underpass shook terribly much more plaster crashed to the floor but the underpass held even against that blow. So far we were still lucky.

But now it may seem strange to you when that was about to alarm the front entrance of the tunnel side that I felt more composed than when we saw it coming at crashing at us and hit with that awful slam and bang. I am, made up my mind to hope no more for anything of the park museum surviving. I got rid of that grief and tenseness which I so strongly felt at first first. It was evidently despair that got the best of my nerves.

You would think I am trying to boast, or exalt myself, but what I tell you, God knows is the truth I began to think how most magnificent a thing it would be if I had my picture taking box and got snaps of all this rage of the elements in such a manner and how foolish it was in me to have forgotten it, when I would have needed it in view of so fierce and wonderful manifestation of the awful twisting power, I believe I felt as mad as a wet hen if when it crossed my mind, I had had so wonderful an opportunity.

Also I had been possessed with the utmost curiosity about the hellish fury of the maelstrom of tornadoes raging savagely itself. I felt positively a desire to explore the interior of the raging funnel even at the sacrifice I might have made yet I had the greatest grief that I should never

be able to tell my companions and neighbouring farmers, who escaped the storm and whose farms were missed about the mysteries I should have seen.

There no doubt were singular fancies to occupy a man's fancy or mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since that the revolutions of swirling wreckage around our shelter might have rendered me much light headed.

My self possession was restored by another circumstance and this was the still ^{fury} ~~under~~ of the storm as the center rushed upon the park which after all could not reach us in the underpass in also our present situation for as you say you saw yourself from the wind mill tower platform or your farm, the unspeakable savagery of the storm through your view of Chesterbourn and the frozen storm towering and racing through it and towering above it, a high black monstrous whirling funnel with the wreckage acting like a mountain ridge

badly breaking up in a violent volcanic eruption. All who never have been here like we were, or never seen a tornado raging around them, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the most violent fury of the wind, and flying blizzards of multitudes of various wreckage. They almost actually blinded and deafened, and strangled me, by the unmeasurable uproar and take away all power of action or reflection. But thank God we were under the strong underpass, and in a measure not out-ride in all this fury and annoyance, just as death condemned criminals feel the terror of their coming death penalty or prison.

How terrific was the storm now it is absolutely impossible to say even if our lives depended upon it. Ever long sides of houses, roofs a long iron beam and huge flooring of large brick buildings careered round and

round our shelter swifter than the fastest spinning wheels for a few seconds then flying out of sight instead of floating in the air, getting gradually more away from our shelter, and more through what was in a part like a surge of big wreckage, even slamming into each other with loud thunderous noise and breaking into pieces or fragments from the rear end collisions. Again I was holding onto the strong bolt, why I could not say.

Your daughter was again at the south tunnel entrance though I warned her against it, holding onto some long chain that hung from that part of the ceiling which had been so carefully fastened under the ceiling and was the only thing hanging there that I had not seen before. What was it for I wondered.

As the storm started at this moment to send some strong wind through that entrance of the underpass she let go her hold upon this

chain and made for the ring from which ~~was~~ in the agony of her terror, she forced her hands among mine as it was large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt a deeper sympathy than when I saw her do this act although I knew she was in no more danger than I was but she was terrified when she did it because of the wild madness of the wind then blowing in, a roaring music of wind through its sheer secondary fling. Then she fainted through sheer fright. But also I did care to contest the point with that wind of secondary instant of blowing in.

I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held or at all at all so I had let her also have her share of the ring while ~~others~~ came away from that opening. This was timely in doing in the wind of the storm

now at its utmost fury had no great difficulty in coming in at us almost blowing the others off their feet, for the word wind came in now steadily enough like a hurricane at us and upon an even keel swaying us to and fro for, with the immense sweep and swelter of the gale trying to suck us out.

Scarcely had I secured myself to a tighter grip on the chain when one of my companions gave a wild lurch towards the underpass opening and would have been pulled head-long out, if three others had not grasped a tight hold on her jerking her back towards them. I sure muttered a long prayer to the Mother of God, and God Himself and all was going to be over us if the sucking of that wind coming from opening to suck out out of the other end would get much stronger.

At last I was much too terribly

confused to observed this accurately especially as I was holding firmly with your daughter to the ring bolt. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I was beholding. I have heard and read that all tornadoes are "demon born," I don't believe it, though maybe He could form one, only with Gods permission. He and his whole legion of devils I believe would rather fly or run away from one. I know he is a powerful evil spirit, but I even believe the twisted word would play the diabolical with him if he allowed himself to be caught by one.

When I finally did recover myself a little however the full minute now being passed my gaze fell unobtrusively to the park outside. In this way I was able to obtain an unobstructed view.

From the manner of which the wind was blowing not at its

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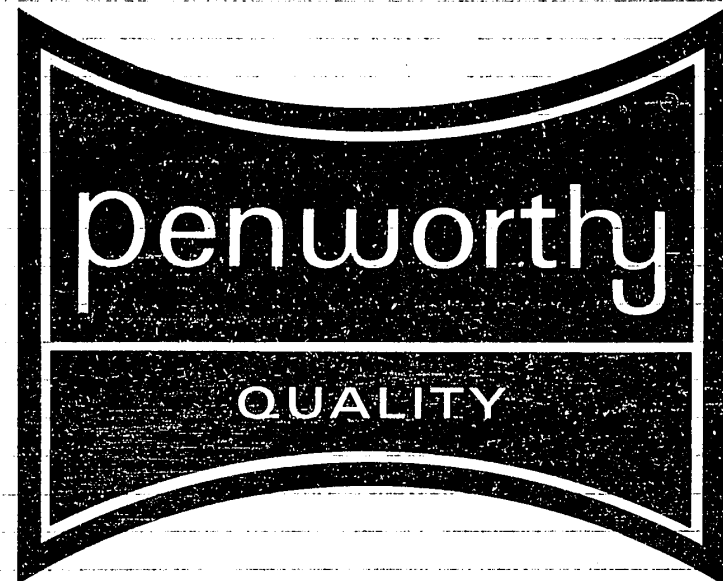
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utmost ferocity and strength immense
swarm of trees of all size flew on
flying past almost like balloon mused
with all that blizzard of debris.

I had a view also of a full sized
wooden house in which from the manner
it hung in the air in going past,
as if on the under surface of a
post. Yet she was quite upon an even
keel that is to say her roof a high
slanting one parallel with that of the
flying wreckage in front near and on
the sides of it but this latter
object sloped at an angle of more than
forty five degrees in the air so that
it seemed like a ship lying on its
beam ends.

I could not help observing as it
passed past the change of its weight
slowly nevertheless that it had scarcely
more difficulty in maintaining main-
taining its swaying position than if it
had been upon a dead level and
this I suppose was owing to the
speed at which it revolved and
sailed. And my God how many
through some windows I saw people

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in it. Once for a few seconds the wreckage blizzard closed in on it so that I could not see anything distinctively, and on occasion also of thick clouds of dust from each building blown away in which sometimes all the air was was enveloped. This cloud of dust added to all the rest as no doubt it would before was occasioned by the furious wind demolishing each building as fast as you wink your eye, and redoubled by flying dust clouds.

At this time, the yell, humming sound and howling sound, that seemed surrounded every where and to the sky, exceeded all description. I then saw have seemed now to glimmering a little from the last of dust and debris, and above already having been I believe carried a great distance but its slow descent was by no means proportionate.

I then saw a huge downward "Heaven no" towards our place of refuge not with a uniform movement as it went round and round but in dizzy swings

my life history.

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swings, and up and down and sideways jerks that sent it towards us sometimes a few hundred yards sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the swirling wreckage. Its progress downward at each radical movement was slow but very perceptible.

That showed the furious wind was trying desperately, trying to keep its grip on the big wooden house. Looking at the same time about me upon the wide waste of flying debris and trees above and all in view I perceived that the big house and I now were full of people was not the only object in the embrace of the immeasurable wind. Both above and below us even, and everywhere within sight with the dust clearing were all kinds of household furniture, beds, lampstands, bed clothing, stream of telegraph and telephone wires, with posts attached, and clothing of all kinds, canned goods, stationary, and everything in all states,

Also large masses of sides of houses, thick dust like clouds of brick fragments of twisted steel steel building timbers, bunches of log trees, all sizes of barrels and many smaller articles such as pieces of loose furniture broken boxes, caskets and barrel staves.

I had already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terror when my feelings were changed by that big wooden house heading for our underpass shelter.

It appeared to grow upon me as it drew nearer that if it hit our entrance would be blocked by its lumber on both ends and we'd be trapped in roads.

I watched with a strange interest the numerous wreckage and things that flew by fast and followed on all sides of it in its Company. I must really have been delirious for I even

amusement in speculating upon the relative velocity of its several more descent towards our shelter below.

This big ~~wooden~~ wooden house full of people I found my self saying will certainly be the next thing I after the clouds of wreckage crashing against us that will take one more plunge or more and go to pieces against the frontal part of the underpass underpass and I was supposed surprised and not at all disappointed to see the wreck of another house overtook it, collided onto it and changed its course from the shock.

At length making one guess of this nature and being deceived in all, this fact the fact of my unvarseable miscalculation set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble and my heart beat still more hard.

It was not a new terror that thus affected me but the dawn of a new hope a more exciting

instant hope. This hope arose partly from memory and from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of all wreckage the strewn strewn around the floating house being thrown forth by the violence of the wind, around against, and swiftly ahead of it.

By far as I could see the greater number of the wreckage was being continually shattered in the most extraordinary way so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters but then I distinctly recollected that there some of them which were not disfigured at all.

Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which ~~had~~ had been been completely absorbed by the storm that the others had been caught up by the wind at a late ~~period~~ period of the winter or from some ~~one~~ reason had ascended so

slowly after ~~been~~ being pulled up despite their unusually heavy weight that they so far did not go so very higher than the floating house than the flood of other wreckage came after them, or of slamming each other as the case might be.

I conceived it possible that they and the wooden house might thus be sent rising up again to a higher spot above us, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn into the wind more easily or absorbed more rapidly.

In that short time of five seconds after the minute had gone by I made three important observations at once.

The first was that as a general rule the larger the bodies of wreckage were, the more rapidly they rose. The second that that between two masses of wreckage of equal extent of any shape the superiority of speed was with the house. The third that between a good clench of timbers of equal

the one the big wooden house and the others of all sizes and shapes the house floated more slowly.

Since our escape from it hitting the tunnel entrance of the underpass I have had several conversations on this awful yet peculiar subject with an old friend of mine of a farming district and it was from him that I learned that if all the windows of the house was broken out nearly as much wind was blowing through the house as the outside gale and instead of bursting it asunder as I had expected carried it along at the slow speed forward of speed of sixty mile an hour instead of the scores of less hundreds of miles per hour of the speed of the wreckage and smaller objects.

He had explained to me although I have forgotten the explanation how what I observed was in fact the natural consequence of the

size and height as well as shape of the wooden house and the flying fragments of all types of wreckage and showed me how how it happened that such a large three story house with a high slanting roof offered more resistance to the wind and was carried along with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body of some other wreckage of any form whatever.

There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations and rendering me anxious to turn them to account and that at every motion the big house sometimes would make swift revolutions like the turning of a barrel sideways. Such a big house as that which to my recollection or recoding was sixty feet long twenty five wide and from the top of its high slanting roof five stories to its base a foundation which it had rested on. Such a big house to be carried by the wind like a floating wheel.

on the wave tossed sea. It was sure
 a powerful gale to carry that monster
 monster of a wooden house. The
 many of the smaller wrecks was
 also carried carried on the
 level with it, showing the awful
 wooden of the whirlpool of wind
 and the house was nigh high
 above us, a hundred and fifty
 feet up but pretty far beyond
 us, and hence, heading for the
 Sacred Heart convent full well.
 And yet it had seemed to
 not move a little from its
 original course.

It longer no longer hesitated
 what to do. I saw it all so
 did the rest with me. It raced
 faster now, and headlong for
 the convent, seemed to cut loose
 from the flying wreckage
 around it, and flying itself
 against the west side wall
 with a terrific shock, and went
 to pieces like an eggshell.

I attracted your ~~to~~ daughters
 attention by signs, pointed to

mysterious power. They were still
 floating in the air for some hours
 before the thunderstorm came up, as
 if supported by the thick mass of
 dust that rose high above the
 ground.

The cloudy sky was now getting
 to be a very dark negro color with
 the thunderstorm coming nearer,
 and we noticed an extremely dis-
 agreeable odor like strong ill of
 smelling sulphur diffusing in our
 atmosphere.

None of us having sustained no
 material injury, and our awful
 panic and fright now past we
 waited in amazement until nature
 resumed her natural aspect.

For some moments I felt very
 much undecided whether we
 should return to our present abode
 or attempt to force our way
 through the amazing wreck of
 the past mad tempest.

I and your daughter feared exceed-
 ingly that where we lived
 was swept out of existence and

and all our friends and relations killed. Horror again filled me as I thought what might have happened to that great university building.

Our business however being of an urgent nature I ventured into what was left of the park and after encountering ~~was~~ innumerable difficulties succeeded in crossing it, going east ward.

We were obliged to lead each other to enable each other to leap over the fallen trees that never belonged to the park but came from the streets & other parks of the city adorned thick masses of house wreckage, while we scrambled over or under them the best way we could at times, so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches among the wreckage of houses, as almost to become very desperate.

All that was left of these trees absolutely did not belong to this park. The park was swept & cleared of its own trees.

I saw a big Church bell among

all this debris and a large Crucifix and wondered where it they came from. I found out later they did not come from St Vincent De Paul Church which was swept away like clouds of dust.

Furniture, bedsteads, all sorts of household goods was among the debris, and even large broken sections of houses. Various types of clothing and bedding, and a number of dead dogs and cats. All sorts of picture frames large or small were among this all some beautiful pictures destroyed. Childrens dolls were seen but no bodies of persons as yet.

Many books from book stores and probably libraries we saw here also, and all sort of clothing that must have come from some of the dry goods stores.

It was a scene of awful desolation indeed. After some long hours we reached our destination and saw to our relief that our house was spared and twenty nine others.

including the big university building. But another unusual scene presented itself there. A big windmill of a long iron framework was wrapped around Simon Segress big barn. A block west of here others were the whole stretch of the city was a straw ruin.

I arrived at our house and seeing I and your daughter came home safe and unharmed gave an account what they seen & done to the town only across the street from here. Now even when there was very little wind and a thunder-storm was coming on, there was still many branches twigs and small pieces of all sorts of debris falling in a manner which was exciting among us great surprise, and still would not stop coming down ~~an~~ hours afterwards.

I have learned that a farmer 60 miles away from Chester down and also a town still further reported for the next day though

there had been no wind at all except of some slight off and on thunder showers, on his farm and in the streets and town gardens countless branches and small house hold goods had fallen continuously for nearly a week and in a manner which excited very great surprise. Even some cats and dogs fell.

Many wonderful accounts of the devastating effects of the big wind were circulated in the country after its passing. On its riding by a river a big block long and ten story grain elevator was torn apart like a past board box and half of it blew down into a sham-ble and all its workers killed.

One person informed me that an enormous ware shifter had been carried by the tornado a distance of many miles and yet afterwards found not even slightly damaged.

A farmer whose farm escaped found a big dead cow with a large bay or tiger lodged together

on the branches of his large Apple tree. At the town town most but after Chesterbrown a block long eight story Grain Elevator with its high silos was leveled and its debris scattered for miles.

Yet more in the building which was a miracle was killed though all had to be hospitalized.

This shows inconceivable destruction was done by the awful visitation. The park which I myself had seen was a desolate place palace covered with far flung debris of all kinds, mingled with broken branches of broken trees and other growth thickly entangled among the tops and trunks of trees fallen scattered trees that were never in the park before and is still intermingled with all kinds of household good, and the big Church Bell.

As I had crossed the path of the storm I noticed the area was about three times the

width of the Mississippi River with all the destroyed houses, with the still remaining trees in streets looking like thousands of snags and trunks strewn in the streets among the debris, and inclined in various degrees. I observed traces of its awful ravages on the south western slope and summit of a long hill north-east of Chester Brown, connected with a woods of all kinds of trees for three miles beyond Chester Brown. There too it appeared to me that the path of destruction was somewhat narrower.

Scientists tell us that while it never will or ever did kill as many as a very severe widespread earthquake does, the average turbine generates more energy than the biggest atom bomb.

On the worst type of hurricane blowing at its center for two days could not in all those forty eight hours fly do one third as much destruction to a town or city as the hurricane can do in the work of an eye.

At Chester Brown near where the
thirty houses barely across the street
from the storm I had come across
a or what had been left of a
large wooden house. It had been
a large three story mansion
wooden house a mansion. What
was left of it was lying on
the masses of other wreckage be-
neath. It was actually ripped into
a grotesque shape like a weak
cardboard box with one side
with three windows standing against
the other sections at a perilous angle.

The interior section was also
ripped into two dangerously star-
blasting angle. It was dangerous
for any one to come too close to
it. This section of what had
been a big wooden mansion was
blown here onto the top of the
wreckage of wreckage.

I heard of many fresh play-
ed by the wind. A little five
year year old girl was taking
her afternoon nap in
her home when the storm hit.

The building was scattered to the
four winds. But the little girl ly-
ing on top of her bed was carried
three blocks down the street high up
and dropped bed and all among the
branches of a shattered remaining
big tree. She was not injured, but
terrified and shaken.

Also a woman and her husband
whose home was also scattered to the
four winds, were blown eight blocks
down the street and when they ran
back to what was left of the
debris they found their three child-
ren all girls, among the wreckage
of another building. They were
taken out, not the least bit
injured. But terribly upset and
frightened.

A man and his wife who
were thrown across the street, and
beyond several large lots were
also not injured and returned
to what had been their home
and found their two children a-
sleep in the bed, of what was left
of another house.

The children did not even come awake until they had been carried across town by the wind and found.

As reported the storm seemed to be worse at Garden City than next one struck five miles north-east of Chester Brown.

There it demolished everything in its path, leveled the eight story grain elevator killed every body.

I never learned the number of dead, and left a path a mile and a half wide and took in the whole ridge of the town. There as in Chester Brown the majority of the victims were working people of very small means and they have nothing but the lots upon which their homes stood. The third town a somewhat smaller community with a total of one hundred population practically was wiped off the map. Every house in the town was nearly all blown away and also no survivors.

At this third town an odd freak of the storm was to blow away all the buildings except the large Suteran Church. Why? I was not in its path. Yet all the people went to their deaths except thirty who fled in time into the refuge of the Church.

It was the only Church in that town, and though large would only hold three hundred at one service. Therefore two services had to be held there.

Heavy property loss was sustained in the town of Magnolia Square, Jane Junction, Mullberry Grove, All River Valley and Malvern Cross roads.

But the pathetic the sad the most horrible did not end with the storm as I learned, also So called I'll mark as one of the centers on which the angry winds also concentrated, became a city of the dead, over which Church bells tolled and the nation shed tears.

There on the third day after the storm as papers later presented more than four hundred funerals.

On La Salle Boulevard between third and Twentieth street I heard and afterwards read every hour no matter what size was leveled to the ground, or entirely blown away.

In that city where the ambulances and many wagons and carriages came and pressed into service to reach the devastated districts the injured had to be carried up blocks on account of the debris which blocked the streets.

Ten thousand refugees made homeless by the tornado are being fed by the city at noon in two school houses, and many other places which also held many of the injured. Over all parts of Northern Dallas and in the surrounding territory the same story of awful devastation in even villages were told with many sad and striking features.

Many of bodies the bodies recovered from the wreck of the storm are being now cared

for at undertaking establishments and a great number of the funerals were ~~to~~ being held from those places. Whoever possible, relatives and friends of stricken families took care of bodies and are having them prepared for burial.

In refuge buildings, the groans of the dying mixed as we heard with the lamentation of all those deprived of their loved ones.

Also thousands were engaged in Dallas are being engaged in paying their last respects to friends and relatives suddenly called home.

In Dallas it was reported many beautiful Churches of all Religions were demolished in the long district covered by the storm, and others were so badly wrecked as to prevent them from being used for burial services and the bodies are being sent to out of town relatives.

Poor Dallas. And what a big storm of snow of snow of hearts as anguish lay behind the putting away of these bodies, whole

families layed away together
brothers and sisters separated
forever husbands and wives torn
apart, children turned into
orphans, and parents made child-
less because of the storm.

Aside Sasale all these reactions
with its beautiful fertile fields
filled with grain wheat barley
corn and low crops, immense in-
dustrial establishments and boasted
boasted communities of stability
and wealth be devastated by the
most devastating winter there ever
was.

Like some small helpless pigmy
man the "powerful" has been
mowed down in his property his
house has been blown away
and his possessions of all sorts
cast to the four winds of the
earth.

Out of a crazy cloud that
approached S. Sasale in the late
afternoon of August the fifteenth
there came a storm of un-
parellel unparelled wild

destruction which swept over Southern
Ill and other states to our mankind
and claim as tribute more than four
thousand lives, beside untold scores
of millions of dollars worth of
property.

And still the wild rage of the
insane elements were not abated
for this storm taking up the merci-
less war against humanity burst
its bounds upon four large com-
munities in Southern Ill and
rending the tree three big places
and Sasale which one man had
learned to build swept forward
across and through the four cities
and carried to death many hun-
dreds of souls, injured thousands many
fatally - and won everlasting re-
cognition as the worst tornado on
all record by the destruction of
added many millions of the
worlds possessions.

Hand in hand the howling winds
and cloud "shroud" laid a claim
upon humanity for many hun-
dreds of lives, brought untold

terror and grief besides unspeakable horror to the hearts of thousands of survivors, untold pain and misery to the many most badly and critically injured, left desolate many homes, and threw upon the shoulders of our proud proud civilization a burden of untold millions of property damages.

Like a great black veil of the old night after sweeping through the third big town with all its mad fury the awful tornado swept through the north section of Sasale on the afternoon of August fifteenth when the citizens were preparing for a night's rest.

Before this the three neighboring smaller cities had been wiped out by the storm, and blizzards of all kinds of debris of all sizes, and the awful noise should have warned of the very dangerous atmospheric conditions rushing headlong for ~~Sasale~~ Sasale.

As for the way the ominous supposed path gathering thunderstorm like clouds that appeared in the south west of Chesterbrown on that fatal afternoon caused no uneasiness to that city's good people.

Chesterbrown had no cyclone dugouts as well as the three other communities, and the situation buildings of the four cities stood ready to battle won with the winds of the mightiest twister on record.

The shrouded twister to the southwest of Sasale will come forward rapidly filled with the flying swirling wreckage picked up from the three other small cities.

Nearest and nearest came the funnel to lower end covering a mile and a half.

While a surron sad filling the air with a curious howling piercing yell heard as far as they say Alton and Lincoln till as it moved on the storm cloud was viewed by many farmers and other town folk who were watching.

of the scene are unsurpassed in their elegance, and which I have no time to explain here.

I heard a Chicago and Ill Central local passenger train not stopped or slow at So Salle ran right into its path. Yet ahead of the train but only a hundred feet away was So Salle which the black funnel "Shroud" struck with the force of a mighty explosion. Houses were collapsing as if they were made of tissue paper, big roofs and large sides of wooden houses, or whole wooden houses sailed away and sides of brick buildings changed into clouds of dust. The storm struck the train of cars sideways, ran off them and sent them tumbling off the tracks like toy cars flying by a cruel destructive child according to those farm witnesses. The engine too was flying like a toy.

Then as the farmers really comprehended the awful situation

and the desolation wrought a cry of abject horror went up.

They say the engineer had a narrow escape nevertheless, but his fireman was killed, four of the cars lay battered on their sides in the field a hundred yards from the trucks and the other two were found telescoped.

All the passengers were killed, or seriously wounded, about a hundred and fifty.

The farmers I heard got all the injured from the wrecked train and out of the nearest ruins of Sarsalle and brought them into their big barns and sheds.

One of the farmers said he saw a monstrous threshing machine standing near one of the farm houses demolished by the twister when the wood struck it shoot straight forward and so sent crashing all the way through the sides of a passenger coach tearing it in two sections and flying off the tracks like a ball.

When that coach as the farmer reported split open all the passengers literally ~~flew~~ flew out every which way. Many lay very still while others feebly crawled about when the wind ceased.

They say as the storm approached So. Falls the atmosphere had become heavy and oppressive. This lasted about ten minutes and then the sun soon said they heard a most terrific roar. The only way they described it was to compare it to a thousand trains rushing through a very long tunnel at one time.

Simultaneous to that noise they heard a loud crashing and grinding. They said ~~instinct~~ instinct told them that a tornado was striking the city.

All then was in darkness from the black cloud.

At that on sight all electric were torn down. Telephones were out of commission and

all remaining house not in its path was practically full of most frightened people. Many of the ruined houses were catching fire and the loud clanging of fire department bells all over the town added the most terror to the scene.

The tornado they say in going through Sasale lasted about a minute and eighteen seconds of its blowing power and was followed by a torrential rain.

They say the main dark cloud was peculiar. It resembled a huge balloon above and from its rear was followed by a long broad funnel which which whipped and lashed its way along the path of utmost destruction.

It started rushing in the south-west corner of the city and cut through the best residential section like a scythe.

So. Falls was stricken as never before and the main big big town as it is called before was wiped out.

At Sasale wires were snapped off in all

directions and there was no way to circulate news of the disaster. They say fire broke out fiercely in the debris of many many wrecked buildings in the Boulevard street and across the other street which suffered severely. Companies were hindered by falling walls and blocked streets. A heavy rain soon followed the wind, and though it drenched the thousands of homeless persons it also lucky for La Salle put out the flames.

Of the known dead within the area covered by the storm 455 were residents of La Salle. The remaining dead were scattered over a considerable range of territory, with after Chesterbrown the next town reporting 926, Zucarr 166, Berlin 277, Glendale 55, Neolo Crossroads 122 and Barclay Junction 133. The same cities and towns reported an aggregate of 4000 injured and countless number of houses actually demolished.

More than eighteen thousand persons were made homeless. Aside from this including Chesterbrown to La Salle three hundred thousand buildings

the crashing splintering wooden house hitting the convent wall and did everything in my power to make her understand what I saw.

I thought at length that she did after all comprehend my signs and looked that direction but whether this was the case or not she shook her head as if in despair and refused from to move from her station with me by the rumbolt.

It still was still impossible to believe any wind could carry such a large house, and then to dash it like a kicked foot ball against the wall of a stone house, the som. emergency admitted no delay of thinking as I saw it fire up take itself smart against the convent as if without another m. seconds hesitation,

and the result was precisely what I had not expected it to be. As it is myself who now tell you all this as you had seen what happened there when my son took you around there to see

that so big a house was smashed into fragments while the Convent wall stood as if a cream puff hit it and in which this miracle was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say that to bring it quickly to conclusion, all into horrible death in that shattered wooden house.

The household goods was scattered all around the territory of the Convent. It must have been about eleven seconds more as I again looked at my watch or there about after the house hitting the convent when giving a far more stronger squall than usual and all the debris swept and swirled past much faster and giving three more louder gusty yell and scream and bearing much more thicker clouds of wreckage with it, plunged head long at once and most savagely past us, the

awful tempest ending with us as suddenly and with awfully undignations of wreckage, going off north eastward through that part of Chester town, racing headlong north east at once and forever leaving all what was the chaos of demolished city and park behind it.

The sudden calm as astonishing almost unbearable and caused wreckage to fling up and down, forward and every where for a few minutes.

The calm caused me a sort of headache, and smarting eyes and troubling ear drum and a strange dryness in my mouth and throat.

All the others were still afraid to move although the underpass had saved us. The foolish crowd of people. A hundred more could have taken shelter with us then and there still would have been plenty of room. The tunnel was full

feet fifteen feet wide and seventy feet long. We had finally avoided the wind coming in by crawling at the center where the ring bolt was. The ring bolt to which I held still was attached to the tunnel wall with a long strong heavy chain fastened to the middle of the ~~sky~~ ceiling.

The tornado had passed onward now very little farther than a quarter of the distance from us, and past the park and the spot at which it battered the wrecked convent with the wooden house when a great change took place in the character of the atmosphere above us.

And the action of the winds of wreckage became momentary less and less lively. The exploding of remaining houses caused by the sudden calm

stopped gradually and became less and less violent. By degrees the sound of the wreckage around about us on the ground disappeared their crazy motions and the whole wilderness still remaining soon remained still and quiet.

Yet the sky was smoke dark like negro brown, the last of the distant winds could be heard howling loud away into the distance and swirling through the eastward sections of Chester-brown.

I let go of the ring bolt and seconds later your daughter too and went to the tunnel entrance to look out at the scene, at the full view of the devastation especially first of what had been Mary Jane Park the most beautiful the city ever had, and the scene of the city where the storm had raged after leaving the park districts and where once the park had been.

We look towards all that
past and beyond the sections of
the city where the cloud mass
astonish had been raging. It was
past now but the sky far above
was still full of flying small
fragments of debris following the
swimming away disaster and down
violently forward through the air as
if a very violent wind was still
blowing up there and was being
hurled onwards over the city like
clouds of flying birds of geese
ducks and swans, into the far
distance as if following the
storm.

I picked myself up exhausted
from fatigue and now that
the danger was removed speechless
from the memory of its horror.

Some of those I saw now with
me in the refuge were some of
my best friends and daily com-
panions but they knew knew
me no more than if I
had been a ghost come
to haunt the underpass.

caused

a traveler from some land of lost
souls. My hair from intense black
yesterday, was as white as you see it
now. From your experience I presume
the same happened to you, I see
the expression of your face has been
changed, I let my countenance is
changed also. I told everybody at
home of my experience in the park
and the unconceivable violence of
the storm and how we under the
underpass escaped, they at first would
not believe me till I furnished
proof which I did, I now told it
to you and I scarcely expect
you to put more faith in it than
did my relations at home."

"After all what I have seen and
breathed from the windmill tower I
do believe every thing you told" I
answered. "And none of it is at
all exaggerated"

Clambering over wreckage
sufficient to pass over we made
our way over to what had been
the park and an awful scene
presented itself before our eyes

Still the mass of branches, twigs, foliage and dust that was yet moving through the air high up was whirling onward like a cloud of feathers following the blast as if really being drawn onward by some strange mysterious power of the distant twister still making a horrible noise that far off that resembled that of the great cataracts of the famous Niagara, and now that it ~~had~~ had howled away it produced a feeling in my mind which is impossible to describe, describe.

And now some distance to the south west a thundering thunder storm was coming up, following the tornado.

The principal force of the storm tempest was now over although millions of debris of all sorts and twigs and small branches that had been brought from a great distance were still now seen following the blast as if still drawn onward by the same

caused by ~~the same~~

were all severely damaged or wiped out, many of these being churches and school buildings. Eight of Chester town public schools were wiped out. The only running school was St Ann's in the path of the storm.

In So Hall all four of communication were almost annihilated by the wind and after a full two weeks still not any of the wires at all working as line men could not approach where the poles were because of all the strewn wreckage and nothing could relieve night and day of high tension, which at times almost became panic.

What caused the smaller loss of life in so large a place as So Hall, most of the people who escaped flew to their basements or cellars where they saw the tornado coming. In So Hall the destruction began with the millionaire homes in the exclusive North Bailey.

Bailey and Crummer Park districts but further northeast the buildings collapsed more easily and the

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and the large number of deaths
 resulted, many hundreds of ~~free~~
 pigeon were found stripped of all
 feathers because the weather was the
 wind of so far the toughest cyclone
 that ever ~~whirled~~ whirled sweeping through
 So Hall at estimated speed of more
 than one thousand miles an hour

Even like in Charleston it hur-
 led record amounts of smashing houses
 onward on its course, drove fragments
 of house wooden walls exactly through
 others, and telescoped houses street
 cars and raised hell either across
 or down the streets

The roof of one third of a building
 was seen among the branches of
 a tree too big around to be
 shattered, and the roof was paneled
 with a huge tree all shattered.
 At 1035 So Hall street a two
 hundred and fifty foot feet of
 scaffolding covering the sidewalk
 in front of one a building that
 tall having its street walls
 almost cleaned had been picked
 up by the tornado styled "breeze"

and hurled on its side after being flung
 three blocks from where it stood. This is at
 So Hall. Its whole length was
 twisted so badly, relief workers passing
 by looking for the injured had said
 What do you suppose this thing was
 a tall farmer windmill?

What ever this corner is there is
 only one thing to do when this kind of wind blows.
 Don't if you can help it be on this kind
 of scaffold when this sort of winds. Or you'll
 be killed, like all those who were on it when
 the storm blew up.

In a park of So Hall a tall 60 foot Ferris
 wheel was swept off its strong connections,
 carried a full block and smashed against a
 tall brick building not yet demolished.

It lay afterwards in the street a tangled mass
 of total wreck beyond repair, three
 per cent of its seats gone.

It was very fortunate there was no one
 riding it at that time

From that park also as I had seen of
 a picture in the newspaper that a forty foot round
 merry ground was found lying against against
 the remains of a big brick wall four blocks
 away from the park. Fortunately that day
 there had been few people in the park and
 because of the threatening skies, none in the
 afternoon at the time of the storm.

Rescue work started as soon the people
 from other sections of So Hall were able to
 hurry to the stricken district but the
 work done during that night of rain was
 by the light only of lanterns and very
 little was accomplished. Even in So

Hall like at Charleston the storm
 took down or carried away all the wires in
 its path and there could be at all no
 electric power.

When day line arrived a 1 train load of militia from Springfield arrived and the presence in the city of the city Mayor the work was more systematized and the search for the bodies and the injured started at once.

Even Dr. Humes took sent a special train with as many physicians who could be recovered by Voluntary means, who helped on the local staff who had been at work on the local time since the clock of the night before.

Humes and medical supplies and provisions were also brought on this train.

A Child Saving Institute of So. Gall at 501 South Central Boulevard was a veritable death house after the storm had passed on elsewhere. Every available room was pressed into service and by scores the dead and injured had or were taken into the house.

The stretch of So. & So. Gall over covered by the tornado reaches from the south west limit to the suburb at Clear, thirty miles northeast of the point of first entrance. The storm swept also most of the northern part of the city for its entire length following the north side of the northern fringe extending along a railroad right of way. The Southern section of the city comprising the factory, commercial and business was out of the storm's path. But yet suffered greatly from the storm's strange violent attraction.

7 sections devastated or even wiped out or swept away entirely in the residential portion though it is reported that a number of city buildings business thoroughfare were also in the destroyed area.

The greater part of the wiping out was done North of Delavan Ave. and south of New Transfere street so rendering the

length of the city. Numerous streets like Chester Brown with retail stores are in this section with the residential portion of So. Gall scattered in intervening sections. Many of the best Parks in So. Gall are located within the district covered. As I read later in papers Handsom Park situated where the storm first came roaring in was wiped out and Nelson Park one of the richest residence of So. Gall was struck with such fury and force as to practically wipe it out of existence like the parks at Chester Brown.

The morgues and Hospitals of So. Gall were under siege by friends and relatives of the dead and injured and many others made most frantic efforts to learn the fate of their loved ones.

Although from So. Gall a strong line of soldiers and police officers was thrown the path of the storm after it had passed there were many reports of boot looting and robbery. Public buildings were even thrown open as a place of refuge for the sufferers and homeless.

Nearly every home not in the storm's path within more than miles of the stricken districts was filled with unfortunates.

All the hospitals of So. Gall were filled to capacity and in many of them the halls as I read and even corridors were crowded with beds.

The storm came almost without warning even though the sky nearly all day was cloudy and dark.

One part of the area covered by the tornado they say is located between Delavan and Patton street, on the northeast and Jennings avenue to the southeast. This was the most thickly populated residence district in the city of So. Gall and also contains two of the

ten of the largest public school schools and five Catholic schools and one three story high school a block long and a quarter wide. Many of the largest churches of all denominations were in that part of the city. The So. Hall University also was in that part of the city also. The university looked in the picture I saw of it like a building I also saw in a book I have wrecked by the great Earthquake at Messina. Only two churches remained as pictures shown and totally wrecked.

There was no sight of the others. Thirty-five or more big big fires were reported in the parts of the Shroud and every piece of fire fighting apparatus of So. Hall were put to work within a short time. This and the full fact that a big thunderstorm of all nights duration and a good part of the next day with all that torrential rain following the awful blow and soaking the debris prevented the city from being totally wiped out by a general conflagration.

All kinds of wires including the telegraph to telephone, electric and trolley wires were either carried down or swept away by the storm of wind and all work at night had to be done by all sorts of lanterns and an only imperfect idea of the extent and character of the damage could be found.

The work of rescue which was undertaken as soon as possible was also very, very, slow vitally slow because of the darkness pouring rain, and the blockaded streets.

Emergency morgues and hospitals were being established at various points so I read, and all available physicians surgeons and nurses were pressed into various services. So. Hall City health Commissioner appealed to surgeons to come and volunteer their services for the relief of the injured and the response came

in hundreds. The So. Hall City Authorities realizing in a major measure of the calamity immediately asked the commander of the Federal Forces at Fort Sheridan Ill north of Chicago for aid in patrolling the streets & wrecks districts to prevent looting and aid victims.

The response came however that mostly all troops for the same purpose had first sent to Charleston, and the other big town deserted and there was no possibility of recalling them, and sending them to So. Hall.

Major Mc Cann at Fort So. Hall was asked the same, but he too could not accede to the request of sending all moral available men because they too were at the deserted three towns.

A similar request to the three local militia companies at Springfield with prompt response was also requested, asking for the sending of state troops to come in to add in the work of rescue.

Also the Mayor of So. Hall asked for four companies from outside of Lincoln Ill and received the disappointing answer that all had been sent to Charleston and because of awful conditions there they could not be withdrawn.

I read the worst damage done at So. Hall as said before I believe and the largest toll of lives was in the extreme northern and northeastern part of the city and from there still more northeast to the ending of the city in that very direction. The, believe I read once before was the residential portion and the destruction was well nigh appalling the same as Charleston but for a much greater distance, and a mile and a half wide.

Many many blocks of homes had been picked up and dashed into wilderness of

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windward splinters or into shapeless masses.

Many street cars were hurled from the tracks, blocks down the street, torn, demolished, smashed or deformed into jagged pieces falling and injuring all in them.

Among the places or show places of the city which I read about in the papers, which felt the bale lane-ful effect of the storm was St Michael's Church, which where the big slanting roof was torn off only a section of wall standing the rest blown away and the tallest trees, and even the shrubbery shattered cruelly and uprooted. The Convent of Our Lady of Mercy

Mission at Central Street as I read and seen pictures of, looked as if blown up by dynamite, the big roof lay among debris four blocks away, and the grounds were absolutely littered with debris from other buildings buried there as to be completely impassable.

From the City St Michael's Dead Training Club, which is a little south of the north part of the city situated at the Northeastern extremity in the immense mass and windrow of debris from a mile and a half to even three and a half mile wide much of debris filling that far was found as far as the main downtown section of the city and on top of many buildings and littering streets.

Federal soldiers who could come from elsewhere assisted the city police in keeping looting looters and marauding curiosity seekers at bay. I read that also at Jennings Street a large moving picture show, the army of it was producing a picture of a tornado hitting St Louis in 1896 and feeding on its final film when like an explosion it was struck.

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The roof of the building first rose then fell, and in the mad rush which was made through the only open exits of many of those not hurt by the collapse of the building were trampled and crushed.

The mad panic caused a greater number to be killed than the wrecking of the of the more show building. The rush continued over the bodies of the dead and more of the attendants escaped.

Countless marvelous escapes marked the no escape of the storm and even more strange manifestations of the storm's unbelievable power which resulted much less happily.

Strangeness of it was as I read there too at St. Louis was a big Sacred Heart Convent a five hundred foot long building and a hundred wide and six stories high.

It was one of the most finest Catholic Schools in all this Country the paper related. It was directly in the path of the most great fury of the storm and was totally demolished.

It was wrecked worse than the one in Chesterhaven and yet it is considered a profound a most complete miracle miracle that every person, two of thousand five hundred children, eighty men and employees including two head parents superintendents or the enormous building escaped even without a scratch.

A street car demolished by the lands, the papers showed in picture, was or what was left of the Convent's roof and conducted into a mass and all the passenger killed.

A very long scuttling was shown driven through the car and wreckage wedged between the seats and the side of the car. Its rolling and roof was gone and all windows glass gone.

The street car untimely say according to the papers was first blown over near the convent and then the wind flung it mostly most violently upward and crashed it on the roof the car half sinking in and then turned upside down and stay in that position. The papers say the motorman had jumped from the car as it first started to roll over. The wind picked him up carried him two hundred feet and dashed him against the convent wall with such speed and force that not only was he crushed but his chest and ~~stomach~~ ^{stomach} was split wide open, and his bowels fell out. His head was bashed in also.

What an awful death. The body of the conductor was never found. All the passengers in the car I was found crushed and mangled beyond recognition on the street car middle floor and between the seats. The street car wheels were gone.

A wind that can do that to a house street car in some gale. Some where else another street car was blown over and all the passengers seriously injured. The conductor was seriously injured but the motor man who stuck to his post by a miracle escaped injury, though he was considerably shaken.

The paper told of a person who gave a vivid description of the completeness of the tornadoes of destructive work at St. Gall. He was on a visit to relatives there and was sitting in the lobby of an St. Gall Hotel and near a window when the awful hurricane began to tear a wide path through a section of the city.

It grew suddenly dark more darker than it would for the coming of a summer thunderstorm and I could not see to read, he said, that he had seen

It had been raining just a little and the sudden darkness almost like midnight of the trees and various crazy motions of the clouds never seen before made every body greatly apprehensive. A few of us were talking about it, when we noticed a distant humming sound of a peculiar nature combined with sounds of a multitude of waves howling which grew in volume until we recognized it as a noise in the air and along the distant horizon of the city, the most peculiar and fearful sound I ever heard. I heard also a tumultuous multitude of other sounds too I never before heard but just then could not recognize them. After looking over the havoc created I never want to hear such a thing again.

In a moment or so a terrific thunderstorm the loudest I ever heard burst upon us in all its force. It first came like some squall line do with a fifty mile an hour wind at least that my estimate estimating an estimation with only a light drizzle of small drops. That lasted twenty minutes by the clock in the lobby. When it was slightly getting lighter the wind had died down. Then there were coming or continual crashes of very loud thunder and lightning sometimes took the form of long snakes, in red or long long fork shape.

For a long time the rain fell in such torrents you could not hardly see across the street. It was a cloud burst mixed with hailstones as big as golf balls and kept us in so that we could not investigate to see if there had been a tornado.

Finally after a hour and three quarters the worst of the storm began to

abate and we learned first from a far out-side city telephone that all of the full length of the north side of So. Ball was practically prostrate and scattered for a wide of more than a mile and a half and hundreds of people were killed.

We could do nothing that night, because though the worst of the thunderstorm was over the rain with thunder still making a unwelcome racket still continued in an over generous reserve drizzle. The thunder and the hiss of the rains among the leaves of near by trees kept us awake all night. The next morning everyone in the hotel arose early from bed way before day break, but yet had to stay in in the heavy drizzle began again to change into a heavy downpour and the thunder to resume its loudness like at its beginning the late afternoon before.

Later in the afternoon I began gradually to stop but it stayed dark and cloudy. Then with raincoats on we started for a tour of the ruins.

Streets blocks away from the devastation were wrecks strewn, hurled that far I presume from the fury of the winter.

I have been told by friends and people and read in papers, and even in books of crazy freakish things violent tornado winds have accomplished and after what I saw and would not have believed it otherwise. I will now believe anything anyone tells me about a tornado.

In a width of a mile and three-quarters the ground was covered with unrecognizable wrecks and seas of wreckage of once had been fine residences and all other kinds of buildings all buildings

were of brick were either swept away totally or leveled to the ground. Wooden houses were either left in small sections, splinters or like matchwood. I visited lumbered portions of bigger brick buildings with iron work between the walls were every where all sorts of house furnishings were strewn over the ground and in what left the branches of what was left of trees. I saw chairs, even some big tables wardrobes and bedsprings and many cushions fastened in trees. I did not count them. Even to my surprise was a lion impaled on the jagged end of a big bit torn limb.

Where did it come? The parts of this city did not in sure have a zoo. I in going further on saw cats and dogs and even some human pigs, two donkeys and three mules lying among among the debris dead some with long planks driven through their bodies.

Strange and funny as it looked despite this desolate scene I laughed. Why? Because I saw a large number of live chickens walking or running squawking about with all their feathers blown away. The shape of their bodies without feathers feather was sure a laughable sight. I could not help giggling despite the scene of devastation.

There were hundreds of them. They must have come from devastated chicken farms a distance away as no place in So. Ball had places where they had kept live ones. I saw no roosters however.

While I was laughing still at this unusual sight a comical old man asked me.

"Do you really want to see something that'll knock your eyes out?"

I said I know. A woman I heard that lived next door to you was crushed when her home was swept away and her body she was missing was from half a mile from La Salle in a farm yard not even with a scratch and yelling loudly. I said truthfully.

"No no, that's not it" he said excitedly "Come with me and see for yourself"

I followed him cautiously distrustfully at first, and came to a spot where a single building was standing with little damage and every other building no matter what size or height they had been was a mass of utterly scattered debris, with two big thatched what had been four story wooden houses turned topsy turvy.

"That's it I suppose" I declared pointing at the house that survived.

"That's what you think" he exclaimed. "Come on if you want to see what I'm showing you."

When I arrived on the scene of what had been Cortez street most of the bodies had been removed by the hundreds of rescuers who worked all night with lanterns, and came across bunches of persons gathered about a corpse and waiting for the ambulance. Here and there I saw women sitting on a broken step or on a upturned bucket crying for some one who had been lost. I also saw quite a crowd standing not too far from me looking at what to me appeared to be a large badly wrecked convent building.

"That's it" he said.

I said I answered "The Convent is badly damaged and will cost a huge sum

to repair. And such a strong building." Still "That's not the thing," he continued. "Look toward the roof there seven stories above the ground."

"I did look though before I was cleaning some woman and probably her husband poking carefully among the wreckage of what was left of their home for valuables, of also which were all that was left of the house was the living room where a young woman probably their daughter was carrying out some good looking books which were lying on the floor. The suffering and pitiful sight almost frightened me and I would like to have gone away if it had not been for him pointing to the Convent roof." I looked long and steadily.

I then wondered if I had not gone out of my mind, stark mad. It seemed so.

I could not believe that I saw a what what ... as left of a long street car with wheels, trolley, and roof gone lying upside down on the top of the roof seven stories above the ground. But again I looked hard and steady. There it really was. I could not mistake it at all. My eyes were not deceiving me.

"Do you see it?" he asked.

"Yes" I said "I do. Very unusual. I was really wondering why so many were standing and still standing there looking up. Now I know."

"Every passenger in including the motor men and conductors were killed on it he went on."

I had a camera and snapped a picture of this scene for proof to my friends. That rich at heart I had to leave it all. I would not care to estimate the property damage. I may be up with

score, if not a hundred million.
 Daniel John Jones the Conductor on an Eastern
 2 Anton Illinois Limited train which stopped at
 a main station somewhat on the side of La Salle
 as the storm struck that place said.

A big block something like an awfully big way
 up around around a funnel whirling funnel
 cloud tore through the city behind us and
 picked up blocks of buildings at once smashing
 them to smithereens, or ripping them apart
 like weak card box paper.

The air was filled with flying board sides
 of wooden houses and all other stuff.

We were in its direct path; the engineers
 starting to pull out to escape it if possible.
 The train struck us with awful force
 blowing on thirteen powerful steel Pullman
 coaches off the track, flung them side ways
 through the station platform, and tearing
 up the steel road rails, ties and even the
 road bed.

All our car windows were blown to bits
 and small wreckage came thickly through the
 windows and onto the seats and middle of
 the coaches inside.

Seeing it coming and knowing what was
 going to happen all the passengers having
 time quickly scrambled every which way
 under the seats or the middle of the coaches
 as they occurred afterwards.

As if by a miracle not one of them ever
 received a cut or a scratch.

They were badly shaken up though.
 The coaches did not turn over but re-
 mained upright fortunately.

Only the engine was not in its path.
 Of the long wooden station and its platform
 there was very little left. A long steel
 track rail torn up was sticking through
 what was left of a small portion of

of the station. Despite how the coaches were
 torn off the tracks and sent flying through
 the station sideway, and the platform and
 windows all broken, they stood upright and
 were not harmed by the tornado.

Yet I'll take weeks for the tracks to
 be replaced and the coaches back on them again.

We were struck by the south edge of the
 storm. When the big box blew us over, all
 the passenger came out, and scrambled over
 the city wreckage into more passable streets
 or the pouring rain to seek hotels for
 shelter. We will never forget that awful
 experience, or what a narrow escape we had.
 All the rest of the line of tracks was covered
 with thickly strewn wreckage. The engineer
 was very rich and had a mild heart
 attack from his fright. He is hospitalized.

We barely, barely crept and climbed
 over lots of wreckage in streets far
 out of the storm's path, in the streets
 we met crowds of curious people who helped
 us to hotels and out of the thunderstorm
 storm deluge.

The La Salle many were the freaks of
 this terrible disaster as reported. House were
 left unscathed while their neighbors were absolutely
 leveled or torn to pieces. All sorts of
 splinters every room shown were driven through
 what was left of shattered trees and in
 one place the lower story of a big wooden
 wooden house was torn out from under
 while the upper story settled in its
 place. All types of city shade trees
 of all sizes were shattered uprooted
 or trunks split, and driven entirely through
 brick building, still remaining.

All sorts of wires were torn away com-
 pletely and iron frame work of high bracket
 fences were twisted into all sorts of shapes.

Something that appeared like long cables were wrapped remaining poles and broken trees, and even iron street trolley were poles as if wound by the hands of some artisan. Those who had described to me the forward motion, speed of the blow did not satisfy me. Actually at Chesterbourn, the other two large towns and So Falls the path of destruction was a mile and three quarters wide by proof. There the report that the blow from the start to the finish was a minute and one second, sixteen seconds,

I believe it lasted much longer than that, a slight number of nearly two minutes cutting off a few seconds. It being that wide could not rush forward as fast as twenty miles an hour as reported. Yet I had no time to figure it correctly, have you? If so do it for yourself and me.

I read that in portions of the wreck stream with vast throngs of people stood with heads uncovered and with tears streaming down their cheeks. In firemen, rescuers, and even soldiers came out of the debris carrying in their arms the bodies of many mangled children and their mothers and fathers.

Before the deluge started as I read, wrecked and lost totally demolished houses caught fire from summer heating stoves for cooking electric wiring and what not and were soon in flames.

It was a lucky thing for this city that the heavy rain came.

A strange thing about the disaster at So Falls was that the city's destruction was totally kept secret from the country also the world.

By the return for as written before all rats of wire communications were wiped out on the

wreckage of all the homes. Messenger had to go to distant cities by rail and Springfield the Ill State capital to give the first news of the awful disaster.

During the night and following day in spite of the heavy rain, uninjured citizens worked desperately and consistently to remove such persons as had been caught under the strewn wreckage of scattered building wooden and brick alike. As said again the debris caught fire in many places and many persons were burned before they could be pulled free and the rain to come, from beneath broken timbers.

From the pictures in the paper the wreckage looked the same as at Chesterbourn. No great number the paper said were killed at one section. The wind swept along furiously taking its toll here and there.

But like most of them do however this tornado did not yet jump over portions of the city on its path and swoop down again but remained tearing along on a line course dashing all obstructions to the four winds.

The gale left So Falls to sweep unto towns elsewhere in the same destructive manner that it attacked Chesterbourn and the four others. It went all the way to Evansville and Albany playing all "Hell" there too. It closely missed, very closely, Terre Haute and Indianapolis but struck a partial blow through New Orleans Albany, Indiana.

They said it rained and hurt considerably. Some Owensboro doing irreparable destruction but seen of it was near Frankfort but it did not hit there.

No sooner did the great tornado wave passed than a second violent gale swept over the city from the oncoming front of the severe severe thunderstorm but

with much lessened fury. And followed by the cloud burst, I also read this paper by the name of Mr Greenburg Johnson said he knew there was a storm approaching and was on my way to catch a limited train for Bloomington. All afternoon the clouds had taken on the appearance of an approaching thunder storm, and then peculiar high rolling black ridges began to move from the south west and took on a very purple color.

Suddenly the sky darkened and "he told all the same crazy action of the cloud as the farmer did, and said "there was no wind at that time. Suddenly there came what appeared to be a large black shadow with some hoarse hoarse looking out fit towering above it, and the wind came howling like thousands of dogs at one time. I was walking in the center of the north section of the city. A moment later the blast came and even the roaring of a long freight train crossing a long wooden bridge could not compare with it, and the air was filled with debris like a big blizzard of snowflakes.

There was also further up a deafening thunderous humming sound that shook the streets and houses.

I plunged quickly into an alleyway of a big building in the center of a block. I saw a lateral crowd in the street picked off their feet at one time and hurled up was a man near by was picked off his feet and hurled head first through a large glass window of a store. He was killed, a street car career around a corner filled of passengers, seemed to be running solidly and in the next instant it was killed made to stand straight up for a few seconds rolled that way and then lifted over the roof of a three story brick

building and flung through the upper wall with a mighty crash. The passengers were killed and injured. The conductor and motorman I believe must have been killed on the street car was smashed to kindling.

Over half the number of passengers injured died later. The roof of a small dry goods store was blown off a block and a half from my refuge.

I could not see distinctly because of so much flying blizzards of wreckage and clouds of dust but I saw a big tall very fat woman try to run from the store to the wind swept street and then saw her body whirled for more than three blocks.

They say all her long hair was torn from her head and stripped completely naked by the wind and also her scalp was terribly lacerated, skin torn from her chest and belly her arm broken, and she was dead when picked up later with her left leg torn from her.

The storm passed in what must have been near two minutes and I frightened out of my wits fled onward and on a long time I was out of the storm zone and into the main section of the city where there was no sign of the tornado hitting there.

As I read it was for weeks that I was impossible altogether to get any kind of communication with the old country or the world even from the storm center. But so dull a big city of Southern Illinois responded to the call of all its sufferers for assistance and on the following day after the tornado the city commissioners met early and brought about 25,000,000 dollars for relief work.

Many of the citizens present at the meeting also organized and donated a million more and the Citizens relief Committee as I saw in the papers was also formed of one hundred citizens, and an executive Committee of seventy-five to work with the one hundred city Council men.

The Governor at Springfield had sent a special message to the Legislature asking for the full appropriation of large ferry funds to care for the multitudes of the homeless throughout the city. The city police Commissioners issued or had issued orders for all the saloons in the whole city to remain closed until further notice.

Cots and also beds were placed in the many school auditorium and those without shelter were sheltered there. Also the city purchasing agents arranged for enough beds to care for all those thousands who could sleep in the auditorium and other shelter.

So unusually well did the citizens of the stricken city and those adjacent respond to the call for help, that no National help was required, except for Charleston and the other large towns.

When as I read in the papers the president heard of the overwhelming terrible disaster the paper said he sent this message to the Mayor of So. Ball. though injured in the storm, that he was deeply distressed beyond words at the news received from So. Ball. and of him being seriously injured in the storm, and asking if he can help in any way.

The Mayor received the message in great joy and answered that he very deeply appreciated the president's offer of assistance but wrote that the people of

So. Ball. are responding so nobly that he believed the city could handle the situation and all the citizens of the city not damaged by the storm are doing great work. The people of So. Ball. however desire however to express their greatest gratitude to him for his message of sympathy. The Mayor wrote that Charleston and other large cities and small cities were the ones to need and very much.

In the work of sending out calls for assistance and giving plenty of full information to those inquiring for friends and relatives the telephone operators of the stricken city played a part which was very highly commended.

The So. Ball. City Center Telephone Exchange at North Park Ave. became a full center for rescue and relief work as soon as the

Walzing Cloud had passed, not a single gas left her switchboard when the storm struck the city. One of the Exchange buildings only had its north wall taken away like a knife slicing broad. The other exchange buildings were badly damaged but still no one was injured, and the girls remained at or on duty as if nothing had happened though all communication was cut off by the storm. Physicians and nurses and also a dozen Surgeons were summoned to the building which only lost a wall and even Army officers headquarters were established there.

Over four hundred and eighty-five women were working at the switchboard when the tornado hit.

Every window was broken out and immense damage was done to the buildings but the switchboard remained intact though the storm cut off all communications with them.

All night the force of operators continued to work at helping the injured.

Within five minutes after the storm struck every girl was at her place at the vestal-board and many continued to work while broken glass was showering thickly about them. One of the next rooms the firemen entered was covered with debris and water soaked and stained with blood had to be converted into a temporary morgue and bodies from the surrounding territory were held there awaiting ambulance ambulances and coffins.

Nurses and doctors occupied another room where injured persons were stretched on the floor. No beds or cots being had.

At So. Ball it demolished the T. & L. Central round house, leveled the big trestle of the same railroad over the Wabash River and wrecked the big Kod and Gun Club a fashionable outing place. It was a full to two weeks before all the details of the storm with the immeasurable accompanying sea of wreckage were known even within the city itself. The pathway of the storm was somehow measured, and was said to be seventeen blocks wide and cut the swath ~~and~~ through the full length of the north side a real swath of thirty four blocks long.

The total number of deaths in this part of the city reached one hundred and fifty nine. Within the space of the storm center which of made rectangular would cover two or more section of land twelve million of houses were wrecked and more than four hundred bodies recovered.

The estimation of property loss yet could not be known but believed to be two hundred million dollars. Some of the most substantial buildings could be later rebuilt and where the buildings were not

actually torn asunder it was found that they had been so badly twisted that even the material was useless for any type of rebuilding. Counting on properly loss So. Ball was hit much harder than Chester Brown, Chester Chua and Geneva put together.

The reason the death rate was not much higher than it was that most people saw it coming on time and even had time to seek the safety of basements and cellars and other refuge. Thirteen public were terrible shambles of refuge wreckage. Seven churches were no more, and seven more even though much stronger ones, were wholly wrecked and a large private Catholic school was totally destroyed.

The students escaped for the reason they were not in there at the time.

It was a good thing that on all night heavy thunderstorm followed the tornado which saved many injured pinned in the wreckage from being burned to death and saved the city from destruction by a conflagration as electric wires, stoves and lighted candles during ceremonies fired the debris at many spots.

The most harrowing stories of their experience were told by the survivors of the "Skroud". The scenes in all the wrecked sections in Teresa Hunter Street brought tears to the eyes of rescuers and relief workers whose attention was often brought to the dying trapped in the debris of their homes by most agonizing screams for aid. Quite a number died miserably before they could be freed from the wreckage and others were removed it is believed will die. I also read that all through the districts of wrecked home many survivors searched for loved ones but in the greatest number of cases were sadly disappointed.

"Can you please find my mother, please sir?" said an eight year old boy when members of a relief crew urged him to seek shelter from the downpour. He had been found reaching the ruins of what had been left of his home and was now standing where the fence had been.

"All I have now is this old bedstead" said an old man who was looking at where his house had been, when asked if he needed aid from the relief committee.

"Yesterday," he continued "I owned my little home had plenty of fire insurance but no tornado insurance. Who would ever think one would hit here. I even have not anything to begin over again. I'm totally wiped out. None of all my wife and three children were seriously hurt. Where will their hospital bills come from?"

There in So. 3rd alle the majority of the victims were working people of very small income and small pay and they now have nothing not even the foundations upon which their homes stood.

The storm seemed to be worse at Garden Park a beautiful Park in So. 3rd alle. There like Chester Brown Mary Jane Park it wiped everything out, killed and injured 60 among the crowd of sightseers there and took every thing away with it.

Both alle districts on Perth and Clay County avenues and town Garden street and many of the intersection was completely wiped off the map. Every house was swept away clean and scores killed.

Thousands of refugees were fed by the city who had been made homeless

by the tornado, in two large schoolhouses which held also many of the injured, even the groans of the dying there

were mixed with woeeful lamentation from those who had lost loved ones. It was said one lost his reason because of the loss of home, wife and child and for a time fought off a rescue party. Then he collapsed and died. At Berlen street where there is an intersection an odd freak of the storm was to destroy all the buildings except the small wooden Church. Here seven souls went to their death and twenty one were injured. On a Council street and in the surrounding district the same story of devastation was in the papers with countless sad and striking features.

All the heartaches in the city could not end with the burial of the victims of this awful storm. The most unheard of hardships and awful tribulation follow in the wake of such devastation. Refugees must be clothed, housed clothing provided and food supplied to all those left homeless through the effects of this waste.

Because of what happened to the wiring through the other big towns, it would be many weeks before the shattered telephone and telegraph wires could be renewed and replaced. Restoration of the poles, debris removed and money raised to carry on the work.

Many nurses citizens soldiers police doctors of all kinds and surgeons were still giving all the services they could to those who had suffered injury. Most of the bodily injured were little children.

It is believed when the time will come for readjustment can be accomplished there will come to the whole country if not the whole world stories that will be heard of every one in reports of losses and death that thrill stories of faith and hope.

and thanksgiving that contained in a letter received by a person whose name was Donald Aurand Superintendent of A Lutheran Gospel Mission Hall in Chicago Ill whose wife and two grown daughters and a seven year old son were caught in the tornado.

The paper says several months ago Mrs Aurand went to visit her mother who had been seriously hurt in slipping and falling down a flight of stairs on the front outside porch of a house on Webster Ave Chicago.

When Mrs Aurand's mother recovered in St Joseph's Hospital both went on a visit to Mrs Aurand's sister Mrs Jennie Leonard of Belton on St. Galler about four square from Stewart Street and Algon Ave where the tornado did most damage.

"Do I believe in the result of prayer you ask? I should say so" wrote Mrs Aurand who lengthily tells how when near by the insamely raging winds were streaming near of wreckage the Rosary prayers of herself and from many others the Sitaray of the Saints were recited in the cellar of a big children's school were heard. The furious storm with the awful funnel passed close to them the papers said but passed them by.

"The big school house shook like a leaf and the floor cracked under our feet from its concussion, as the tornado swept by us only as far away as across the street. Mother sister and I together with the school children took refuge in the big cellar or basement of that big Catholic School with the Sisters where also many other people sought safety.

While the work was the street hoisted like hundreds of yelling dogs, while wreckage was being strewn everywhere around even the

school house and while men were being down in tangled heaps or taken away we all layest in the cellar, and every one even the men and the children loudly prayed the Rosary and Sitaray of the Saints.

I never heard such a horrible noise as from that storm. It sounded like a deafening thunderous hum, thunderous thundering howl like an army of dogs and like a thousand blasts from whistles, and the roar of smashing houses, all joined in one and reverberating over the city. The fury of the storm just across

the street from us, battered our refuge with showers of wreckage flying by the word, smashing the school windows, and covering the streets in tangled masses of timbers.

For five hours we stayed in the school house cellar saying the Rosary and Sitaray most of the time for deliverance from that hellish cyclone.

When we finally had the courage to leave the cellar and come out on the school side of the street the sight that met our eyes was most horrible, terrifying not being the word for it. A great many blocks of all sorts of buildings were gone, those that did remain had been away into broken fragments from their foundations, street cars were torn from their streets, street cars were demolished and the big iron girders of a large house were twisted like string and desolation and ruin was every where.

Or what was left of tumbled were hung bed clothing people's clothing and men pants were wrapped around the stumps of shattered trees.

But I saw says to pray the Holy Rosary, - and we escaped. Among other great stories fear us more remarkable as the paper said them that of

that of the block long Telle Wild Moving Centre. also on Brecken street were many more gains were killed. The story the paper wrote was told by a single survivor. A moving machine or picture machine operator Jacob Jones who up in the gallery above the seats was dug from the wreckage fourteen hours after the destruction of the building. The building was fifty five feet wide and the ceiling thirty feet above the floor. The building had no windows.

Every one was enjoying the show a grand movie of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Jones said. I was operating the moving picture machine.

The show was crowded to its fullest capacity. We had got to that part of the show on picture showing little Eva dying when without a moment's warning a terrific roar shook the whole building like an earth quake. The roof its full width and length was lifted high from above and began whirling like a big propeller.

At the same time the floor of the theatre tried to rise. All of us sitting in the seats but frightened out of our wits were still unharmed.

In some will fear but wondering the crowd of patron or more goes rushed from their seats in panic some bolder ones still remaining gazing upward.

Then a heavy pool table I do not know where it came from jammed the roof and that and all of the roof came down with a deafening crash.

All were caught between the seats and tables and crushed and killed but Jones who was up on the gallery and except being bruised in wreckage unharmed.

A late afternoon Chicken dinner in the Home of the Assumption of the Mother of God was in progress at the Angel Guardian Orphanage on Belton Street over fifteen hundred children were at the long dining tables when the tornado was two blocks away roaring up the street like a crazy.

The assistance head sister ran to the window and closed the shades. A minute later a human scream mingled with the roar of the blast straight through the long dining room window upon the center table and landing on the dishes and food shot the nude body of a man.

Dishes crashed to the floor and soon this human meteorite sat up very much alive and hastily converted a portion of the table cloth into a toga. A pair of trousers were given to him, but he had to remain there. It was certain death to go outside.

In the Orphan Home the head sister was starting upstairs as she saw the awful tornado funnel rushing forward and crushing the districts of Home to the southwest. The very concussion of the tornado shook the orphanage and hurled her down stairs into the dining room flat on her face. Dazed she slowly struggled to her feet and tried to calm the children who in panic at the awful roar were leaving the tables.

But the orphanage was not in its path but was passing by.

to the the northeast. Many of the children rushed to the window and a second later they saw rows of houses being swept away just directly across the street.

"It seemed as if the whole city before our sight was being blown to pieces said the head sister. "Sots of wreckage flying far outward by the storm battered the orphange like snow flakes and much hitting the window breaking the glass. I yelled to the children to get away from the window and in their fright they promptly obeyed.

off the side of the orphange facing the raging storm every leaded-glass window was shattered by the wreckage thrown at the building by the wind. Every nearest child to the windows were cut by flying glass and small fragments of wood.

Strangely what ever caused the phenomenon, the atmosphere of the dining room became so surcharged with electricity that many boys and girls were knocked from their feet. The strange electrical disturbance passed with the storm.

Except for the shocks they were not injured. "The sister said" I stood by a window which was being missed by the flying timbers. While the great "shroud" of the storm began its race across the city just across the street from us.

Most of the children sitting curiously get the best of their fears stood by the many open dining room windows. We saw numerous

wooden houses caught in the vortex of the cloud. They rose straight up into the air their walls shattered and broken but holding partially together. I am sure I could not move an eyelid if my life had depended upon my exertion.

I saw the risen houses and the children saw a mass of myriads of black specks flying away from them or falling to the earth. The houses hurtled hurtled seven blocks through the murky darkness as they soared upwards at a height of two hundred and fifty feet I believe. Some large brick building was the target at which one of them hurled.

It struck the sixth story. The building was demolished and that wooden house became splinters. The other houses disappeared from view. We sisters and the children will never forget this. Heaven spared our Orphan Home and all of us we were not hit. God must have really directed that storm for we were not in its path.

This showed in the paper read in the news these are experiences of people of what appears to be unbelievable good luck yet survivors not injured even in the wreckage of their homes or in the neighboring residences bravely and cheerfully discuss their future and are grateful that they are still alive, and not in hospitals because of injuries. There was no word or sign of envy for the more fortunate heard from the poor suffering injured and homeless.

Wealthy people and persons of social positions showed no less models of spirit. Women men and children tramped the downtown and outside streets walking through and among the wreckage thrown and flung that far by the storm which wiped out the north side, and risking their health under the hot blazing late August sun to find those whose modesty and pride caused them to refuse the chance of applying to the relief stations.

What I have read of this who would refuse to help this poor woman sympathy is all right in one way but it does not succor anybody. She and her husband went to So. Hall from northern Ireland nearly thirty five years ago even nine both she and her husband had been working on not too big a pay job and had been saving with all their might to provide a modest home and savings in the Hall So. Hall Savings bank for means to care for his wife and two little girls and a new born baby son. He had paid out of all his hard earned savings all but \$255 dollars of the \$10,000 dollar price of a home, not built but sold to him on North Park Avenue.

Two months ago his family came to So. Hall and they then began to see how happy they were going to be.

The storm did not leave even a trace of the house behind it. And to make matters worse it was the house carried away explained by the ~~main~~ ^{main} ~~center~~ ^{center} of the upheaval.

who first saw it carried away and then flung and split into splinters against the top of the wall of the brick building. And he and his family were on it at the time. He survived by his wife and three of his children were horribly injured and expected to live.

There was nothing left he could have. There was not even tornado insurance on the house and as he still owes two thousand two hundred and fifty five he would not get only \$140 dollars as the result of his many years savings.

He too is so badly injured on his spine, and also has such a badly broken arm and leg the surgeon and also the doctor is afraid he will never be able to walk again.

At St. Gabriel's Hospital the badly injured wife told news reporters that this So. Hall tornado was the fourth in the experience of Mrs. Shannon.

Suey Flanagan which is her name. In addition she and her husband lost all they had too in the Kansas town tornado of Showalter. They were living there on rent payment at Showalter were unreasonably damaged was done. She said she wrote of the damage done by the storm.

She as written before was a native of northern Ireland.

Four years later she went through a tornado which killed 141 at Pittsburg Sanding Kansas, a small town.

Also three years before they were to come to So. Hall Ill. she was in another. As written before the Flanagan home two little girls and a baby son. Her mother is alive.

in Ireland. Their house hitting the building wall is only splinters against the lower part of the brick structure from under which the rescuers took them. They had no time to seek the cellar when the suction of the tornado took the house high up into the air and gathered in a straggle clothes closet, to await death. The children are injured worse than their mother or father. They especially are not expected to live. She had said she and her family had come to S. S. Hall hoping to see no more tornado. She thought S. S. Hall was safe from them. Was it? Poor

Mrs Margaret Powellman who was in charge of one of the Salvation Army relief stations on Stable Street told many stories of severe sacrifices on the part of many poor persons of that section. A number of them even victims of the storm who absolutely ~~banish~~ bankrupted them - ~~relieved~~ in caring for the injured. Such a spirit she said to reporters she had never seen before.

She said Jennie or Mrs Jennie Cunningham 1498 Borden Street turned out to the heroes of one hundred refugees in that part of the city and of the city and police on guard.

She alone by herself lived on a three story wooden house upon which she said she had just put in her last payment in March. Her grown son is a factory machine worker and giving all to her for the payment for the house and just also installed a year's supplies when the tornado

came howling up. The house was literally torn inside out. What was left was one sagging wall, and some rooms walls twisted out out of shape strong as the house was.

She saw that practically nothing had been left in the house. The house and the toughly plastered wall paper was torn from what was left of the twisted rooms. Even all the part pantries had been emptied by the suction of the twister, not even the bed, or various furniture remained.

All the windows were broken, some of the frames badly twisted. The roof of the house had been torn off and found some where five blocks away.

Firemen stretched tarpaulins over what was left of the home and there some refugees were in the safer part of the wrecked house.

Mrs Cunningham had a little sum of money and therefore she bought food supplies for

the thirty five persons who received shelter under what was left of her home. Her money soon gave out. She gave all her clothes she had in the basement to the refugees.

Her son glad that his mother had escaped her wrecked house at the time of the storm by being down in the cellar looking for a glass jar of pickles gave her some of his money to carry on the work and with the rest bought mattresses for as many of the refugees as possible.

Then one of the police officers discovered the hard traits of her and her son, this officer then disappeared and asked for relief at the nearest station.

A poor Mrs. Cunningham came on, she even then did not come to ask for help for herself or son but carried clothing and food for other sufferers.

"Yes we did lose everything but our money" the good woman

exclaimed "everything but our lives. I escape death or injury when in the cellar looking for a glass jar of sweet pickles. My son was working downtown at the time of the storm. He wondered why even down that far wreckage struck north side of house. broke windows on littered the street.

When he heard the news his boss a good man took him up here himself on horse and buggy.

My son's worry was gone when he found I was safe. Still we are suffering as others are and yet as long as I can I am going to help. The Red Cross opened a station at what is left of my house and we are relieving many. I only came for their relief."

Later the Mayor of St. Paul to reward her had her given a house free of charge and if possible the ruined structure repaired, or restored free of charge also.

When asked how she was not inside the house at the time the tornado hit, she said

"I needed a jar of sweet pickles for my son's supper. He loves them. I he steps to the cellar lead down under the east side of our house not from inside. It took me a long time to find them, which probably saved me.

When I finally found them the cellar shook like if there was an earthquake, and I heard strange sounds as if something cracking breaking and slamming. Also up on the house a strange hissing and noise as if something was in a swaying motion.

I was for some minutes too scared to move. "It's an earthquake and a severe one" I thought to my self.

Mrs Carr Cunningham who was also a teacher a lay teacher in St Patrick Catholic School down town La Salle, soon received meam to assist with the re-

lief work at the School confirmed other people's statement and her, that the big hearted people were also giving away everything they had without thought of themselves. even though too their homes were torn arunder by the most violent twister ever known at that time.

I was becoming a problem to Mrs Cunningham and also her good son to find many of those who were more severe sufferers from the storm horror but the relief workers were becoming aware that these sufferers have become bankrupted because of their own unusual great generosity to other people like themselves who were hungry, thirsty and hot and without any shelter from the sudden heavy August thunderstorms.

She said "We are ~~to~~ trying to do our best by impress ion upon them that this is not actually being Charity" as she was now in full charge of the relief station. "It

is simply a duty ~~was~~ we are doing for love's sake. The storm I believe at least to me while in the cellar came without warning and nothing these people could have ~~done~~ done would have prevented it. All of us and they too should feel that in such circumstances it is no sacrifice of pride to be assisted. When I was down in that cellar and the cellar shook, and I heard those strange sounds above I thought it was an earthquake. When I finally came up I saw my devastated house and what happened to all this part of the city around me and knew what had happened. I believe God designed me to be in the cellar at that time and that is how I escaped. I heard good people say when given supplies or clothing "take it some one will need it worse than I do." This I read in the papers was the wonderful ~~spirit~~ spirit everywhere shown in the connection with the relief

work under the head charge of Mrs. Miss Cunningham-ham that so rapidly under her skilled supervising eliminated the suffering of all the homeless and injured in the tornado path. Mrs. Cunningham found a poor widow herself almost in rags step into her relief station.

"What can I do for you my good woman?" Mrs. Miss Cunningham asked.

"I do not want anything on relief?" she replied "I will somehow get along all right though my house was ruined and I was carried down the street a long way. There I have on worse rag before. The wind did this to my clothes. I came because I wanted to do what I can. I have not got very much with me."

I saw her and Mrs. Cunningham open an old hand bag and work her fingers around the bottom of it, until she found only

a five cent piece. This she dropped into the card box on the table. She said to me "I can't do much but that will aid some one hurt in the storm." I gave her back with a donation of more than a dollar, and I with those of my good helpers insisted that she give her name, address and accept relief.

"No, I won't have any thing," she protested. "My address? I have no address. The storm deprived me of that. I'm thankful to God my grand children were not on the house or me at the time. That's how we escaped. My house was not worth any thing any how. My husband was killed in the storm in another district where went to see my sister who is in a hospital critically injured. The damage to my house I cannot estimate financially." She refused to let me take her name, and as she said 'I had no address now, or to give her any thing' to my surprise

she went away disappointed at not being able to donate the five cent piece she had decided to give and even returned the dollar change.

"At our relief station," she continued, "we gave a little girl whose elder brother was with her a coat for her mother. The coat was very beautiful and the little girl also her brother said their mother will be proud of it. The next day after she received she tried to return it saying to me

Mamma told me that I must give it back because she believes some one else will need it worse than we do. She says we will get along with what we have." They had no house any more and were some of the refugees.

"I'm sorry," I answered to her. "But what we give, it is the law by the Mayor that we cannot take it back. Giving it back to your mother she then can do what she wants with it. Here I'll

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write a note to your mother and you give it to her" Handed the note she left, but looked relieved that she need not return the coat which it showed was her mother's idea, not hers. She was a very pretty child and not too stout or too thin. Her brother though older was very good looking also. At Miss Tom's Cunningham now large relief station more than 800 were being cared for.

The women of the relief station working under the direction in connection with the Sisters and priests of St Patrick's school and Church maintained an independent relief station. And Miss Cunningham's station was at very great advantage to the Catholic Church women and the Sisters of the school knew most of the injured and homeless people in the district.

Miss Cunningham however found it hard very difficult to get a good number to accept aid and ~~provisions~~ provisions. She managed to get the Relief Committee

My life History.

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to establish seventeen other badly needed relief stations but the ~~people~~ news said that did not begin to tell the story of the enormous amount of aid that was provided and given to the great many of wounded and homeless that came by every conveyance from Chesterbourn camps where there was now no room for them.

They were too much of a burden for the relief Committee there as there so many thousands of them now came from Jameville or Chestershire as there were no survivors there. Horrible.

In So. Hall every where along the wide storm stricken territories churches that were left intact and still empty hospitals and other charitable institutions were thrown open and supplied with cots, beds, bedding, tables and cooking stoves, besides medical supplies for the multitude of injured that ~~arrived~~ arrived for from hard, too hard relief stations at Chesterbourn.

From all parts of the city clothing medical supplies, food and all other provisions poured into these places most rapidly and was given out to all the injured being brought into St. Gall. Also to any refugees from Chesterbrow who applied.

The work from all the city churches not in the path of the twister was also being mostly confined to the members of the churches as they were the ones best known to the workers giving aid to all those new coming in from too hard ^{pressed} workers of Chesterbrow.

I will have to say of what I read the tendency to make all churches, (except Catholic), places for brother hood men meeting to charity banquets which made it necessary for the church buildings to have a kitchen and cooking ranges proved of the greatest benefit, as the calamity found these churches ready and valuable hotels as it were within all the necessary equip-

ment in place and working order. All this for injured being brought in from Chesterbrow. Some information was ~~not~~ detected at Miss Cunningham's relief station and several arrests were made. In one case a young slim woman told a most distressing pitiful story of the suffering of herself and family as a result of the 'S. Knout'.

Miss Cunningham saw to it that she was supplied with a very large quantity of food and clothing.

But Miss Cunningham felt suspicious because of her attitude and she had the woman case secretly investigated. After she had left the station.

She was traced to what was supposed to be her home. It was found that the storm had been fifteen blocks away from the house, she too did not live in St. Gall but came from Alton Ill and that she was

helping ~~to~~ two other women and three men at this house, that she really did not live in, 'who were not working and made no pretense of being injured refugees or laboring men. Miss Cunningham had the seven of them arrested and sent to the city main prison.

As soon as it will be possible and that will be a long, long, time work will be accomplished for the absolute rehabilitation of the wretched homes of the homeless crowd. But when can such work start? They have more than 4000 carpenters to be set at work in the city of So. Hall, but there is not a single building of any size or strength that can be repaired and it will ~~many~~ weeks if not months to clear away a quarter of the amount of the debris from the demolished structures.

Even strange to say foundations of many buildings will have to be replaced, as the tornado ~~wrecked~~ sucked them from the ground and street car tracks will have to be put in

new, and street surfaces renewed. Yet it is stated that once when work can get started and accomplished, the ruined parts of the city will be rebuilt better than ever and the alacrity with which this task will be begun as soon as possible will bring a measure of joy to all in the city.

In So. Hall all members of the various building trade unions and all business Association made a very strong decision that any attempt to raise the price of labor would not be tolerated, and would if done meet with drastic fines.

It was made to the public what the scale of wages would be among these unions, also with the statement that any statement of extortion would be done so also at the cost of drastic fines until restoration.

Also everything was done to save the restoration fund to any amount that would reach the quota to rebuild all destroyed

sections of the city, and this was being taken with all building and loan departments and also association and many other realty interests who were to lead in the work. Also there was to be low rates of interest on money for reconstruction purposes and which was to be made, and too large sums of money were to be made available for loans.

All chorus girls of all theatres sold papers on streets and in lobbies of hotels and institutions and also various hospitals to try raise the benefits for the general relief fund.

Boy and girl scouts did the same and also the Salvation armies, and churches of all religions did the same from the contribution of the congregations.

Thirteen hundred families of injured and homeless coming in from Chester Brown on freight trains and other conveyances were sent to hospitals or given

given succor by the Relief Committee now under the head of Miss Cunningham during the week after the storm. The most seriously injured remained in Chester Brown because they were too critically injured to be moved. Hundreds of houses were filled with refugees rent free and clothing furniture, and all other house hold necessities were given out without stint.

Also many families were rendered homeless in Chester Brown and more or less injured as a result of the storm were by freight sent to Alton and Lincoln Ill. hospitals because in Chester Brown the Relief Station could not aid them all and the Committee there could not get enough sufficient aid or number of helpers and relief workers, doctors or medical supplies or even a corps of rescuers to reach and relieve this class of sufferers. The situation in Chester Brown was totally desperate in the extreme.

Miss Cunningham also formed a general supply depot at the St Patrick's giant Auditorium with the help of Priests, nuns and people of that Parish and this place was to supply the Relief Stations to aid refugees from Chester Brown and the city itself.

Countless thousands of loaves of bread, contributed on the third day after the winds savage fury should last through the next week only for all those from Chester Brown, showing the needs of these injured and sufferers.

This was caused also because doctor physicians, surgeons and nurses in Chester Brown were so hard pressed that it was impossible to take care of them all. And also many of the local doctors suffered severely because of their property being destroyed and were not able to administer to the needs of so many thousands of the injured. There was not even time to ascertain the safety of their own loved ones when the

call to duty came. Many of those who even are connected with College of Surgery and medicine had their homes destroyed yet did labor continually and desperately hard on what they could in the work of relief.

Among them was the Chief doctor in charge of everything in the city. Head of all Health departments by the name of Doctor Charles B. Brown on Berlin Street. He was also the Chief city chemist, and a great Surgeon. He was severely injured in the devastating of his hard earned property and hospitalized but his family at the time of the disaster was shopping downtown and escaped. When they came back to Berlin Street however they could not find where their home had been.

Of a like nature was for Dr. Bernard Dunn and Dr. Sheffield. Both lived in the stricken district and lost everything and were sufferers but they rushed to

the main city Hospital called the So Salle to do what they could in the way of assisting the So Salle injured. The Hospital is on the south-east of the city. Dr Caldwell also went to that city Hospital with a troop of nurses and Doctors to assist the crowd coming in from Chester-brown.

Yet before the arrival of the doctors and nurses at the So Salle Hospital a most heroic piece of work was performed by the main head doctor of the revolution Dr William O'Brien also a head at the medical college and had a brother who was the assistant head of the great hospital.

The hospital was crowded with the the injured arriving from Chester-brown. He was hampered by the loss of electric light but worked by candle light until the next day helping the injured brought in from Chester-brown, which crowded the place. And also though he was called

upon to a number of very serious operations the need of hurrying the shortness of doctors, and the awful number of patients made it impossible to administer anesthetics.

Dr Phelan John Conway another member of the faculty after taking his family from the wreckage of their home found the relief squad.

I know myself what I see still being in Chester-brown that never before did any city or town ever be visited by such an immeasurable catastrophe as these big towns, and So Salle and Chester-brown and So Salle as well as the two other towns actually overwhelmed by it.

Even though the citizens of So Salle rose quickly to the situation and all measures of relief were organized promptly it did not seem to do much good. A large Episcopal Church called St John was for a short time changed into a house

for the deliverance of coffee doughnuts and rolls. Catholic priests visited hospitals to interview patients whose homes had been destroyed or entirely blown away and in many cases administering the last sacraments of the Church, and public bodies as the papers said tried to organize more relief committees because of the immense multitude of sufferers suffering, coming in from Chester brown.

It was said that seven after twelve hours after the passage of this insane savage storm \$100,000,000 had been subscribed for the relief of the destitute destitute.

Even the State itself gave as much substantial help as it was possible to both stricken cities and within two days after the storm and when afterwards the refugees started pouring in from Chester brown the Legislature at Springfield, and even Chicago took up a bill to bring up the sum of \$100,000,000 for the

relief of the victims of the tornado of Chester brown and So. Gall. passed it over the head of the Committee as a whole and adopted it at once. Not a single vote was cast against the bill.

At So. Gall. one of the most odd situations presented as a result of the storm was one confronted by the railroads in their operations. Signal wires switch and block systems were completely demoralized, the long railway trestle across the river was gone, its foundations leveled into the water and in the days that followed the disaster the railroad men had to resort to the craziest methods of sending the signal men to mark the passage of trains that had tracks to run on.

Men carried red flags and these were sent ahead ahead to men. signal what could be found as clear track or give some warning of danger of blockage or

approaching trains and the cars carrying passengers and freight were crawling in and out of the stricken city at a very slow decrease of speed which caused tremendous delay.

I was quite a changed teen when I was at my third day in the ruined city of Chestertown. I came upon in one street a street car that had been blown three and a half block down the street and lay overturned against a demolished a wrecked building with its wheels gone. I did not however see one on the roof of any of the remaining houses, like that one on the roof of that convent at 5a Sall.

Finally at the suggestion of some of the relief workers we went to the rail road siding west of Chestertown. That siding was supposed to have a thousand foot long eight story grain Elevator there and I wondered how badly it was wrecked.

I looked around on our way, but saw no sign of a Grain Elevator. "I thought near the siding there was supposed to be a gr. lrg. grain Elevator?" suggested "Ho ha ha" said one of the men "You don't supposed this tornado would leave it here for us to see what's left of it"

I had such a very funny feeling come over me. I bit my self wildly on my left left wrist. He saw me do it and said:

"That won't bring it back" A tornado to wipe out so huge a grain elevator. I could not believe it. How in hell strong was this twister any how. I saw close by where a long bridge crossing Centrais river had been swept fully away. It had been a fine hundred foot, ^{some} sixty foot wide steel bridge. Where did it go? You don't hardly believe this? Neither do I though they say "Seeing is believing. I hoped I'm in my right my mind yet."

Graun elevator and long steel bridge blown away. When I came to the siding, there we saw a freight train with rusty box cars and a line of coal cars, and flat cars loaded with big bales of hay on a regular railroad right of way, with engine attached, 7m front and all around it was all sorts of debris.

We learned it had been pulling out after the engineer had stopped at a worn water tank to fill his tender. His train somewhat distant was not in the western path.

But it was blocked by the debris so that he could not continue his journey. To interview him you would have to go to one of the running houses. He took refuge there till the tracks could be cleared for him to resume his journey.

When we came to that siding we were not in the least at prepared for what we saw. The wreckage of a long wooden

steam boiler house lay scattered over the fields like wind blown straw. The boiler & big one lay way out on the furthest field, and some boiler house engine lay beside it.

Long flat cars, a hundred feet from torn up tracks and rail bed lay topsy turvy with all the thin long steel pipes scattered far. Now I knew why a good number of houses in Chester Brown brick ones too had these kind of steel pipes driven through their walls and some stuck through the trunks of what was left of trees, and telephone poles. They came from these flat cars. The scene of devastation on this siding was far worse than the one where I saw the storm strike. And over a section what was left of a torn up rail bed, lay the long structure of a badly torn up and twisted frame of a farmers windmill. Another sight I couldn't believe.

I saw a long line of heavily loaded freight wooden cars blown ~~up~~ ^{six} hundred feet from its badly torn up tracks and ties. A lot of the cars heavily loaded as they were were torn away lying each every which way, end up or bottom up, many dashed into complete splintered wrecks and the equipment all over the territory. For the extent width of the awful twister all poles and telegraph and telephone wires were gone.

Where poles were intact wires had some of these pipes stretched across them.

Round freight water tank cars looked as if they were toys thrown carelessly by a child in a tantrum.

And at one part of the riding of I saw a long section of steel rails lying down on the side of the railroad bed where a train of thirteen pull man cars had pulled for the engines to get water for his ~~ex-~~ engine.

All of the eight rear coaches were lying in twisted formation by the road bed bottom, or every which way some bottom upward.

Only five and the engine remained but in a sort of "Ollie's twist" on the tracks left left but with all windows gone and some with roofs off.

Where the coaches lay crazily the twisted stretch of rails and ties also lay on the lower side of the railroad embankment.

The nearest pull man coaches almost lay on their sides though still on the rails lying on the slope of the rail bed.

One thought though still upright was stretched the other way.

I never in my life in pictures saw such a train wreck like this. Two pull man were lying across one another, one actually standing straight on and with their wheels gone. Hatful, but yet marvelous this sight.

A coach lay on its side three hundred feet away in a cabbage field which the twister deeply plowed up destroying the crops. Even I could not understand how the storm could sweep these pull-man coach tracks and all down that embankment. I gazed long at this astonishing type of train wreck. It also was an All Central main line train. And even some of these coaches had the ^{long} steel pipes driven through from one side through the other. Steel coaches mind you.

A very long plank from somewhere was driven through one of the glassless windows. What a force the wind had. These heavy long steel coaches, good night. Another unbelievable sight.

The worst train crash of a collision couldn't do this.

We saw a tall man come from the scene towards us. He was dressed as an engineer. With him was a fireman.

"Ain't this a beautiful sight" he said to us, in the sound of voice that meant every thing else but that for real.

"I could say too about this beauty of a sight" I answered "But I'm not suppose to use that sort of language."

"Yes and it is a miracle we were not injured" he continued sadly. "The storm did all this to this train I was driving towards the water" in the matter of forty seconds. Even that big water tank and the iron frame work it stood on is gone."

"I thought something was missing" my nearest companion exclaimed.

I remembered I saw big pool of water. All that rain didn't make still all over depression in the ground. And deep too.

The tornado to do this to a big round tank full of water. I'm gracious. What next happened.

We saw fragments of wreckage on top of some of the coaches and sticking through windows that never came from the siding. Probably from some farm house.

This train wreck was not on the siding as you suppose, but on the main line railroad track running along side east of the siding.

The engineer said to us, "We had just received our water supply from the tank, and was pulling out for St Louis. As we approached the siding it had got very dark and we saw something like a strange fog formation: swiftly approaching. As we heard no sound above the loud Choo, Choo, Choo, of the engines exhaust chimney we thought it was a device fog coming."

Yet I'll admit I didn't like the look of the "shroud" but it was too late to stop the train and was going past the siding west of it when

we were suddenly enveloped by it. Something with a loud yelling howl and sharp ratchet struck us, with sledge hammer force.

We saw everything including the steam boiler house go to pieces, cars with the iron plates flying bottom upward and a good line of freight cars go into scattering splinters. Bales of hay from some of them went like balloons through the air. To make a long story short, I'm not too sure but it must have been forty five records and four train and the tracks are as you see it now. The storm must have blown for a minute and sixteen records. "How is it that the engine and the few coaches in the front of the train are still upright?"

"I cannot exactly say but it does seem all those coaches in the rear got the most of the blow. Our engine and

Those coaches still standing are badly derailed though the engine is standing, almost across the tracks and so are a few of the coaches. Though derailed they are badly damaged, one has its roof almost all torn off and all the glass of the windows are gone. It's a miracle we escaped. I'd hate to tell you how many of the passengers got killed and injured. No loss is greater in the rear of the train see that coach lying bottom up in the field yonder? The wind rolled it over and over a good number of times before the storm left it there. Every passenger if was found dead in it by the rescuers.

I asked "How many passengers were in the train?"

"The rescuers said about six hundred, of which two hundred and fifty were killed and three hundred injured. There ~~were~~ were about ~~surv~~ in that wrecked car

over there in the field?"

"Five hundred killed and injured and fifty more. Terrible beyond belief."

"The rescuers said so" he exclaimed.

"The injured were sent to St. Gall" the fireman added.

"And the tornado did this in forty five seconds, this train of steel coaches? But who can doubt it when we see what it did to all this on the siding. And that long farm windmill structure lying twisted across the tracks over there. That is proof sure enough."

"Where did the survivors be taken?"

I asked after a pause?

"Also to St. Gall. There no room for any more at Chesterbrook" was the answer.

I stayed quite a while gazing at this unusual train wreck. The coaches some of them were ripped apart strong steel coaches as they were. Rightly word this. And those pipes driven through the sides of three of them.

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It appeared that plenty of splinter splinters from the shattered box cars lay across the roofs of the passenger cars. Every one of the telegraph poles was sticking through a window and through the one on the other side, a "bull eye" more than a mile length of track was also torn up northward, yes and all.

"Good thing the freight train on the main line escaped" I said.

"The engineer is in the running barn of this city said the other one."

"A piece of plank came in through the cab and struck him on the head."

"Is he seriously hurt?" I asked, "Hurt, but not too badly. He is up and around they say helping the doctors with the more severely injured."

"Good for him" I ejaculated. "That shows there's plenty of good people in the world."

We went down the road led to examine the long wind mill structure. The wind mill

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was gone and the iron frame work so badly twisted it reminded me of some big snake in its last agony. It resembled the one twisted around the barn but was somewhat longer. When pulled up by the twister as I could see, the well pumping apparatus clung to it. Wonderful feat of this tornado.

Of that train wrecks where two of the steel coaches were telescoped words cannot depict the horror of it all nor can mind conceive the real loss. Yet he said two hundred and fifty were killed and more than three hundred injured all hospitalized or so he said.

Other trains as I mentioned added a terrible toll of death, that in all total more than a thousand. How many really uncounled in those devastated trains will probably never be known. Were there there but one it would suffice. The loss of line and so many injured great though it is but an incident of this awful

devastating calamity. The heart aches the terrible inconvenience of it all the hardships the suffering of the injured and survivors of those destroyed trains and the damage of other train property. Along this railway right of way also at the siding electric light poles and telegraph and telephone wires were also gone or torn from their anchorages and all other vaulted facilities of the railroad right of way and even improvements for train convenience were rendered useless.

They talk of the loss in dollars and cents and some with a real commercial sense of proportion do not dare estimate the loss in financial comfort on the trains. And also who can tell what the coaches contained and what even the world lost in the destruction of crops by this unconscionably violent twister.

Untellable horrors with the ruins of sorts of goods and material on or in the devast-

ated train property on the siding of such additional calamities in the way of bursting water tank cars flying about by the tornado oddities or destruction of wooden freight cars shattered and splintered, with their goods thrown for every where dangers of added destruction by fire were pictured for a horse-horseless army within a short time after the twister came with a "grand slam".

Even the river of debris in Chester brown still was making it impossible to reach or get through that part of the city until the time would come when an army of workers would come to clear it away. The engineer said "The extent of the appalling disaster to my train is still unknown. What I had seen happen in those forty-five seconds impresses me with the awful uncertainty of the situation. I've seen many pictures of terrible locomotive wrecks but I believe all put

together can match this - nothing can wreck a train like a tornado or also maybe flood even for these three big towns and La Salle my judgment is that there never has been such a tragedy in the whole history of the nation. I've drove this limited for years and never had been in the slightest accident. I was more than proud of this train. Now this. I have heard while remaining with my engine which I will not part with every human energy is being exerted to give relief to El Chester Brown and La Salle and yet the matter of assistance is being yet comparatively small. But how about my train. My heart is broken to see what happened to it. I can not yet get help because all telephone and telegraph communication has ceased. From here La Salle cannot be reached, by wire or train. The situation of my train and all what has happened on this side track is absolutely without parallel. I heard all

rail road communication by the storm is still seriously interfered with by wreck strewn right of ways all through this territory and it is impossible that assistance can be even now given by telephone and telegraph remittance.

I said to him:

"In one spot of Chester Brown I saw dozens of bodies under piles of wreckage here a hand and there a foot sticking out from the debris. Every effort by us had been directed by us for several hours in an attempt to get at these bodies but few were recovered for before the rain came the wreckage caught fire and consumed them. And we had made our way with the most extreme difficulty among the heaps of other wreckage and overturned houses among badly tangled masses of telegraph, telephone and electric light wires to reach these bodies. Then these raging flames."

"While the storm was demolishing my train," continued the engineer

I was horrified to see a large but frail farm building sweeping through the air showing the faces of a woman and three children peering from the windows. I don't know what became of it as dust clouds obscured it out of sight.

Then after the twister was gone two hours after came a terrific thunder storm of long duration.

It began first with a squall. Then never in my life had I seen such rain, and hear see such crashing thunder or such blinding lightning. It seemed as if every bit of water in the heavens was coming down. During the entire night and nearly all through the next day it did not stop raining once, and the shus shook with thunder. And it was so dark I heard that in these small cities and So. Gall the storm carried all before it, wiping out the population of Jannville, Chester, and also almost at Chester & Sour. Honelle.

What I heard was countless of the strongest buildings in So. Gall were pulled and swept away foundations and all. Also frame structures were hurled to pieces and the fragments flying so far so thickly that the debris in numerous places close by, but not in the path of the storm became jammed between other structures, thus to form hills of debris between them. They say even in these four places sewers were ripped out of streets by the suction of the twister.

I heard that in So. Gall hundreds of big fires which were impossible to fight were burning with such a fury that the glow in the sky was seen forty miles away. Yet I heard the cloud burst put them out saving the rest of the city."

"There is one thing truthful I too heard. I said: I heard that some idea of the terror that reached many people was reflected to

on in the wild word description based on speculation and judgment warped by fear and wild panic.

While the storm was beginning to make the first section of So. Ball a raging "torrent" of flying debris, a center of abject horror in which none could say whether any could escape alive, there came a cry that the tornado was heading for Seurstown ave, hurling millions of tons of wreckage before it, and had broken all records of tornadoes fury and was adding the contents of flying clouds of debris to the already sailing droves of splintering flying houses.

First alarms of the oncoming horror were spread by policemen who were posted on duty near the scene of oncoming devastation. There were others to take up the cry and thousands of men women and children crowded the streets. They were driven to panic and fright

unbelievable fright by the sight of it and its fearful tumult. Many of them fled for basements but hundreds shrieking and moaning with terror hurled themselves past police and guards and into the main office building of the Rand Mac Nally printing and book store Company a haven haven they hoped it to be. Not until Albert Sidney Johnson had addressed the frightened throng, calling "the tornado is not heading towards you" was any semblance of order restored.

Mr Johnson had been appointed police aid in the near by southeast district of the city. The tornado skipped by here. I already also heard that at So Ball that by the Governor special emphasis was to be given for the great need of more immediate supplies of provisions.

Because of so many sent to So Ball from Chester Brown there is not a full days supply in

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the city and before night it is likely that 10000 persons who have been held down town without food or water for three days will be released from hospitals and there will be no provisions for them nor place to care for them "worse as this is"

It continued the Governor says the suffering will grow worse for days

There are including the refugees from Chester brown fifty thousand homeless.

The refugees are being fed from hand to mouth with less than a days food supply ahead of them.

There is no water and there is no light. The north side of the city where there is so much debris lay far beyond reach.

It is so hot now that probably within another day the dead horses seen here and there will decompose among the debris and it will be impossible to care for the bodies of the human still there. No one speaks of the horror the immediate needs of the human known

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survivors calling for every attention. So Baltimore is really a Charnel House. Even if the downtown section is relieved it may permit the city authorities to get together with the militia and the hard pressed relief committee and make some organized attempt to give aid to everyone on the relief relief to morrow."

"Even now" put in the engineer railroad communications has not been restored except for a solitary branch of the Eastern Ill route. It takes twelve hours for a train to come up over this line from Alton a distance of only ten miles. The Mayor of So. Baltimore though in ~~low~~ from injuries had been urged to see that a train load of ready supplies be kept constantly on the move on this road. How can that be possible? Also an effort has been made to induce all who are able and who can find outside places of refuge to leave the city

as fast as the train service will permit. And how are they going to get trains, especially with that long ~~street~~ steel bridge down on the river?"

"I've heard that excepting a railroad bridge or two all such structures leading into the city were blown away."

"I said," I heard the progress of the first relief was greeted by appeals for bread and water. Even then I heard stories of many gruesome scenes and rumors of added calamity in the form of the danger of pestilence.

The water pipes had been they said broken and ripped out of streets by the angry suction of the storm and the supply of water for drinking purposes are insufficient throughout the entire city. On an

uncommonly sunlight threw itself over the distorted scene in the areas

where houses were swept away or thrown over. I heard a view down any street revealed among the debris tumbled over houses piled upon house hold utensils and

dead horses still caught in what was left of branches of shattered trees where they had been blown.

No looting was reported as it was said the horrid appearance of the debris kept them away.

"There are soon in La Salle to be absolute curfew regulation to be maintained and no one to be out after six o'clock except you relief workers," declared the engineer.

"Yes," I said "And I heard also the Miss Cunningham head of the Relief Committee expressed the wish that people throughout the country refrain from sending messages of inquiry. It is impossible to ascertain definitely any information concerning people in the ravaged tornado territory.

I had heard that before all work was completed for the recovery of dead and injured, that streets in all sections in the tornado path were so blocked by debris that it was with the most extreme difficulty that the dead and injured could be taken

from one part of the city to the other. I heard that in many instances to go a distance of only a block one had to travel two and three miles. What ever blocks were yet to be recovered were under mountains of debris and in the shattered remains of all sorts of houses, which suffered the most severely from the irresistible rush of the violent wind. A levee of a near by stream which is supposed to protect St. Louis from encroachment of the Ohio river was swept away by the twister. Yet the river fortunately is not at flood stage despite the long heavy rain.

I also heard of this and found it was true. A captain of police saw a moving van fastened on the broken branches of a tree, and near by were four women and two men stuck among the broken tangle of telephone wires. The pole was itself loose at a bad slant. The

horse was wedged also among the tangle of wires. Rescue workers found them all dead. They had great difficulties in freeing the moving van, and the horse some freak of the storm I'd say.

Some say there also thousands and thousands of dead horses and other animals strewn about the wrecked portions of the city and the free three other portions town and while the authorities are impressing into service large numbers of men, it will require many days to dispose of the carcasses as all there are buried beneath great heaps of heavy wreckage which it will be necessary to remove before the bodies can be taken to the incineration plants. And can that be done?

I do not know? I said.

As it will be months? I continued before the sewer system is in operation again a large corps of men is being employed

in getting rid of refuse and in disinfecting all premises occupied by the refugees. Also there are now strict orders regarding the disposition of garbage being issued and the people were advised by bulletin posted in conspicuous places in the streets how best to preserve the public health. Any violation will be the penalty of fines." And after a pause I continued "Owing to the frightful tornado conditions throughout the entire territory of which really Chesterbown is the heart supplies for the medical corps are not yet reaching either place. Several cars of lime even cannot reach both cities and many more errands from different points won't be able to get on. A carload of ambulance supplies coming from Alton, ran into the debris by night and can't now be pulled out, even by the engine."

of the thousands of remarkable escapes the experience of I

Sister Mary Rose of St. Joseph Hospital St. Gall as I heard is considered one of the oddest. This happened as the news told us. An Engineer on the Country on a farm struck by the tornado with her father and two younger brothers and a sister Miss Annabell Rooney was out riding on the on top of the hay on their big farm wagon, when the tornado came that afternoon.

First the big hay loaded was overturned and the party was actually blown to the four winds.

The mules which had been hauling the wagon was torn loose by the wind and hauled surflly forward on sprawling and then sent surflly rolling down the street. Strange as seemed to Engineer as the paper said, she was hurled onto the back of the other mule, and as she grasped a dangling strap she remained astride the animal's back.

The wind lifted the mule high up Miss Rooney clung with her arms about the mule's neck for

more than three hours until at last they reached that part of So Salle near a railroad station which the twisted twister missed.

Then the storm dropped them as flung them from its rear, and the animal fell sprawling, and she landed amid some wreckage unconscious and was taken into the station. Despite this neither she nor the mule was injured though half her clothes were stripped from her.

The mule was placed in the rear of the station. Miss Rooney told the rescuers about her father, brother and sister.

"Oh they're in So Salle looking for you" said the Station Agent. The wind took them here also near the station but did not throw them down like you and the horse. There, the wagon and the other horse. Except the wagon is lying on its side it is not at all damaged, and the horse is injured from father and the

three others looked like ragged beggars, their clothes are so torn.

Some freak of the twister said the engineers. But its true. I was at the station Agent here before I started out before the storm and he and others told of it and proof some freaks these tornadoes do."

"Even now" I continued "Columns of soldiers, police and even armed cities of Chesterbourn, and So Salle are barring the way to the hands of curious visitors from other cities and towns. Only those bringing in supplies are admitted and many supplies are still needed. Bread is the most staple most in demand. Even the downstreets of So Salle are alive with citizens and refugees, most of them very hungry and appealing for food and drink. Yet people were glad that they were alive. I heard they joked and cried with joy by turns when friends and relatives coming from other parts of the city found them. When the

tornado came it is said they were prepared to die. The storm came as I read when the streets were crowded with unknown thousands of people scoffing at the idea that a tornado would come. The city had never had one. Did St. Louis ever have a serious disaster? Why be alarmed? And so many of them were killed or injured.

As I said before the Engineer's bad fire broke out after the passing of the twist in Washington Square bounded by St. Clair, Duane ave. and two other streets. The blaze was noticed first among the rows of wreckage. It swept south and first destroyed the badly devastated St. Vincent Church. Then driven by winds the flames then spread swiftly to the east and through all the near by torn up wooden structures of the whole sale districts consuming all the wreckage. The fire burned for two hours. It was said that people that had escaped their wrecked homes were

seen jumping from one structure to another keeping softly away from the flames. Many fire departments came to fight the flames, but as the storm even broke up so many sewer water pipes, they could get no water and were helpless.

I read many of the torn up buildings were wiped out by the fire.

A general conflagration was about to begin, because the fire spread so fast through these ruined structures and piles of wreckage.

They say the flames at times rose nearly a hundred feet. It was lucky that heavy rain came.

It put the fire out completely as the deluge raged all night, and till late afternoon the next day. The rain saved the city. Yet what the papers declared, the storm was two hours overdue according to the time the weather man predicted it would come. But it prevented the general conflagration. Some say the fire started from an explosion in the

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pile of wreckage next to the ramshackle ruins of a wooden house near Washington Square, and spread as far as I mentioned before burning the block of shattered structures and still still spread through a whole district and other places that were soon aflame. Many of the buildings in the path of the flames were no hard hit by the wind that they were swept from their foundation within a few seconds. Then what were blocks of one and two story residences were reduced to shattered lumber. Therefore they were easy prey to the flames. If it had not been for the rain.

"There would be no 50 balls to day" put in the Engineer. And I heard streets are still crowded with frantic survivors seeking lost relations, I heard hundreds even thousands fought to get back to the north side to search for missing loved ones, but soldiers and police restrained them all.

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Others who had gained the north east side were almost frozen when the police and armed citizens prevented them from returning with food and other provisions which they wanted to carry to their families still entrapped in wreckage. Also many more hundreds who escaped the twists and who had reached the south west section were still seeking members of their families from whom they had been parted in the mad rush of the storm.

"My Mary Jane Annamay has any one seen her or heard of a man go crying down the street. When stopped by a relief worker he told how his eight year old little girl had gone from home that noon to school after dinner with her chum Nancy Alice. He feared both children had perished in the storm. Came up to a police. He said to the man "Go to Miss Lunningham's relief relief station. I know all about this. They're there safe He

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wrote the address of the Committee handed it to him, and said "God speed you on" He found them. Their school had not been in the storm's path. About the firemen not being able to get water is a dandy. I saw pictures too. Mr. Dugan, in the papers showing the Twister had pulled the fire hydrants from their places. "So have?" I answered "Even ride-walks and buck work from the streets. Some force. The fire hydrants and their long water pipe pipes were pulled from the ground and left suspended in the streets. I saw all that myself. Yet I read Chester Brown is the centre of most concern. It is like So Ball cut off from all communications with Alton and Lincoln and the reports are that one hundred and fifty more of the injured died and many surviving wounded starving. A special train was sent out from both Lincoln and Alton with supplies for the Chester Brown hospitalized, and from the train which

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emiles Chester Brown, the provisions have to be brought by carts, wagons and even wheel barrows around the wrecked sections to the territory of the surviving thirty houses for the refugees and hospitalized.

Also our State Governor had ordered the Brigadier General I forgot his name to take full charge of the provisional freight and passenger trains and also a supply train which the Erie Pennsylvania Railroad was to attempt to run from Racine Ill. to So Ball. The Governor wished to keep those desiring to go there merely by curiosity from entering the city and reserved the train for such civilians who had family ties or property rights in So Ball. The trains with the general have not been seen or heard of yet. I heard seven bodies lashed to tree tops by tangled branches and found the uniforms were killed by the twister which denuded the trees of their bark. The bodies

were also demuded. Why the train did not appear because of the destroyed bridges and for these roads there was no way to resoute. Some situation. The tornado really did a finishing job throughout. And how.

In many of the devastated towns armed citizen and police even the soldiers were ordered to shoot down any one looting the homes of the disaster. None came however, for such persons did not trust the nature and appearance of the wrecked houses fearing the wreck would collapse on them if they dared even cause a board to wrench out of place.

So the vandals stayed away. I read that rescuers had found that the Maelstrom as the farmer called it made a big band like stretch, enclosing several thousand houses where thirty five thousand persons had lived, and then straightened its course and in doing so the twister swept completely out of existence all those residences in this district.

And hundreds of survivors are still seeking members of their families from whom they became parted in the mad rush to escape out of the storm's path. I read a live five year old girl was taken from an attic of a wrecked building at Prime ion Ave. The child was well dressed but coolly wrapped. A mat was found pinned under its clothing on which was written only "Jane Taylor". Nothing is known of her parents. She was crying where is my mama. I want my mama. I want my mother. This I also read. A nineteen year old became delirious as the result of his experience in the storm.

He was by the wind hurled very roughly into a tree and at the same time saw his sister Maria miss steps hurled among telephone wires and his younger brother Henry crash into the trunk of a tree with swift impact and held tightly against the tree by the force of the wind.

His brother and sister were killed. His mother and little sister are safe. His father is missing. All people in So. Ball were strictly instructed to use care in lighting stoves or gas ranges for fear of gas explosions and the possibilities of a general conflagration, which now since it had not rained yet, and everything was again dry from the hot sun which would wipe So. Ball off of the map in a more drastic manner than had already been accomplished by this record breaking tornado.

I read seven hundred pianos in one tangled mass of wreckage blocked the lower part of Berlin street the lighter lighter for furniture of the adjacent houses being swept away. Also a wrecked saloon in Berlin street scattered hundreds of broken and smashed bottles of booze on the wreck strewn streets. Police were ordered to break all found still ~~unbroken~~ unbroken with the ends of

wrecked lumber. Perhaps the queerest sight of all I saw a photograph of it was a table standing upright adorned some debris. Plates of cups and saucers and silverware were laid for him and in the center was a large platter covered with meat and standing near it a catnap bottle and a sugar bowl bowl with a menu card between. It was said the wind had carried it here without any thing ~~is~~ falling off and six chairs surrounded the table. The wind in carrying it had held the table upright and the chairs had been held in place by the pressure of the wind. How the wind let the table down there in that position is a mystery. Even wreckage slammed around it did not disturb any thing. This sure is a freak. In So. Ball all the street car Companies were put out of commission which operated all street cars in and out of the city owing to the fact that the

power house was in the path of the tornado, and great intersections of trolley wires were gone, or snapped like thread. And half the number of the city's street cars were demolished and one on the convent roof. Also the central bridge leading into So. Gale was blown away. All lines of the street car companies were abandoned the ~~motormen~~ motormen and conductors out of a job.

They say because so many were sent there from Chester Brown So. Gale is a vast refugee camp. This city has absolutely lost interest in the number of tornado dead, which mounts as more injured ones die. No care for the living is the city's main concern.

I read that all through the various nights since the storm, from many refugee places could be heard the wails of the people even in the streets. And as the moans and the shrieks of the sufferers floated a cross the air wails from those

within hospitals and temporary refuges joined amid a lot of cursing & swearing imprecations and also blasphemies. I've read that following nights and days of awful suffering in Chester Brown and So. Gale a dread pestilence started to break out among the injured and multitudes of refugees. Whether the report was reliable or not they did not know, but it was said small pox, some cases of rabies diphtheria, mumps, measles, and dread scarlet fever having been reported.

Because of this fact a quarantine is being established which even include new paper correspondents. The paper also described that worn out by nights and days of almost unbearable sufferings of their injuries several persons gave up their battle for life in the big barn and the number of unfortunates who succumbed in the Unversity, made H. & fatal can only be a matter of conjecture. Six of the sufferers died in the same hour. One was a poor mother who had a few

minutes before having a baby boy born to her and another baby during the night. And it looked as if the little ones would not at survive the frightful ordeal produced by the storm although their almost fatally injured mother hovered between life and death. It happened here too. I know that a blinding storm which the papers said appeared to have swept these states sent terror to the hearts of the sufferers here and at So. Gall. Two thousand people in the interior of the So. Gall Court house made ill by the great summer heat in the building strove for permission to get into the street outside and others prayed for shelter from the blinding storm. During the storm there never for a long time was such blinding light and crash of thunder. It was feared that blinding rain of two hours and a half would flood the ruined cities.

It is estimated that 4000

persons have tried to leave the city but already there are so many being cared for in town farms and villages and country school houses there is no room for them. They can't get trains as none are running but because of the streams having no bridges.

And Miss Cunningham and Relief Committee are discouraging the influx of people who come to both Chester town, and So. Gall to see and eat as there are now many, too many mouths to feed than there are provisions.

I read of a big fat man stuck among the branches of what was left of a tree. He was blown there by the wind, and could not get loose as the tangle of branches held him fast like a vise.

Here had been by two of the rescuers. They took three hours with saws and hatchets to cut him free. They let him down by means of ropes because of his great weight. He weighed 300 pounds.

I see that no story of this most awful catastrophe would be at all complete that failed to note the work on behalf of suffering humanity on the part of the great newspapers, those semi-public institutions through which the people speak and hear their fellow man.

The far reaching effects of this immense tornado disaster can in no way be more clearly illustrated than in the reports of other articles. The identification bureau could not identify much, "his task is most tremendous".

"I heard the wind was so awfully swift blown throughout Berlin street it is impossible to investigate the districts in which may have occurred the heaviest loss of life" declared the fireman. "I read of a father devotion unrivaled by any heroism in the advance of the 'Sikrod' which is related by Paul John Marcus his wife and nine year old son and seven year old daughter. The family were in their home at 10.35 Berlin

street when something like as he termed it Hell was breaking loose" warned them of the onrushing twister. Not much clothing on they headed for the basement for safety. One glimpse from the window showed how close was the tornado.

Marcus returned to the kitchen for some food and provisions. He hardly had time to reach a small package of only cornflakes when the crest of the storm hit the house. He nearly died perishing in the room as the kitchen wall shredded to pieces, escaping to the basement, flying debris and broken window glass at his heels, as he leaped down the steps to the basement where he found his wife and two children.

"In that moment the picture of my wife and children struck like a sword through my chest".

Marcus related tears in his eyes. "I pressed the package of cornflakes into her hand, and then

from finding we were being in danger of being entombed in the basement seized a poker and tried to punch a wall hole through the wall. For three days the three could not escape from the basement. Then a hole was finally made. For those three days Marcus ate not a crumb of the cornflakes.

It was on the afternoon of the third day that Marcus's call for help brought rescuers to the scene. With a small wagon Marcus put his wife and children into it. The wagon pulled away without him and took no other and children to a hospital. It was in the evening before the rescuers returned for him. He then saw at the house a mass of broken timbers, and one side of the house stuck in what was left of the branches of a shattered tree.

I said "The fact that many railroads are not yet able to get their trains even from the west

to or through Chestertown and So. Baltimore was also the cause that there could not be any or the smallest influx of refugees from there into other places who because of this were not able to leave the stricken cities by rail or other means. The property loss on the very bridges crossing the stream was beyond estimation.

One train from the east managed to get near So. Baltimore with food and clothing. At Alton furnished a large supply of bread. Griffin and gave a big load of food, and other places responded to the call for help with fourteen box cars full of food and clothing.

The supplies were carried across the nearest river on a temporary, temporary foot bridge and loaded on farm wagon furnished by the farmers. They were taken into the city and delivered to Mass.

Cunningham relief societies. The thing needed most in So. Baltimore is pure drinking water. A special train

loaded with a long train of water tanks was being sent on the Chicago and Alton, I has no need of a bridge to cross to La Salle. Yet the condition of so many in both Chester town and La Salle can hardly be described. The ~~so~~ crowds also of injured and refugees have yet no food except a gallon of milk now and then. When the milk is to be served there is scarcely a table spoon to each person in the cities. Even arrangements for the care of the sufferers yet can be made. And the August heat tortures them also.

The papers ~~also~~ declare that the awful desolation is beyond the power of any one to describe. In the great calamities that befell these places Chester town, Janesville, Chester chire, and La Salle, and other towns on the tornado path the public almost lost full sight of the havoc wrought by the irresistible gale.

In the investigation of the

~~some~~ scene of desolation that defies description was uncovered between Hamilton and Lawrence avenue by the passing tornado. Wrecks of the homes of even farmers was strewn miles beyond the average distances and they could find little consolation in the inevitable prediction of loss of farmers' lives and incalculable property damage.

The paper said also a large long eight story grain elevator on a railroad siding was pushed from its foundation across the very torn up track a hundred feet into a farmers' beet field very little damaged. As the storm did this and its on his farm now the farmer will claim it as his very own.

Another thing in La Salle that in the tornado ruined business districts the streets were littered with the tornado blown out contents of hundreds and hundreds of stores. Lamp posts and electric light poles still standing were draped fantastically

with long thin clothes, cloth from dry good stores, office furniture or all sorts of fences and even garden hoses were found wound around tree trunks. What was left of frame buildings, reviled along by the "Oliver Twist" are being extricated from the burst in fronts of large brick structures into which they were flung with crashing force. Every where is still the same amount of debris.

A graphic story of the wreck of the Banner Bailey Circus by the "Oliver Twist" was told in the papers and also by the circus manager who told the reporters: "With the first howling rush of the tempests fury the big circus tents were torn up from their strong fastenings and went sailing away like huge umbrellas,

From their strong tie stakes in the ground fifteen big elephants were lifted up and hurled like toy elephants by a mean tempest, chided through the quarters, and flung among storm uprooted trees and against the bank of land

near by. They by the mad wind seemed made to act as if war broke out between them and fighting in a pitched battle. Three more were killed by being flung actually through a brick building wall and one which tried to get away was hurled violently against a telegraph pole. Both crashed onward by the wind the elephant later being found dead in the river killed not drowned.

Three of the rest unaccounted for if not dead also are supposed to be roaming about the country but just where I don't know.

All my articles for the thrilling acts of the performers are gone, my animal cages on wheels were found scattered on farm fields all the animals dead, and most of my well trained monkeys are also found dead huddled among farm house and barn wreckage. My box constructor thirty feet long is dead its broken body

and snapped ~~apart~~ apart like string and its head off. I've lost my valuable donkeys, my famous clown is killed, and some of the best performers, and the fragments of my big tents on farms forty miles away from So Sal. I'm wiped out. Ruined, what will I do? Later on many people of various cities helped him to financially recover. Fortunately his circus train was not in the path of the tornado. Yet before the storm he had not his circus ready for his show or performances yet. Terrible luck. And he only had fire insurance, not for tornado.

I read also that nearly every working person were thrown out of employment in So Sal because of the devastating tornado. Nearly all the big and small industries were smashed or leveled others throughout the rest of the city had to close down because of lack of supplies. The So

Sal. Republic iron and steel company and the Yorktown sheet and tube company were the biggest plants to suffer immeasurable damage in the path of the storm and out of 14,000 men in this plant who were thrown out work, fifty were killed and one hundred and seventy injured. The matter was scattered every where also causing some of the big fires that fortunately the cloud burst extinguished. The loss to the industries, being destroyed by the devastating twister is enormous. Lumber yards were wiped out the lumber scattered every where. Coal company yards are no more and the coal scattered for miles like dust. Scores of dead persons were found wedged in trees with clothing torn from their bodies, and even house tops of wrecked houses. Some bridges had been blown away and estimates as to the damage done them are impossible.

Found in one tree in Berlin street were six persons, some of them children wedged so tightly between what was left of branches of a big but shattered tree that it took two days to hack and cut them free. They were stark naked, injured, almost starved, thirsty, and almost roasted by the hot sun before found by the rescuers. They were taken to St Joseph's Hospital.

Also by climbing what was left of a willow tree a pastor of some church rescued two children and several women and a teen aged boy held fast by branches. Taking a rope with him the pastor fastened it to the stoutest branch and threw the loose end to a man who strong by pulling broke the branch, and then others coming rescued those in the tree. They too were denuded, but not injured. They had been in the tree three days before discovered, and suffered from heat, hunger and thirst.

I read one old man had seen his family dead among the branches of a shattered tree. Others had roamed over seemingly impassable streets to find that their families had been saved by some of the wild whims of the tornado.

The greatest sorrow and the keenest joy human beings are capable of were mingled in the hearts of many in the tornado torn up North side. Prayers of thanksgiving were offered up by those whose loved ones had been spared by the storm, and there were many others who are in the utmost depths of sorrow, and others too who can suffer no more.

The scenes in the morgue I read were always pitiful, heart rending. Next to the body of a fair haired boy lay that of an aged woman, only a few feet away was the body of a little girl whose head was crushed when the raging winds flung her

again against some obstacle. Another sad thing I read was that a woman walked uncertainly down the line of bodies with her father's arm around her waist to catch her should she go into a swoon. As one by one the sheets were lifted from the bodies and the features exposed to her view she shook her head and passed on. They say she had reached almost the last stretcher in the line when suddenly she gave a gasp, and collapsed. She had seen the badly mutilated face of her little daughter. She has been in a coma since.

I also read that the sympathy and pity people of So. Hall extended to their neighbors from whom the tornado has taken as exacted its price is all the warmer and more human because they have been spared the loss. All the aid given to the tornado sufferers did not come from relief funds and public organizations.

Countless number of men women, and even children carried food clothing, bedding and every sort of supplies to those who were made penniless and homeless. Women of the leisure class used their carriages, buggies and wagons to bring provisions to the sufferers, and those who had not these conveyances, used wheelbarrows, hand carts, and even baby carriages. And for days too the silent black wagons of the undertakers passed through the streets of the city.

As I read at irregular intervals the dead wagons drove up to the morgues the long wicker baskets were carried in through the sad faced crowd who allowed each other to get a glimpse of the still white faces in the basket for loved ones.

In a curtained off back room the undertakers were almost overworked and overwhelmed with work. After they were embalmed, the bodies were placed

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or low wooden trestles covered with sheets and carried or wheeled into the large front room to await identification, on the sidewalk near this marquee crowds of persons who had friends and relatives in the tornado torn districts scanned every face. Sometimes there came cries of joy as the vigil was rewarded but more often the crowds were very sadly disappointed.

With trains blocked by the loss of the bridges one of the most biggest problems which the city authorities had to face and still have to face everywhere is the method of feeding the vast army of refugees and homeless and those coming from Chester Brown. The paper says "thousands upon thousands of families in the cities spent days and days hungry and thirsty still terrorized by what the tornado had done done and many many families after a life time of savings-

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Banks failed, and banks too were wiped out by the tornado and also Insurance Companies. Not in all the history of these four big places, or of the many wiped out farms, or destroyed towns has a tornado brought such an unbelievable disaster. Thousands of acres of farm land, with all the various crops are wiped out, many farm animals killed and from the most most inaccessible places come the cries from people still imprisoned in their devastated homes.

Relief crews are still hard at work in all parts of the city, especially where the greatest catastrophe on record occurred, but their work is progressing very slowly and there is no assurance when they will be able to answer all the calls for assistance.

Schools fire stations refuge homes and other places are being opened to the mass number of victims coming in from Chester Brown.

and every effort is being made to provide succor as rapidly as possible. As much as possible food is being supplied and voluntary workers are thronging to the assistance of the police and the National Guard which are doing their utmost.

Queen how it happened that after the passing on of the awful twister it seemed that the heavens must have opened opened their flood gates. But yet this saved Chester Brown and La Salle and the two other places from total destruction from a conflagration.

So La Salle and Chester Brown suffered from lack of drinking water more than from any other thing. Food could not even get bottled drinking water. There was even grave danger of typhoid fever.

The highway bridge at Contralt's river and another one east of La Salle was down, and the railway bridge recently built across the same stream close close to Chester Brown

had been carried away. In Kelly street the huge plants of the General Electric and American Socco-motive Companies were also wiped out by the storm.

The unusually wild fury of the storm which had exceeded anything known in the history of tornadoes made it necessary for the authorities to adopt extreme method of keeping the more reckless people away from ruined houses lest the debris crash down on them and increase the number of dead.

All conditions caused by the storm is said by the papers to be reading to you fellows to be the most desperate ever faced. And the situation in both cities is very precarious as still all railroad communication is cut off. A foot food famine is threatening as a result. When will bridges be erected for these trains especially the Illinois Central and E Eastern? etc.

The destruction of the drainage district north of So Salle was ~~absolute~~ absolutely complete. The tornado tore up everything beyond measure far reaching here with those in the Central River. It is saying here from Genl Chester Brown, no way beyond So Salle there are nine thousand to fifteen thousand acres of farm lands that all types of crops were wiped out. Many of the farmers and some of their families had the death list.

The greater number of industrial plants in So Salle in the path of the storm were wrecked severely or wiped out and the total torn up wreckage of many wooden houses are mingled with their ruin near this siding as I read a dozen carloads of sandbags disappeared and no trace of them yet is found. Wow.

There is no way by which people could leave the city for other places except by walking, a riding that for me I ~~arrived~~ borrowed for wagon and other

conveyances. Some even loan the use of boats to go by river.

At a meeting between officials of So Salle and Miss Cunningham and Colonel Daniel John Jones head of the Relief Committee in Chester Brown, it was decided to place the entire situation in charge of Miss Cunningham for both places. All able bodied survivors and others who refused to work were arrested. I was on the Committee.

I read I do not know nor does the I now admit knowledge of it. Wagon loads of furniture trunks, beds, mattresses and all sorts of house hold effects of every description were found amid the debris of industrial plants and other ruined factory structures.

Even childrens story books Holy Bibles and all sort of pictures with broken frames. Also I forgot to say squads of state troops each accompanied with policemen went to visit the rendezvous of all able bodied men who were either

unwilling to refused to work. Some were brought before me. I told them they will either work or go to jail. Some ~~chose~~ chose jail than work. How they must hate work. Employes of ruined business concerned concerns responded very willingly for didy and reinforced to a great extent the work necessary. Only they were told "don't go near the wrecked building to work. Some thing may crash down on you and kill you. I saw this myseelf to be true. In every great calamity there are men, even women and kids with hearts of stone. human vultures and dread parasites who prey upon their fellow men, not ruins and dead bodies and so on. But this tornado disaster was without their guita. Why. Because these monsters feared the howr shary unsafe nature of the wreckage and the towns apart of what was left of the houses. It was ~~doody~~ deadly dangerous to

thrive them selves among them. So in these devastated towns and twa cities there was no looting of any kind. Guards were on duty but not needed.

These vandals for fear of the ramshackle ruins do not even come near the storm regions. The paper says there was a conversation between two who would have been vandals. One said "Set, said some of the ruins. The other said "no not on your life". Why afraid some guard may shoot you.

"No I'm not committing suicide by going among those ramshackle ruins. If something fall on you and that, the end of you then what?"

I believe you are right "said the other, "It is safer to stay away."

Another tragic story of train disaster was in the devastated railroad yards at So. Falls near the Henry Hot. Headi' Can Company. The cattle cars were standing on a siding, and as the storm struck

here crazily madly beyond measure the cattle cars about twenty of them were absolutely rent smashing side ways through the wall of the demolishing building and the cattle killed and injured. Some of the cattle tried to keep their way out and were whirled about every which way in the torrent of irresistible winds.

In this tangle of struggling animals the sections of wooden houses were hurled. The cattle were slammed to death by the wreckage with sections of the factory building thrown on top of them. So far as those who witnessed this tragedy could see about three quarters of the number of cows were killed and mangled. The cattle cars were shattered and, and what was left of them lay among the wreckage of the Heide Company with the dead cattle. The injured cattle were so badly maimed and crippled that afterwards

it was necessary to have them shot. Two thousand cows lost by the ruined company. The cattle was to be shipped to Chicago, probably for the stock yards. All railroad property of all kinds on the yards were wiped out. Coal from coal cars were scattered far and wide also the material and lumber from the flat cars. Wooden freight cars loaded or empty were totally shattered and much of the rails ripped from the ground. Unused tornado this. Here too whole city blocks great were houses and large factories have disappeared. Iron and brick houses had been picked up like so much chaff and hurled away as the fury of the storm rose and the force of terrible increased. From 1500 to 2000 houses in this district, and near the railroad yards the paper says collapsed or were swept away. In the railroad yard long strings of freight cars and seven locomotives standing there were swept hundreds

of feet to stop only when they were thrust into a mass of house wreckage that lodged against the walls of devastated brick buildings. Great portions of the steel and iron rails were either torn up or swept away. This explains the force of the tornado and all the factories in this district and elsewhere could not withstand the gale. The famous covered bridge over the Central river too was swept away, as well as its three approaches by the wind.

All right trains are still strictly and drastically refused admittance to the cities. A train load of four hundred reached Alton from Bloomington, but the city mayor from Alton sent officers on a local to meet them and turned them back. Another crowd from Lincoln Ill and still another from Springfield were refused. Only such things as wagons, carriages, and road freight that could get through

without rails or brought supplies and provisions, and soldiers for guard duty were allowed to enter. The governor of Springfield coming to Sa Hall saw block after block of the residential and business sections of the storm town city where street lines ~~into~~ ^{usually} were eliminated by upheaved and overturned, torn apart or shattered houses, even jammed against each other and piled against razed buildings which only slightly withstood the storm in great and unbroken heaps of debris.

As I'm reading to you still side walks were either badly torn ^{up} ~~away~~ or swept away like dust, telephone and telegraph poles were broken off at their base, or carried completely away over and all, and giant trees were uprooted, denuded of their bark and embedded in the shapeless windrows of ruin which mark the road.

width of the storm. The new Governor received words of commendation and approval from the Mayor of So. Salto. The Gov. too was delighted with the work that was done here and considered it a remarkable military and police achievement. The residents were still in ~~to~~ terror when the troops reached the city by farm wagons and other conveyances. Streets were blockaded still on and the sanitary conditions are still at their worse. He began organizing his forces and began the work of restoring order and prevent further panic.

When he reported to the Mayor of So. Salto he was personally thanked and urged to keep the work under way. So. Salto was the hardest points to handle. Also so impressed was the Secretary of War that also came to So. Salto with the manner in which the situation there was

being handled that he said he would somehow notify the president that nothing needed for the emergency was lacking. The Secretary was told that the death list there would not number more than six hundred and eighty but the property loss is so terrifically huge it can never be estimated. The strong wind also did this the paper says here. The wind was so strong it swept a number of big wooden houses before it. From one large house was flying and clouds between the branches of two trees being them almost uprooted. The refugees in there were sucked out of the windows and thrown among the branches of those tree tops being shattered. These people have disappeared. Also among the heavy loads were the Chicago Coffin Company the James and Mayan Carriage Company the big Lawrenceburg Baller Company Mills

The largest flour mills in the country with now only a corner wall remaining, the George H. Bishop and Company, Saw Works the Bates Veneer Company, the Lawrenceburg Lumber Company and Jarner Wals and Company.

All these are branches of the Main Companies, in New York City Chicago St Louis and other big cities.

The lumber of the Lawrence Lumber Company is scattered far and wide.

The Saw Works Company has only its front remaining the rest of the ~~soo~~ building scattered to the four winds. The big town and the tall central depots are scattered debris for blocks. The other factories are leveled. The tornado it is said here struck with a roar that could be heard for miles through the city, a property loss done to those companies already named that cannot be conjectured, public service corporations paralyzed and other places devastated. In St. Louis it put the entire water works system out of all

commission and other public service corporations. It ended all street car service by the destruction of the trolley and other wire wires and demolishing of nearly all the streets in the city. The Gas service station was wiped out and mails held up because there were no bridges to cross. Other train routes did not yet go to St. Louis.

A railroad bridge crossing a stream in St. Louis was badly damaged, and a wagon bridge at the same crossing had been blown away. Indeed for all it did this tornado was the most disastrous of anything to happen. All the city fire department houses except two were not in the storm's path. All firemen had led in the rescue work and remained on duty as a matter of life. Had they been able to get water they would have been able to save the fires before they spread. The paper also says that the utmost power of the tornado seemed

seemed to have vented itself all through Northern So Ball and the three other places, and the force that set at naught the hamwark of man may be realized by those who saw a long fifty foot beam of wood three feet wide and six inches thick probably weighing hundreds of pounds rammed through and into the side of St So Ballen Sacred Heart Convent wall and after this herculean effort the grasp of the wind pulled it out again, turned the great catapult about and then flung it into the Convent window on

the other side, pull it out a third time, did the same performance a long time, and then wedge it in the window in another tearing apart house across a vacant lot, Occupants of the house rammed by the beam says said they escaped, out of their wrecked home, by crawling over the support provided by the beam and entering

and adjacent adjacent structure not being hit by the storm. Streets in this scene the papers read presented ghastly scenes of utmost destruction. It is still a question that may seem very grim answer whether or not there are still ~~dead~~ dead or living persons behind the piles of debris that flung was flung that way and block the entrances to homes and other structures not in the path of the twists that rushed past about a block away. It will take weeks to penetrate the tangled mass.

Again I will have to write this. Scenes of horror and the reign of terror are related almost endlessly by survivors and rescuers, but there could be no more heart rending more tragic moment in the entire history of the tornado calamity than that presented when the windows of debris and the wrecked home torn open like paper bags, or left

in shambles in So Salle caught fire from an explosion in a pile of wreckage after the "Olvan Twist" had passed by and people stood by helpless, because the fire men could get no water to fight the flames. For two long hours the vigil of the inhabitants continued as they watched in great distress the flames eat their way through the business district of So Salle proper in the path of the twister.

In the streets stood crowds of parrichy people wringing their hands and crying out prayers desperately in awful anguish.

The street near the awful scene was crowded thick with every sufferer. A haze of smoke hung over the city and the angry flames from the burning section was being greatly and terribly magnified.

"The entire city will be afire" became the cry and the very crowd wailed as

over their dead. Absolutely no hope was felt for the isolated city.

When the great storm of rain set in and though drenched to the skin, the crowds seeing the fire being quenched had tears of joy replacing sob of all who had grieved so prematurely. The fire had grown very fierce and hot, but not even a forest fire could resist such an all night and all day heavy rain like that.

Long fellow School housed two thousand new refugees coming from Chester brown. A stream of ambulances brought sick and injured to the School which was turned into an emergency hospital and shelter station. No deaths were reported at the school. The ambulances had to pass through lanes skirted by jagged mountains of debris. Hundreds of blocks of shattered homes lined Berlin street from its junction with main

street to the Northeast section of So Salle. Massive stone pillars had crashed through walls flung by the wind, porches were set awry or carried away bodily and over all was debris that resisted all efforts to enter homes not hit by the twister.

Butiful pictures were seen every moment as rescuers had journeyed through the districts. Families away at the time, returning to their homes found torn up, namshable ruins. The very sanitary conditions there also presented terrible possibilities. These sections received the brunt of the sweep of the storm.

Even the most perfect photographs taken of the ruins fail to reveal in comprehensive detail the desolation of the storm swept part of the city. Whole streets are still heaps of splintered timbers, twisted steel and brick and mortar.

Once handsome residences

are still to be seen upturned and broken into parts. Blocks and blocks of very strong houses are jammed into each other in most baffling confusion. Debris litters scores of thoroughfares their full length and about all is a sea of all sorts of scattered house hold goods. The paper said that here fully more than a hundred bodies of men women and children were piled in a great heap against what was left of the high iron fence that stood in front of the Sacred Heart Convent. They were hurled there by the wind from some where. The bodies were intermingled with a mass of house hold furniture dead horses and cattle and debris of every sort. The Mayor of So Salle ordered all saloon in the city to be closed and took strict precautions to see they remain closed until conditions

grew normal. This precaution was taken to prevent trouble after some severe disturbances had been caused by men driven to drink by their loss.

Hundreds of families were reunited at the various relief stations throughout the city but a late very severe hot August spell increased the woe and desolation that oppressed So Ball since the storm blasted the North side to pieces.

Yet in many cases as the paper says bodies had been so wedged so tightly in the debris and torn up houses that they had been mutilated by the men who with terrific labor disentangled them.

Several of those recovered were unrecognizable as a result of the wreckage so terribly battering them during the fierce wind.

The tangle mass of the debris terribly hampered the workers in their work and led the

authorities to the conclusion that the wreckage could not be searched for months. The city still lies in its rusted setting broken blasted away.

All guards and police on guard at the approaches of So Ball are still severely strict in their refusal to allow any curiosity seekers to even get near the tornado area of the unknown.

Everywhere in the tornado path the scene the paper says is still beyond description. Houses not damaged are piled on top of one another three and in some cases four or five high with all window glass gone.

In one place a small wooden barn barn practically intact is seen perched squarely across the top of a slanted roof of a demolished brick building. Broken Broken trees protrude through the windows here dead horses there strong strong along

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what was left of tangled telephone and tangled telegraph wires at irregular intervals is every sort of article of clothing under the sun. Mirrors still intact are seen in the branches of shattered denuded trees. Besides them stream the rags of a carpet torn and fringed by the savage fierceness of the gale.

Everywhere was seen the vagaries of a wind that seemed to take a most malicious delight in sparing the frail and wrecking its immeasurable fury upon that which man regards as most durable and strong.

During the coming of the storm as I read a man by my own name had a close call with a ten year old child in his arms. He had been carrying the little one in the saddle with him astride or in his arms on horseback. The child was ill with a stomach ache

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from eating too much pie and ice cream. The storm was four blocks away by this time roaring enough as to say to shake the angels out of Heaven if that can be done.

Coming to a cross street his horse stepped cautiously down into a gutter from the curb and was about to cross to the other side when in the darkness the horse and man discovered an enormous object flying swiftly towards them. It had been flung by the wind far ahead of the storm. It reached clear across the street diagonally and was coming with terrific speed and force after being flung away by the swirling funnel.

The little girl screamed, the horse whirled and leaped down a side of the curb again just as the tremendous big board sailed by without a foot to spare. Had they gone a step further the horses

human legs would have been broken and the tree three engulfed together into the storm fury before they could reach the basement of a building they were heading for.

I heard that contents of stores were seen on the streets.

They were not mixed. I saw said a reporter wreckage covered with all sorts of pianos and hundreds of boxes of cigars and thousands of pairs. Also a tea store stock and the contents of a rubber goods store, hot water bottles and other rubber articles.

As I read still to you from the papers here all such conditions as prevailed in these tornado districts is making manifest the wonderful resources of this great American country proves the unbounded generosity of its citizens.

No story would be complete that fails to tell of the brave efforts the self sacrifice and the broad broad true sympathy shown on every side

by so many people when real disaster and tribulation overtakes or makes naught of the glorious work performed by the Government the national charitable and benevolent organizations the great financial corporations the churches and any number of institutions and bodies aroused by a sense of duty. Throughout all the country men women and children gave almost unflinchingly of their stores.

Railroads even without charge were and are transporting provisions food clothing beds medical supplies ambulances and every needed thing into the heart of the desolate districts but even there were paralyzed by the bridgeless streams. All then had to be sent the rest of the way by wagon, mule drawn truck hay wagon and the bad like on country roads. And this is very slow delivery.

Even the great protection arm of Uncle Sam is reaching

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out and taking charge of the territory. His arm is standing as a protecting body to the people in dire need tents and medical supplies from his great stocks store-houses are being sent for the use of the victims of the angry twister.

And also his scientific men are directing the work of sanitation relief and sending refugees not too badly injured to Swale So. Saller and the state and military and civil authorities are carrying out his orders without question no matter how difficult or how unpleasant in order that all might be protected and the rehabilitation of the communities of men to be quickly begun. And still to keep the curious out.

When the news of the terrible destruction of these four places and others in Kentucky first reached the outside world the President, I do not remem-

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ber his name was among the first to send a message into the stricken territory offering help. The Secretary of War, I forgot the general name, the Surgeon General and staff came by their private conveyance the rest of the way from the train by country road to the stricken districts where in So. Saller they met and conferred with the Ill. Governor and the officials of the National Guard adopting quick plans and arranging a campaign to meet the awful exigencies of the situation.

By the order of the Governor of Springfield Ill So. Saller was placed under martial law and the adjutant general became supreme ruler under the Governor and with Miss Cunningham appointed Chairman of her Committee to administer the affairs of the city the municipality was brought at least for a temporary time into the class of those conducted under

the commission of her form of government. Of them all even including they were under her as she is the main head, the extension of the martial law over the city developed from action taken by all downtown and south side dealers whose places were closed because of all communications of supply railroads because of loss of the bridges - And because also they put in severe complaints that saloons on the outskirts not in the path of devastation were sending whiskey to undeserving right men outside of the city barred from entering and that considerable drunkenness was observed. The adjutant general reported the situation to Mrs Cunningham and her action was prompt and very decisive. They were arrested and their saloons closed for good.

Following an inspection the Secretary of War and the Mayor General reported to the city

of Washington that typhoid fever, pneumonia, measles, scarlet fever, small pox and other dread diseases would likely follow in the wake of the tornado, which had been of most maximum height and fury, yet there was no difficulty with so bad a situation.

But the main severe difficulty is to restore normal sanitary conditions and prevention of possible epidemics.

And too there is evident severe evidence of suffering for want of food, drink, shelter which cannot be met because everything is coming in so slow from the stalled trains. Even provisions and clothing and medical supplies did not yet arrive.

Even to say the nearest Committees of Alton and Lincoln. All even other places were directed to give all possible assistance in furnishing all farmers for handling all sorts of wagon, even flat ones for

purposes of taking injured and homeless to S. Salls and other nearest places, The public health services organized their forces to prevent the outbreak and spread of disease in the city of S. Salls and Chester Brown. A sanitary survey of both places was made and expert sanitary officers were dispatched to districts in which infection is expected.

A plague of Rabies was among running dogs and cats are being reported and running people in danger from them.

The Post office Inspector reported that S. Salls S. Salls Post office was completely wiped out all fixtures supplies and mail besides Parcel Posts all blown away, But yet there was no loss of life among post office employees so far as learned, though a some were injured.

The mail and all included in the mail bags

were scattered to the four winds - If any could be found later it may be they would be of no condition for delivery. Even about 43,400,000 plain envelopes, stamps innumerable in number, post cards and other supplies were all gone. The very loss of life in the four cities and the number of injured and homeless the President was told was far from being exaggerated, and the property loss.

The various departments of the Government it is said here is proceeding with all energy to find means for trains to get to these places and to deliver the supplies of food medicine and clothing still of much is on the stalled trains.

According to the Secretary there was no exaggeration of the extent of the devastation wrought by the tornado or of the pressing necessity of furnishing the necessities of life.

to a most large percentage of the half starving of the population of the devastated areas. Therefore there was not the slightest cessation of the energetic measures set on motion by the War Treasury and other departments or by the Red Cross. Particular attention is being paid by the army surgeons and all physicians to the question of strict sanitation and prevention of all types of pestilences and epidemics. The facilities of the United States Government are limited in this respect while the experiences of all doctors and surgeons in previous disasters proved of the greatest value in the emergency.

The Major General is one of the men who drove scarlet fever out of most of the country and those of many city hospitals all who belong to the Medical Corps of the Country likewise demonstrated their

ability as sanitary experts. As the trains could not get through the authorities then ordered the loading of 70 thousand rations on the Zollo river boat which was to proceed down or up the Centralia river for So. Ball and Chesterbourn. Another boat chartered at Murphy-borough and also to be sent down another river to give aid to farmers whose farms were wiped out. And also thirty five carloads put on other boats were sent from Simcoke to be distributed up and down these rivers. When traveling far enough they too were blocked.

Bridges surviving are wreckage from other sources dammed up the streams. The two halves of a iron frame work bridge were slanting down to meet each other in the center of the river. Tied also here.

In So. Ball troops and police officials were enforcing necessary "curfew" order to ensure the safety of the people and protect property.

The State Governor drafted also the services of the Sen. Senator of S. Galle who because of his experiences in sociological work was placed in charge in the issuing of permits to ride on trains sent out over the railroads which the state had decreed must not carry sight seers and other undesirable people to the towns and stricken districts.

Permission to ride on these trains was freely given to those who have relatives for whose safety they were concerned, but none other allowed on them.

Some who lived there but were away at the time of the tornado were given transportation and other orders which the railroad had to have before selling tickets. Yet also some none of these got nearer than the rivers.

I think of it thousands of tons of supplies which were shipped and to be forwarded to the homeless, hungry and thirsty

from every Illinois railway centre and the railroads though suffering enormous losses themselves because of the destruction of trains and other railroad property were working under great difficulties in its fruitless efforts to transport everything to the relief points free of charge, because of the destruction of the river bridges.

The dam master sure did a "good" job of it. What is more precious to than diamonds to these sufferers, would be good wholesome drinking water.

It was said newspaper reporters saw a dead horse suspended by his right hoof in the gutter of a wrecked bridge.

The one bad spot in Ill was Chesterbourn where the conditions were recognized as being more deplorable than those which were imagined to exist at S. Galle. Of course property loss there was greater than the others combined, because of

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the larger size of the city and the longer distance of the path of destruction. And compared to Chesterbrowns number of dead, the killed in So Salle was 450.

In no word Chesterbrowns was absolutely smashed, whole districts completely blown away, its parks wiped out, and its streets were avenues of ghastly horror.

Thousands of the survivors of both Chesterbrowns and So Salle have had their homes swept away and have nothing but the clothing they wear. Those who face this situation need substantial help which cant reach them - Even the Merchants and manufacturers are so badly crippled they cannot do a thing. The Governor who have visited Chesterbrowns, Gamewell Chester Cure and So Salle declare without reserve that Chesterbrowns has suffered by far the greatest loss of all, and yet because of the ~~greater~~ greater size of So Salle it has gotten gotten

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its distress before the Country while Chesterbrowns almost wiped out of existence, like So Salle, its factories being no more its business wiped out and its famous parks swept away the great St Vincents Church blown into dust, and its famous Sacred Heart Convent almost leveled has been given much less attention. And it was the first place to receive receive the explosive blow of the tornado.

The Governor submitted to the President an exhaustive report upon Chesterbrowns and general conditions there showing that about twenty five "miles of sheet asphalt" asphalt streets twenty miles of sewers, and the gas electric and water plants are destroyed fire hydrants by the score ripped from the corner streets and that yet countless number of houses are ramshackle ruins and even 7000 surviving homes are in such such a ruined condition that their rehabilitation is completely impossible.

practically impossible. As said before, 450 are dead in Sa Salla. Twenty five hundred are dead in Chester Brown, eighteen thousand injured, hundreds crippled for life, and scores helpless for life in bed or in wheel chairs. The American Can Company the world's largest in Chester Brown is wiped out. Its loss in sheet tin will reach it is believed three hundred million. All property loss at Chester Brown it is believed will never be estimated. That enormous sheet tin factory was entirely blown away and what become of its sheet metal is a mystery.

And there are the two great Sacred Heart Convents. The one in Sa Salla the other in Chester Brown. The one in Sa Salla was built at the cost of five million dollars this paper says. It is very badly damaged and with the demolished sheet car on its roof. Yet it can be repaired. The much bigger and taller one in Chester

Brown seven stories high and the most magnificent one in the world, a sixty million dollar structure is now a two story junk pile with the fragments of the wooden house flung against it, lying about its western or what is left of its western wall.

The Governor says. To him it looks as if Chester Brown had all at once been blown up by a city length and width explosion of immeasurable force. And the city is completely without horses. The animals caught in their stables by the tornado broke from their halter and were thrown about the town to their deaths by the wind. Bodies of dead horses it was said lay everywhere among the wreckage in the streets. Many sight seeing parties were apprehended and put to work.

Pianos with their tops warped and warped in the shape of the letter U by the wind were strewn

here and there about the streets
here and there about the wreckage
strewn streets among the houses. Both
must have been flying about like
kicked foot balls. The Governor saw
a wooden house which the wind
had slammed against a still stand-
ing telephone post with such terrific
force that the house was split
in two, and the system of water
piping was badly bent
about the pole as if the storm
had tried to wind it around it.

Even the First National Bank
of Chester Brown was three quarters
blown away and all the money
money in it disappeared like
magic.

For looters to come and rob the
wreckage of house shambles was
suicide and they knew it. The
wreckage was deadly dangerous,
would fall in on them and kill
them. So there were no looters.

The orders to the guards to shoot
to kill did not scare away
any looter or vandals there.

the looter did not fear^m more than
a child is afraid to eat a leg of
chicken. The wreckage was a hundred
per cent more dreaded than any
of the strictest guards. So they
stayed away from Chester Brown.

The big Delson Machine plant was
destroyed by the twister. The scores
of heavy machines in the plant
much of which was built of
wooden parts were found among
ruined rams-hack houses block
away.

Hopes of the many survivors
many injured as this paper reads
were dashed to pieces when a
great fire broke out immediately
after the storm. It started among
ramshackle ruins of wooden houses.

Fire departments had been
urged out, water mains were
destroyed, and great hot weather
followed the twister.

The fire on the block be-
tween Jefferson and St. Charles
streets and on Third street began
to assume terrifying proportions.

It seemed to be spreading beyond to the north and across the streets to the wind blasted stores on the third street side of the street.

Word had been received from Alton that the minute hoses and fire apparatus would ~~be~~ ^{be} rushed to the burning zone and massed for the attempt. When they came they could get no water to fight the flames. Fortunately as told before the rain came.

This fire was very much worse than the one So Salle had.

The big machines I read about weighed hundreds of tons.

The National Cash Register plant and the central telephone plant were damaged beyond restoration. Other firms whose places of business were wiped out by the tornado were Casey's Sign store, Flannigan's liquor store, Klimes leather goods seven story factory Patterson's household tool and supply Company, A branch of McRae and Publishing and Book store

Company, Parkers Tool and Supply Company, W.S. Adamson's wholesale grocery, Roma Cafeteria, Mildred Hines Saddlery Company, Alden's seven story shoe making and Sales Tannery, S. Fabian's wholesale fruit, vegetable and grape fruit produce house, Madge Helen Evans' wholesale book store building, Evans Brothers' wholesale drugs, O. Hines' Sign store, Foster Johnson's wholesale notions, Buckingham's wholesale drugs, the Fourth Lutheran Reformed Church and a block long block wide livery stable.

These were all at the southwest section where the twists struck first, I ward the middle to the northeast the buildings destroyed were as follows. Kimbal Hardware Company, Sawson Bros. wholesale dry goods, a big six story block long and wide commercial and office building with many printing and real estate and insurance

offices, Irwin Jewel Company, Henry Vincent's big paint making factory, Jewel and Vincent's big paint store and a branch of the Benziger book making firm, a branch of the Kroger stores, Hewey Henry Longshore's second hand store, two big shoe stores, five shoe string stores, the Grand Deton theatre, Teddy Olsson's liquor store, Vincent Charles G. Barrett's paint store, Milton Johanna's clothing and soap, Olsson and shoe emporium and a three block long and block wide five story retail dry good and four story other stores of Johann Business Corporation. None of the taller buildings had two stories left of them and all their goods blown to the four winds.

The very heart of the business district of Chester town was in the path of the irresistible twister.

The Governor or Governor from Springfield Ill. asked us he

strode close to the fire belt which the strong smell of charred wood and other sort of "perfume" whether there had been any death by fire.

Men among injured refugees whom he asked answered no. No one was in the burning buildings. They told how the fire burned from building to building. The Governor inquired as to whether there had been any organized effort to fight the flames. He was told the fire stations were wiped out by the tornado, and only six of all the firemen survived and were severely injured. There could be no organized effort to combat the fire even by citizens who survived because you could get no water anywhere. The tornado certainly saw to that. It even tore the fire hydrants loose from the street corners and even tore away the sidewalks. Where the fire started was a conjecture. Six broken up big wooden buildings seemed to

springing into a hot raging furnace at one time. These were centered about Albert Goldstein's clothing store. If it had not been for the coming of the cloud burst, all the storm left behind it, would have been wiped out by a conflagration.

The paper also reads here that a most terrible sight was witnessed in the rescue of the people held in the wreckage of houses in the path of the advancing flames.

Women almost roasted to the marrow from the fierce heat coming near, had to be pulled by force from the debris.

Old women were getting free by themselves after a desperate did their best to climb from the wreckage unaided.

Stretchers bearers brought along the most seriously injured.

Some died on the way.

Near by on a rail road track going through the street were a number of shot tared box cars full of dead

cattle that had been mangled and killed. They were starting to meet from the heat of burning wrecked houses. The women men and children held in the debris in the path of the flames were wild with terror and some would scream prayers for safety or quick rescue. It was indeed a panorama of terror the half of which will never, never, never, be told.

It was a little beyond an expression of hope of rescue before the flames would reach them and an assurance that courage was being kept up by the rescuers. Already more than a hundred bodies we had been found blackened and almost ashen had been found in the wreckage destroyed by fire before the severe thunder storm came on. And the rescue parties were hardly able to penetrate the wreckage zone although they made the most of it by any way.

effecting the rescue of a few at a time and barely in time to prevent them from burning to death.

Hope of many others trapped in the wreckage which began to grow as the rescuers came near to them, were dashed to pieces when the flaming torn up wooden building very close to them, collapsed into fiery heaps near where they were imprisoned and the fire rage with renewed vigor and spread towards them, the heat causing for a moment the rescuers to retreat some distance. The there was no fire department to work at the flames nor any water.

And near the imprisoned ones among the wreckage two other bigger houses in tumble down wreck, were soon a mass of flames and their debris prison began to smoke. The fire in these two buildings spread to others and assumed the most terrifying proportions. But

because of the starting up of the wind again it seemed to be spreading closer to the imprisoned ones. Near by filled with a recent rain was a large deep watering trough used for horses to drink from. The rescuers started a bucket line.

The fire had approached from the corner caved in blazing wooden buildings and the debris nearest them began to burn from being heated beyond endurance.

While a good number of other men strove desperately to free the imprisoned from it the others poured hundreds of buckets of water on the debris. While others were busy carrying water even able bodied women and children freed from debris elsewhere also carried pails of water and emptied them on the smoking debris. By these methods they were able to fight off the

flames until more help arrived. The long sought help arrived when a large party of relief workers, forced loose the smothering steam-ing debris and carried the injured men and women to safety out of the fire zone. If it had not been for the water brigade all these would have been burned to death.

While the flames raged through and through the rows of houses, burning blocks of them the survivors wrung their hands in sorrow and strong apprehension for those who entangled in other wreckage had been threatened by the flames. Patrols of workers fought desperately to save them.

The burning districts were extending from Jefferson to St. Clair, north to south, and then west to east to a large alley each way and the terrors of this conflagration were being unfolded before them. It is believed the fires might have

been started by cooking stoves also by lighted lamps used where it was growing so dark. In the block many buildings were being wiped out, all nameable wooden structures. Then came the cloudburst burst and within an hour the fire was no more.

The paper also says one of the most peculiar sights that was seen by the governor in his trip through where he found it difficult to go or was in a large dry goods still standing between the shambles of other houses.

Without destroying but only wrecking the place the wind had rushed through here at such an alarming rate and force that the gale had swept the place out clean of everything as though an army of thieves had taken all away. On a large ledge of the stone was no dry goods or furniture to hold it but

high up perched a horse which had been loosened from his traces, and flung up there by the wind after being carried from his barn. He was not injured but could not get down.

The governor saw to it that the horse was helped down and led away.

Never before in all tornado histories had any cities or two towns been visited with such a devastating visitation. And the stress of the minds of the people who were in the 30 running houses as they gazed out of their windows to see what was the cause of the uproar to see the homes of their neighbors only a hundred feet away from them be blown > crazily all to pieces and may to proceed with their occupants through the air are experiences the distress and our overwhelming horror of which will never leave the minds of those who observed there on that

night. Then I must write it again besides the terror of the passing 'Shroud' were the terrors of the big fires occurring in the City of Chester. In 1870 at the time so many injured people were held down help less by the wreckage some twenty eight or more fires occurring at one time in the city, and the approaching fire to those who were exposed to its path were a cause of terror, anguish and distress to the hundreds of people.

It was such people that were rescued under the most greatest difficulty.

There are the experiences of the people and if you could see them to day who were there without food, drinking water there would be such a revival of generous impulses that those who saw the horror in later years in Memphis - burning would be rich with fear and honor.

As said before when the big deluge came it prevented the remains of the city from being destroyed by a general fire calamity.

The distress in these cities is most appalling and the needs of the survivors so great that the national government is impelled to have pontoon or temporary bridges made across the streams to get food and provisions from the trains by horse and mule transportation. Soldiers and guards and the Governor have sent in words from a personal observation of the conditions that still actually exist.

No one knows why this was done, but the Y.M.C.A. in So. Gate sent to Chester town a delegation of teenage boys of that club to make an inspection of the thirty surviving surrounding buildings and the barn with the windmills frame around it. They were lead by the head of the Y.M.C.A. but they found it

very difficult to get through the debris stream all the way across to the houses, by the twists and with their many windows broken and debris also on the roofs they doubted that these houses escaped.

They came across some street guards who said to them, "No no that's not so. They were not in its path and even people living in them are taking care of some of the injured they took in. The windows are busted by some of debris thrown so far by the passing tornado. Those houses are not the least damaged. Go and interview some of them if you wish" They saw a dead cow on a flat roof but did not asked questions about it.

But what the members of the Y.M.C.A. saw was not what they expected to observe. To them far worse than any human mind can ever picture were the conditions still revealed in this city of Chester town.

when this death dealing twisted had left it behind. They were told, bodies many hundreds of them mutilated beyond recognition had been found on all sides after the storm by the relief workers and the jumbled mass of debris served as a monument to what was once one of the best cities of its size in all Illinois. Ruin was everywhere and the leader of the Y.M.C.A. members declared he believed Chestnutbrown will never recover or be restored.

As the papers here says men who for years and years who had been leading figures in Chestnutbrown financial and commercial affairs of the city, and survivors of ruined stores, though injured and covered with bandages many blood soaked were standing with bowed heads in the "bread lines" outside the various Relief Stations in St. Louis begging pitifully for the awfully slow arriving of aid.

The tornado and even flames had wiped out their fortunes in a very short time and in many instances cast a pall of death over their families.

Even for there a temporary morgue had been established, but the day after the storm this was soon filled to overflowing and many bodies were taken to the St. Vincent's great University. The finding of a body sometimes a signal for a concerted rush on to the morgue by people anxious to identify their loved ones in St. Louis and Chestnutbrown but the maddened throngs were held in check by the troops.

Hot August Weather with 105 in the shade added to the suffering of the refugees, and even though many had barely sufficient clothing to cover their bodies it was not cooling and many received awful sunburn and sun and severe heat prostration.

All this the members of the Y.M.C.A. heard from some of the occupants of some of the houses. They were even told the tornado cloud above dropped the cow onto the roof of that house, smashing some of the roof but staying there.

Efforts to provide these sufferers something to lessen their torture from the heat proved futile. Many were reported to have been killed or injured or reported dying in the John Hellen Safe and Lock Company building when it was leveled by the tornado.

"It was awful what we saw" said the leader of the Y.M.C.A. "We did not actually come to Chesterbourn to see that or expected to see it."

By appearance it would seem as the whole earth under the city exploded with unexplained force. The rest of the world will never realize how much suffering and privation has been undergone by these brave survivors of this

town and also La Salle. The tornado has exactly exploded the whole city. We came to inspect the houses that were not hit, not thinking to see all this unspeakable horror.

A man in a house who lost all of his farm, except house barn and windmill said he saw the funnel come down to earth with a ball on its lower part. That explains this. A tornado like of that kind has more wallop than twenty other strong tornadoes put together as one. I have heard that men -

are driven crazy by the pains of their worn wounds starvation thirst, or by loss of their dear ones caused the guards no end of trouble. They struggled among the dangerous war wreckage of houses, and up and down wreck strewn streets stumbling or sprawling among wreckage five feet deep, screaming at the top of their voices and tearing their hair.

I never heard fifteen hundred children, and 30 teachers, besides the Administrators were found dead and mangled in the razed brick school house on Rosehill street located just across from the thirty buildings that was missed by the tornado. The bodies of the children could be seen from the other side among the wreck what was left of the school's first floor. Some lay even across window sills. I'm glad I was not here at that time to see that, they say most of the victims ~~victims~~ were children. I also heard he continued, that in St. Gall the authorities closed all saloons and very strictly and drastically forbade the smoking of cigars for pipes and cigarettes in any part of the city, as the water supply was so limited that it would have been impossible to fight another fire should one have gotten started, and now there just there

no sign of more rain. I heard that many homeless people many of them slightly injured had and are still wandering aimlessly about the streets as if in a trance Bound for no place, not knowing where to go they are walking about and clambering among windrows of debris ~~peering~~ peering closely into the faces of every body in St. Gall looking for dear ones who are still missing. Children clamber up and down the debris crying and calling for their mothers. One child cried to me "Have you seen my mother and little brother" I choked and could not answer. How could old Mother Nature be so cruel? So heartless? So unbearable? Even the awful unspeakable horrors of the destruction of St. Pierre, by Mount Pelee, could not compare to this. I also heard the Illinois Central Railroad yards on Central Avenue in Chester town were swept away.

Coal cars loaded down with thousands of tons of coal were tossed about by the wind like chips of wood on the ground. Over the territory it looked like there had been a blizzard hail of coal.

All buildings on Central ave for two miles were gone. Other streets I heard suffered the same fate as Central Avenue. All blown away completely. About two thirds of that part of the city, all houses were gone.

Was it here where the tornado stopped moving forward for several minutes as that farmer told us? And at places in S Sa Salle too the Relief Committee were forced to tell the waiting crowds out in the streets that the food supplies were giving out and there is much waiting.

Suddenly a man rushed past me wildly and I saw him rushed into the the Relief Committee headquarters close to me begging for water. My God, my wife and children are choking for

a drink. Give me water water

I heard the man moan. He was dripping wet with sweat showing he had risked sunstroke to secure a cup of water. The Relief Headquarters was without a drop of water. When told the man yelled and dashed off to seek water somewhere else.

The people of these 30 houses told us that appeals are being sent to the Mayors of every city or town within a radius of 160 miles to buy rush food and clothing and try to get the trains through some how to prevent the entire population of S Sa Salle from being wiped out from starvation and thirst. Yet despite all this effort

Sa Salle and Chester Brown are and will supply a real most difficult problem because of no bridges across rivers trains cannot get to the two cities. It has been impossible to get there on other railroad lines. I

came with my Y.M.C.A. boys by wagon and river launch boats. It is impossible even to get to these cities from south and west. With the Chicago supply diminishing down to the point of dire need, and the tornados devilish fury and rage cutting off all communication from all sides, both St. Louis and Chester Brown are practically cut off from help of all kinds. I think the loss however is incalculable and will run far into the countless millions. The property damage in Chester Brown is so awfully great that I do not think fifty or even sixty years will see Chester Brown entirely recovered from the effects of this tornado visitation.

I heard of two bridges go to pieces before the gale and the mighty winds accomplished their feat as easily as you or I might turn a hat over. Steel bridges

mind you. I heard of fires which had broke out in both cities in different parts, and only was stopped by a cloud burst. The destruction of the paper mills by the storm alone has put 2,500 men who survived in Chester Brown out of work. They told us that men women and children in St. Louis and even here are falling from starvation and dying from thirst and heat strokes and sheer exhaustion on the streets everywhere and it is a common sight to see men dragging their wives through the streets in an effort to get them to a relief station to get enough food and drinking water to keep them alive. And if possible lotions for sunburn.

A young woman I interviewed in the University who for a time was bedridden from injuries twenty one years of age said she and others were sucked out of their home by

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the tornado winds. For a few minutes the girls were tossed and flung about like small sections of tissue paper. When rescued they were suffering from broken feet, leg arm and exposure to the hot sun after winds.

It happened so suddenly. There was a noise like the howling and shrieking like a million demons, added by a multitude of turmoils. We did not know that we were in the arms of death said Miss Reely which was her name. "We were in the second story of our big brick home, when a terrific suction of howling wind reached us and pulled us out through a window which was open. We desperately clung to each other. Almost before we had time to realize an situation were we hurled between two trees where all the branches were whipping themselves ferociously together and breaking into thousands

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of small pieces and sailing away in a cloud. We both clung desperately to them, even though lightly, as we were wedged the wind tried to pull us loose. Because of the winds for we soon had on scarcely more than shreds and were then half naked. The wind was hot. We were bombarded with flying small pieces and large pieces of debris. Finally the wind suddenly stopped and went howling off to the north east.

We were wedged so tightly, between the shattered what was left of the two trees, we could not work ourselves free if the salvation of our souls depended on it.

Then came the rain. We were soaked. The biggest broken branch cut a lot of the rain from our head and faces. When we tried again desperately to free ourselves, we got wedged in the

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the lighter. The trees what is left of them had been stripped off all their bark and one was badly split. The next and other we were still there like a piece of ice frozen between the trees. It was becoming unbearable agony. We yelled and screamed for help. We did not expect to be at all saved.

We had had no drinking water for several days and with the coming out of the sun, the day after the rain, it got awful hot. We were tortured by the sun and hot dead calm.

Because of the heat we became so thirsty that I believe we felt like the thirsty traveler on the dry desert.

I shall never forget as long as I live the horror of the days wedged so tightly between those trees.

It really was that every house within sight of us looked like

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badly torn up or ripped apart paste board paper with a number of dead persons among the shattered remains. Right before our eyes we saw as many as sixty or more men women and the children lay broken in all their bodies as if they had been flung or bounced about like rubber balls.

It was a miracle we had not been added to their numbers. It was horrible and then I forgot that my right leg was broken. Severe pain starting in reminded me of it. It was awful. Then after we had yelled and screamed ourselves hoarse a Italian whom I knew heard and saw us and came to our aid.

He looked closely at our situation and started going off saying "I'll have to get an axe saw chisel and hammer. He soon returned. His name was Roma. Roma fought strongly to get a

ladder against the trees but because of the condition of the trees it would not stay in place and threw him.

He was not injured. He had some rope and tightly fastened the lat ladder against the tree.

Then he climbed up the ladder. But alone he could not do anything for us.

So He went and three men to help him. Yet between them it took three days to finally free us by chopping hacking and sawing. Between that time one of them got food and drink for us. It was really a painful ordeal but we were glad of the suffering nevertheless of being finally pulled from between the trees. There are marks on my arms and legs and sides where some of our flesh or skin was torn away when they pulled us out from between the trees.

My feet are broken and swollen

No cast can be found to put them on. They pain awfully and so do our broken legs and arms. Roma put us into a long large push cart. The trip to the University made hospital seemed the longest period of my life. It seemed as though we were to be saved and then the next moment in passing close to it, a sagging wall of a wooden wall actually, turned over on its side slamming the top of the push cart and I thought we would be killed by it.

It covered us with splinters and a portion landed him on top of his head. But he was not hurt. At last Roma got us to the University. We by orderlies were carried or wheeled to a room on cart and put to bed.

An orderly called a doctor and did everything for us under the circumstances. Even this University in which the two girls lay is still

is surrounded by closely packed
debris thrown about by the passing
"Oliver Twist"

"We are not afraid" she said. The
tornado has no terror for us. It
now we feel we are safe. There
won't come another for a decade"

Her companion told the same
story. At the time the tornado
sucked her out through the open
window she was sick a bed and
expected to be operated on for
"Gall Bladder trouble" I felt sorry
for these two, such a hor-
rowing experience I even observed
when I was admitted in Chester-
brown yesterday, from early morn-
ing until night the guards and
police with even the help of the
militiamen were unable hardly to
manage the crowds besieging them
on all sides with friends &
relatives of those in Chester-brown
places of shelter hoping to get
relief from the opposite side.

All the smaller bridges leading
both to So. Gall and Chester-brown
are swept away and for platoon bridges
are being constructed in their places
to get food and provisions
and water to the stricken cities.

Nothing yet can be done about
Gameville and Chester-chire as they
and their population are totally wiped
out. This tornado is sure a whole-
sale killer.

In Chester-chire Brown there is
no means of illumination. Lamp
candles and lanterns are forbidden
for fear of more fires. There was
a place for keeping sanctuary
oil and the like in the cellar
of the leveled Sacred Heart convent,
but because of the thickly strewn
 wreckage from other buildings, all
access was cut off should this
catch fire from some unknown
source, should the ruined convent
go up in flames Heaven help
Chester-brown.

I myself read on to the engineers and fireman sitting on a large stone near one of the hopelessly wrecked Pullman cars, "The tolerance of the reader of this paper is asked in reading this news because it is almost an awful interpolation.

It has no place in the original compilation but the conditions which has developed in Chester brown, thirty five miles southwest of St. Louis justifies representation of the city's calamity in its true relation to the entire dreadful catastrophe.

This is the dire appeal, the wail of pain beyond endurance, the sorrow that still issues from that city more than a week after the death dealing cyclone tore through it wiping out everything and killing two thousand seven hundred. More have died of their injuries. It is not to be a story filled with thrilling rescues or deeds of heroism but the

Portrayal of the dire conditions even heard of of which the Country learned very little, because of the "Oliver Twist" the throwing seat of Southern Illinois was totally shut off from the world. Its story did not reach the public. Thus "Oliver Twist" will always be known as the Champion child killer.

The Red Cross representatives who only got there by wagon or cart after a canvass reported by messengers who telegraphed from Alton and Sumner, Ill, that out of the twenty eight thousand population of Chester brown, eighteen thousand are more or less seriously injured, twenty seven hundred or more are homeless, two thousand seven hundred and fifty seven are dead, and the remainder are in need for rehabilitation, and all of the city except thirty one buildings look as shattered by a large landscape powerful blasting explosion of

extremely great violence. This is the appeal made for Chester Brown, the like of which has been made in the main interest of few communities.

"My God how Chester Brown far more than Se Salle needs help, It is suffering for food water clothing and other provisions. Many survivors among the great number of injured were denuded of their clothing by the wind. Many women and girls even with pig tails or bobbed hair had their hair torn from their heads and are suffering serious scalp wounds. This capital city the seat of Southern Ill. the recognized world center of machine tool and all sorts of manufacturing interests, great business center the first greatest producer of manufactured paper in the world and one of the most active industrial centers in all the United States is prostrated by the most devastating tornado ever seen as no town or city has been prostrated, since all other

various disasters the Country has ever known. Even the most powerful flood ever known can have the force of this cyclone, this whirlpool of the air.

In the great swirl of disaster which overwhelmed this southern part of Illinois, there two or four cities rather were devastated in such a way it is impossible to really try to differentiate.

Se Salle suffered woe fully but Chester Brown in proportion, suffered twenty times as much. And this was not presented to the world because of the conditions which precluded because of the destruction of all communications the dissemination of the news.

Many telephone telegraph and other poles with their shredded twisted tangled wires were found far away lying in the fields of farms, and in the streets of rather towns.

But Chesterbrown has no false pride. She wants it known. She is figuratively upon her bare knees desperately supplicating. All her sewerage system, her light plants, her water works system are completely destroyed. Because of lack of room and food supplies she has sent her able bodied refugees to Sa. Salles Alton and Sunol Hill by wagon and so on, down roads the only available transportation.

The paving has all been lifted up or torn away by the twists and the streets are asphalt paved and with side walks are now mud roads. Countless houses have been torn from their foundations and either blown to fragments or swept away altogether, overturned in the streets or piled and scattered everywhere in the city. Fire hydrants are torn up with their long under street pipes, and some sewer gas pipes destroyed. With no desire to make any

comparison that would minimize the seriousness of the situation in Sa. Salles the Kentucky places, Jareville and Chesterchire, Franklton, Middletown and Dallas Hill, that no city in Illinois suffered in any degree comparable to Chesterbrown. One might walk through the storm torn streets in Sa. Salles. In Chesterbrown it is necessary to climb and with great difficulty.

Every one of our best steel railroad bridges connecting the south west and east sections of the city of Chesterbrown was swept away by the over powerful mighty "Oliver Twist". No man can understand why all lives were lost in Jareville and Chesterchire. No man yet knows how many bodies from these towns were found in far away farm fields or railroad right of ways and towns never hearing of them in the path of the awful cyclone. The Corps of Engineers, Albert

Harvey Dugan made a voluntary statement to the Governor of Ill. in which he stated that the property loss and the loss of life in Chester Brown was greater in his opinion than that of the other three communities put together as one. He concluded his statement with this "The present paper is drawn up with an enforced view of assisting the citizens surviving in securing all sorts of assistance that is so desperately needed. The undersigned has no interest in any way, and this statement is unsolicited."

In utmost desperation the Chester Brown Relief Committee headed by Joseph Harvey one of the once leading financiers of the city considered the advisability of appointing a Committee to wait on the United States President and ask Government aid.

Yet before taking final action this Committee informed the State Governor who was

them in Chester Brown and on his advice abandoned the project. The government assured the Committee that the President was doing everything possible to afford relief to the stricken people of his old home town but was balked by lack of transportation.

Also Chester Brown lies in the center of one of the richest farming communities in the whole Central West.

Yet dozens of these farms are wiped out with the farmers and their families killed or seriously injured. It has for Illinois unrivalled railroad facilities which are now stalled by the destruction of the railroad bridges. Its manufacturing, its international interests were of international importance and reputation. Its financial institutions had stood at the head of all America. Now they are all wiped out. Terrible. Horrible. Beyond believing.

Otto Zink I am one president of the Chesterbrow First National Bank now no more its money scattered to the four winds, millions of Dollars of it, was also President of the Illinois Bankers Association, illustrating the desperation of the Chesterbrow situation. Mr. I am stood in the bread line, every day to try to get enough food to sustain him and drinking water.

And his head and left arm had bloody bandages. The Chesterbrow Citizens Committee requested that these facts be presented to all national newspapers that the whole world might know. The distress at Chesterbrow is infinitely worse than any of the other tornado torn up towns put together.

Chesterbrow is in tears and desperately appealing. It is like a city of the damned in Hell with its moaning groaning howling shrieking suffering injured

and great sorrow over lost ones. Chesterbrow most desperately needs the help that is so slow arriving. Damn it. Why in least didn't the "Olivea Trust" spare the bridges?

The general opinion that Chesterbrow would recover in a few weeks from the tornado's devastation was completely shattered after the committee had time to make even the shortest tour of the city because of the tangled sea of debris and see for themselves what the inconceivable damage was.

The plea to the newspapers men not to paint the picture of the tornado disaster "so black" because the business houses of the city would be working in a couple of days was changed to a frantic appeal to plea the exact situation before the world. "Chesterbrow will never recover."

Heaven alone knows how many houses have been wiped out many thousands.

of survivors owning property have been ruined and wiped out. Business houses have either been swept away or crippled so badly that never again can they resume operation. All the survivors of Chester Brown are without a cent, or employment in the world and no place to call home.

The only work for the survivors that is possible for the male population is employment on the streets cleaning departments. Chester Brown is the most hardest hit of the three other cities put together. The Secy Secretary of War and Colonel Wainwright head of the provisional military Government, the Government of the United States, the Ill Governor, and many others who spent several days in Sa. Sall, and the other devastated two communities say that while the loss of property and lives was large at Sa. Sall, Sa. Sall and the two others could not match match Chester Brown which was worse than

the whole shebang in one. The 450 bodies of Sa. Sall have been recovered. Those of the other two cities and in Chester Brown many still are under the wreckage and rotting away in the fierce August "Dog Days".

"You can't make too strong an appeal" said the State Governor. "The condition is too too depressing to talk about. Every person left in the city as refugees and more or less injured and homeless almost without food and water have been most hard hit. Even though money is badly needed, it won't help. The city is even much far worse than at first comprehended." Sa. Sall has suffered far far less than Chester Brown. And Chester Brown is a was three times a bigger community. There is no comparison between the three other cities. Every house in Chester Brown except thirty one south across from the station

are ~~later~~ literally wiped out many hundred lives were lost nothing ever will be recovered many who had plenty a week ago found themselves one week after the tornado without a thing in the world. All factories and stores and the great ~~set~~ railroads and eight story two block long grain Elevator and its ten story round silos are wiped out.

The people thrown out of work will have to go to other cities to find work. I hope the people of all the Country realize that from Chester Brown had been torn up by the most savage tornado on all record and ceases to be."

The head of the Y. M. C. A. still there with his boys said to the Illinois Governor "This Community of Chester Brown is prostrated beyond all recovery. It ceases to be. I had heard desultory reports indicating to us that St. Louis and other cities suffered greatly but we can easily conceive no conditions worse than

those confront us. In the judgement of Colonel Harvey head of our main provisioned military Government and of the executive French and official governments of New England Mutual fire Association and financial resources who have managed to come to Chester Brown by other methods than by tie up trains to visit here the property loss is far greater amount than any of the other tornado struck cities even in Kentucky put together. And I've found out that this statement is confirmed by all newsmen and reporters.

You couldn't hardly believe in all four places business houses and factories are demolished but in this Chester Brown takes the lead.

In Chester Brown the sewerage system which I myself see, the street paving, sidewalks, fire Hydrants with their extensive piping and light and water plants are destroyed. Camp and electric light posts are gone.

all bridges no matter what size spanning the river, excepting the one spanning the Central River and its broken in two with those sections down in the river and its iron framework twisted like snakes.

The great industries are gone or leveled to the ground, incurred unestimated losses and will ~~heavily~~ recover.

The great Sacred Heart Convent is a one and half story junk pile where before it was a very long seven story building. All its nearest remaining front sections is leveled down. The whole total loss will never be known. The loss of lives is said to be two thousand seven hundred and fifty and still going up with many injured dying. The statements of facts will give you the full idea and acquaint you with the needs of the city. Eventually it will never recover. The survivors will have to look for a new territory to recover.

but also you will realize that our resources are at this time immensely overtaxed, Chester Brown is very desperately in need of help. If only the trains could get there, the false pride can restrain this appeal. We want you to know. We want the world to know. Even the undersigned has never been able to make an estimate of the damage. But no city has ever been prostrated like poor Chester Brown. Food and clothing and drinking water is being received in such small quantities because it comes so slowly, by mule and horse drawn wagons, push carts, and so on. Because trains can get no nearer because of the bridges being swept away or demolished. Even because of this tieup, financial aid can't be forthcoming. It is said Chester Brown itself cannot be able to appropriate

a single cent for any necessity. The score thousands of tents sent by the War department after word of the disaster reach Federal authorities in Washington had not yet arrived. The millions of dollars given with a free hand in every section of the country too was never seen^{ed} because of the stalled trains. Why didn't the damn tinies knock out all the bridges of the United States while it was at it? It could not do any worse could it?

The greatest blow to Chester-Brown as well as the whole country was the total destruction of the National Cash Register Company. Even where did the Cash Registers go? There is no trace of them.

The strange nature of the following thunder storm the unusual heat of this August month and the crazy movement of the storm clouds in front of the thunder storm are given as the cause of this exceedingly violent

tornado with her immeasurably force and savage fury according to the professor director of the Tornado study Observatory. The position of the planets had nothing to do with this an astronomer he said. Science he said is at a loss to determine the cause of all violent storms, summer, spring, fall or winter.

So far the Professor said the position of the planets has not been found to have anything to do with the weather. Even the sunspots have nothing to do with the weather although many experiments have been made along this line. It seems also plausible but so far science has not been able to trace such connection. And besides there has never been any proof that tornadoes are formed by the devil. He as the power to be sure but God won't let him.

This terrible Oliver Twist came at a time when such severe storms are not supposed to be due. March to June is supposed to be the regular Tornado Season. We do not always have such storms in August and they are not hardly to be expected.

It is said though when one does take form around midsummer they are more violent than any during the actual tornado season.

The changes from cool or cold into a hot climate degree naturally causes some very violent readjustments. This readjustment happened at this unusual time of the year to be very much more severe than usual.

Science can offer no reason for this awful situation. Another peculiar and very unusual thing was the long very severe thunderstorm that followed the maelstrom of the air. They

usually forms in the black thunder cloud. One point that strikes me as peculiar is that this twister made a straight bee line along its full course, while tornadoes usually go here and there like dancing a waltz. It looks as if something was wrong with the twister. Another thing to me that is very peculiar is that the conditions in the twister were such as to cause it to be so unusually violent and do such damage in little more than a minute.

time. It looks also as if something was exceedingly wrong with the big cloud from which the funnel came down, as that farmer said it acted so wild and crazy above. That situation up there must have caused it to be so exceedingly violent. The path of destruction is a mile and three quarters wide here.

Something also seemed wrong with the strange formation of Chestertown. It was a mile and a quarter wide and had a strange contour from the south west to the northeast for twenty eight miles on a half I don't remember its name but a railroad line runs north of Chestertown along the Ga. Fall River from and to the same direction. The bridge crossing that stream is a Holocaust.

One point that strikes me as again as peculiar is that the twister was forced to follow this course and that the conditions of the river and railroad right of way would not let the storm swing off its course.

It I believe is wrong that property should be allowed to be built along a parallel river and railroad right of way and subject to such danger that a wild tornado can be for

compelled to follow their course of direction. We heard that tornado often do these things I understand the great damage in Chestertown and all the way past Kentucky was due to this river and railway course preventing the storm from running off its course. Therefore this twister rightly cannot be called a Waltzing cloud, yet this was not preventable. But towns in tornado districts should never be built on shores of these sort of rivers, therefore the fault of this immeasurable damage done and the wholesale loss of life is to the carelessness of man rather than to the fickleness and crazy caprice of nature. When the time comes and will it be is not yet known the disaster has placed the State of Ill and Kentucky in the position of facing the largest problem of reconstruction and

refinancing it has even met. Even public service corporations were hard hit. Many counties are staggered by losses and also municipalities have burdens doubled or quadrupled. Indication of the extent of the situation, Southern Ill. lost forty six bridges that it will cost unestimated millions to replace. A similar type of situation exists in Kentucky differing only in degree.

This does not include the damage done to highways small culverts and little bridges.

It is estimated it will cost more than \$150,000,000 to restore the bridges claimed by this most wild tornado. Cities villages townships and districts must shoulder the load.

The Lieutenant Governor said that in his opinion nearly half the damage done by the twister would fall upon the railroads. A high official of the Pennsylvania Railroad which had corps of engineers in the

state was quoted as saying that it would require an expenditure of \$3,000,000 to restore on large bridges on the Pennsylvania system in that part of Illinois and that normal tramp transportation facilities need not be looked for until late next summer or fall.

Besides bridges the railroads however of Southern Ill. lost whole terminal systems in the cities destroyed along with all sorts of communications.

The B and O and other lines suffered in proportion. These losses must be financed. Every piece for piling bridges and quick construction the roads could find in these two states is to be bought and loaded for shipment into Southern Ill. and Kentucky.

Traction lines in the state had been cut in bits. Bridges disappeared, tracks and ties even the rail beds were torn away and

enormous damage was done & these losses will also have to be financed. It will test the fiber and foundations of the large and small corporations. The estimate of the Illinois Governor that the southern Illinois property loss would exceed that of occasioned by the Frisco earthquake proved to have been modest. The state lost not less than five hundred million dollars from the most worse tornado disaster in its history.

An odd feature of the loss was that so little of it was insured. Most buildings were insured against fire, but there was no flood or tornado insurance. The state and the cities and the southern counties are faced to face with a most discouraging problem in which the only ray of hope is the ~~tradition~~ traditional capacity of the American to surmount all obstacles.

"Unusual very strong sympathy for the tornado sufferers" I read on has made the whole world kin. Yet also as I read it has caused a great scare among people who said the wreck and ruin in pictures of newspapers and the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines and they vowed they'll never go to live where tornado rage especially Kansas and Southern Ill. Yet they have the will and strong resolution to give all the help they can, even when it takes the greatest sacrifice in general. And in many cases it would be a big deprivation to the giver who is often anonymous doing good by stealth.

A widow in St Louis in Missouri sending her small sum for the relief of the suffering unfortunate refugees wrote, "I remember in May 1896 when the tornado at St Louis killed more than a thousand, deprived me of my all, the

Red Cross Society lost not a moment in coming to my aid. The storm made of me a life long cripple, though of course I can walk with the help of a cane. I went to the office of this society and also the Salvation Army and Catholic and other Charities have filed the anonymous wage earners with their contributions; these in many cases were a part of their means of support that could ill be spared. Gold and worn bills and silver pieces laid down with unspoken sympathy by men women and all school children too who wanted nothing said about it and turned and went out to face the struggle for existence again.

For this cause also throughout the Country all Churches of all Religion took from their congregations huge huge contributions.

These people did not think twice about whether they should help those in greater necessity than

their own. Even all sick and other patients in all the hospitals and students in high schools and Universities gave huge sums. Orphan Homes, even people of old folks homes who had some means, gave their all.

They had been helping one another all their lives and it seemed not so much a duty as a natural thing to do to respond to the call from Southern Ill. where thousands in the four communities had lost their lives and many more thousands injured and all survivors of Chester Brown and La Salle were homeless and suffering.

The spirit of helpfulness it is so much abroad and so active and unselfish among people of all conditions that the brotherhood of man ceases to be a mere phrase of the idealist.

It is a good thing for everybody. Sympathy is a great and

strong leader and teacher too. The man of financial position and wealth sees the multitudes of working folk anonymously giving to the relief fund and depriving themselves of such necessities in the giving and there can be no envy in the heart of a poor man when he sees how liberal are the gifts of those whom he has not always been disposed to credit with sympathy for their fellows in distress and he begins to think that the man of means may also deny himself something when he signs a check to help in this common cause.

I read also of a peculiar ride on the top of one of the houses that was carried away by the storm. It was described in this graphic manner by a young teen aged boy and his small sister of Chester town after their rescue. The 110 his sister and several other persons were rescued

near La Salle.

"We had been told to hurry to the cellar said the boy whose name was James Representation, 'an immense tornado was about to tear away the whole neighborhood where we lived. We foolishly remained first to gather our valuables, suddenly, suddenly there was a roar like humming, thunder and crashing wreckage and the building shook, then we rose upward and went away like a balloon. We screamed for help again and again. I can remember screaming even when we appeared far up in the air.'

The house sped with the furious wind sometimes faster than the fastest train. Five others somehow had been sucked out of the house through the windows and thrown upon the housetops but they all perished. The storm

carried us to near Sa Salle and then let us down very roughly among some broken houses. Rescue from a farm came to our aid. I was exhausted and was carried by one of the men up into the attic of the same house, where I remained all night.

The next morning I was able to be up and about and went down to join the party.

There was no food supply on hand and the only drinking water to be had was obtained by holding a pail out on the rain. My house was only partly destroyed. My mother met me with outstretched arms when she learned of where I was. She was in one of the Chester brown houses not hit by the storm.

There was a large hole in the back of this house which the wind had carried, caused by being dumped roughly to the ground.

Looking into it I saw a girl's foot sticking out. I found an old bathing suit, put it on to ward off the hot sun, as the storm had stripped me almost naked and going there got the girl's body out.

Her hands were folded and she held a crucifix. A Rosary was wrapped around her folded hands. I was walking over bodies in getting her out. I then pulled out the bodies of five girls and eight men. I washed off their faces clean believing I think they might be neighbors as they too had been in the house, carried by the wind, but did not recognize any of them. I notified the police of Sa Salle and the bodies were taken to where I don't know. I forgot to say their faces looked positive hedious with their mangled appearances. Oh I am so glad to be safe here.

after being carried so far. It reminds me of the Cyclone that carried the house little Dorothy was to the Land of Oz but I did not go there. I wish I had. During that trip so high up in the air I never had the slightest hope that the tornado would bring me here safely. I despaired of living in that trip "through the air in that wooden house."

"I was surprised to see in the paper also that off all those killed in the damaged Sacred Heart Convent there was one survivor, a seriously injured ten year old girl.

She was a patient in the first floor of the University Lumber Hospital. Her name was Mildred Maxwell. She was one of the school children there the paper said furnished some very interesting information of the disaster to the Convent.

She told newspaper reporters that on the early afternoon of August

the fifteenth the day of the storm the Sisters and hundreds of boys and a thousand little girls of all ages as well as eighteen lay persons and "five priests were starting a big banquet in honor the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.

In the dining room on the third floor were two long tables to accommodate all.

The head Sister Superior Gertrude was to superintend the whole Banquet. Her little girl between ribs because of the pain she suffered graphically describes the horror of the storm. In relating her experience she said: "That afternoon a most terrible wind storm following terrible darkness ran through our dining room like mad as we were all by the table enjoying the feast. I came following terrible darkness with an awful noise

All of a sudden all telephone connections with the convent was cut off also electric lights and gas. As severe thunder storms usually start with strong wind that was what ~~we~~ thought was coming.

While the Sisters were crossing themselves and saying prayers as they do during such storms, we heard an awful yelling and thunder on howling outside. Everything out there was a thick cloud of flying parts of houses and the east wall of our dining room fairly flew out. Some of us kids dived under the tables.

Sister St Gabriel who had lit all the burners on the gas stove to boil our coffee, and also two ovens to provide for the wants of us all, hastily turned them off. We were supposed to have roast chicken, biscuits, dozens of eggs for who wanted them instead, baked ~~potatoes~~ potatoes.

and four whole hams which had been previously sliced, about four quarts of rice pudding and so on. We were also to have canned peaches, corn whole to matoes, Chicken Soup, bread pudding, custard pie, sugar salt lattes, rolls, biscuits and even candy.

In the panic many kids fled up to the attic where every other article had been stored, yet coming in so strong the wind torn down pictures and window shades and all the furniture and chairs flew about the dining like balloons, and one of the long tables the children were under turned bottom up and crushed them.

The wind roughly tore the table cloth off the other sending dishes and all on the table crashing about everywhere.

All this was happening just in a few seconds. And just think of all those frightened kids.

being perched on the attic on the seventh floor amid the thunderous roaring of the tempest, the swaying of the building as if in an earthquake and the crash of timber in its hurry before the sway. Our two outhouses on the rear were swept away from their foundations before our very eyes.

Two horses crashed right through the window, smashing their way in through the adjoining walls and onto our upside table.

Then there was a most awful noise above us and all life there seemed to disappear into a cloud of bricks, timbers, plaster, flooring and thick dust. I was down but above us there was a terrible resounding deafening crash turning into an awful swirling sound.

Frightened almost to death we started to rush from the dining to the stairs leading down to the Chapel on the second

floor. I being far on the lead was able to reach the staircase first. It had struck me I had better make good my escape while I could reach the stairs. Then before my sight the whole dining room full of frightened children, went to flying pieces and into a cloud of dust, and walls of brick and timbers and everything and with the shrieking high actually disappeared away in an immense cloud of swirling debris of all kinds. The poor nuns and the priests went with it. Where the chapel is there was at the same time an awful crash that shook the remainder of the Convent like a rocking cradle. Suchy I was the first to leave the dining room. I began racing down the stairs but a violent gust of wind lifted the stairs and I was

thrown down them headlong like
I believe as if I had been a real
good hard kicked foot ball.

The I was not yet injured. The
part of the convent below me
was filling with flying debris
from outside so quickly, that Sister
Anne who had been in the
Chapel before the Blessed Sacra-
ment thought it best to call
the sisters and the children down
there.

She had been before the Blessed
Sacrament kneeling for a few
moments in profound silence. She
called but heard nothing but
the roaring storm.

Oh such seconds of deadly fear,
I was going to go to a higher window
you would see clouds of house
fragments flying by go to
another two or three times go
to another wreckage of everything
to think of swirling away as
thick as clouds in fact there

was everything from an eggshell
to crowds of persons rushing by
through the air. Sister Anne not
knowing exactly, what was hap-
pening called to the girls to come
down to the Chapel and not stay
in the attic.

Then she saw me come flying
down the stairs like a kicked
foot ball. Sister Anne thinking
I had carelessly fallen fallen
down the steps by not looking
where I was going, scolded me
and then yelled above the
uproar outside to the children
to come down to the Chapel
if they were afraid of "such a
thunder storm wind."

I got to the front section
of the convent, all of a sudden
there was a redoubled roar.
All that part of the convent
was heaved high up into
the air and it crashed down
with an ear splitting crash.

I woke up to find myself in a hospital bed, covered with bandages and in awful pain. How I lived through it I don't know as my rescuers told me it took three days to free me from under the top parts of the shambles, and all that time I had been unconscious.

I found I was the only survivor. At first the doctors thought I would not live, and still fear I might yet die. They say if I do live I'll be a life long cripple.

I can hardly move because of the pain. I am sort of stiff all over and my broken leg hurts just awful. They said I bled a lot. Many of the patients

where I am had been praying for me all day, some were crying for me. I heard that I don't think there was a prayer in any of the prayer books that was not recited for me many

times. Even children patients who knew it sang the Salve Regina the 'O Suman, Our Lady of Good Council, and also recited Rosary upon Rosary for my recovery.

The head nurse as the orderly told me thinking for me that the nurse was at hand told the other patients, they could go to the University Chapel, for safety from the heavy rain dashing in the broken window or stay in with me. The orderly told me as with one voice they said 'we will stay with the little injured girl.'

A week has passed since then and being a cripple from my busted leg I can hardly move. I am beginning to stiffen. I was awakened by more thunder storms.

Prayer has not ceased for me before the Blessed Sacrament in the University's long Chapel. Even

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while eating someone is before the
Blessed Sacrament for me in
prayer. You may guess the coffee
we have them preparations for dinner.
The head nurse was mis-
tress of ceremonies. I heard the awful
storm had been accompanied by
the most frightful fires, but
that the long all night thun-
der storm put them out.

My mother and father grand-
father I heard are killed. I
have an Uncle and Aunt in
Chicago and someone wrote a
letter to them for me, but
because of the bridges and other
communications gone the nurse says
she don't see how the letter can
get to them. I'm told that big
convent is a two story junk
pile and fragments of a big
smashed wooden house thrown
against it by the wind lies
by it in large fragments. I
am told all were killed in

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that house. Last night all started to
say night prayers in common when
all of a sudden there were the most
frightful whistling and calling from
window to window of our street
floor to put out the lights as there
was danger of us being blown up
as there was so much gas es-
caping from a gas main in
a damaged sewer near by. The
covers had been moving so
big boards had been thrown
across the opening to keep
as much gas from escaping
into the open air as it was
possible. It rained steadily the
day after the twister until three
thirty o'clock when it started
to slacken up a little. But
it had saved us from total
destruction by fire. I can see
across the way from the
University window what the
tornado did a hundred feet
across from us. It is awful.

I was suffering badly and am sick in bed all day to day before you reporters came in to see me. No need to be afraid of thieves here for they dare not go among the ruins. The ruins of St Anna School which was not in the path of the tornado supply us with food which come in carts here. I am feeling better now though I should say "God be blessed," I dread being a cripple all the rest of my life. I hope the doctors are wrong, I'd rather die first.

"And then now was a sad day of reckoning. The anarising winds that wrought havoc in the territories of Southern Ill and else where this awful "Oliver Twist" combined in one final onslaught upon humanity wrecking a cruel merciless vengeance which is unparalleled in the history of the Country's city and communities of the world." The paper continued "A whole united Country even now

has not yet recovered from the shock it experienced on receiving the dreadful news of the awful wholesale loss of life and immeasurable destruction of property in these four Ill cities of the south and surrounding town and villages.

The greatest industrial centers of the whole Country are still restraining straining their best mightiest energies to render assistance to their suffering neighbors and resting at peace.

There before this disaster been bad storms in all the middle west Southern Ill and the surrounding territory and for days there had been out of season great heat and unusually severe thunderstorms and wind squalls. As it was believed as no tornado yet had ever struck here there was no cause for alarm though something about the thunder storm raging in unusual rage anger and wicked anger had not the place been safe from such storms since they

they even came into existence. There were supposed to be hills and distant forests to protect protect their homes and manufacturing establishments from the angry elements.

There had been many unusually severe squall line thunder and hail storms this summer, this summer broke some records for very long hot spells with no cooling between in fact it was the one of the hottest as well as the stormiest summer on record and it was expected that here and there throughout this section of Illinois most of the summer thunderstorms would find their way even over the middle west, but being to farms and the like only slight disasters from cloudbursts and hailstones and then to recede and go on their way to other communities. But there was no fear.

Men women and children

walked the streets and through the streets and pursued their daily vocations no matter how hot it was or severe the thunderstorms, thanking God and the Blessed Mother of God, that they were not in those south western and western states, farther out west, and farther north or even east, where angry winds and big winter blizzards and even floods had brought desolation to countless hundreds of thousands.

And then on this fatal fatal August afternoon, of the 15th the assumption of the Blessed Mother day Chesterlain and the three other cities and countless farms was swept by a maddened tornado of immeasurable force and fury that at many construction and carried all his strongest possessions before it, like wind blown dust.

Death and utter destruction

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laid upon the communities of men in a way that no tornado had ever done before. This tornado let loose the wildest and strongest and most savage energy any tornado ever had and desolation grew in these four cities also towns and many farms.

This tornado even climbed up and down a hill tearing a wide path through the forest on it.

How many houses were wiped out will never be known. Mills swept away immense factories reduced to dust, bridges by the score swept away or destroyed men torn from the sides of wives children went from their mother arms and horses carried away in the mad rush of the wildest wind which found none to expect its coming.

Who is the person who can correctly describe the horror of this disaster the loss of the tornado or whose mind can estimate

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the enormous loss. On the true loss of life in that one city of Chester Brown alone although it is claimed it is two thousand seven hundred, and still going up with more injured dying, and the three other cities beyond adding a toll of death that may never be truly known.

The great loss of life and the whole sale of thousands of injured great though it be is but an incident of this most devastating tornado calamity ever known.

The heart aches of countless thousands, the awful inconveniences of it all the widespread unspeakable hardship the intolerable almost nation wide suffering because of the loss of so many loved ones and relatives, and all the Southern

All extreme damage are absolute, beyond the greatest comprehension. And what estimate of value can be put upon the services of these lost in the "Crazy Olwan Twist".

on curtailed earning capacity of those multitudes of injured in the mad wind rush of this awful maelstrom of the air.

We talk of the loss in dollars and cents and some with a commercial sense of proportion place the loss in Chesterbrown alone at something like five hundred million dollars.

But these are only empty figures.

What estimate of value can be put upon the three other cities? Who can tell what silent mills would have given to employer and employee and what even the world has lost in the destruction of crops of many farms and the cessation of business.

Destruction in those four cities of ~~immense~~ ~~immense~~ insurance Companies, Loan Associations and Commercial stores by the scores. Horror that cannot be told with precise persistence and recurrent reports of more

additional calamities of falling wreckage catching rescue workers beneath them, the breaking out of disease, the starving and thirst of countless thousands, again for a short time, added destruction by more fires with no rain to put out, till they burn out by themselves and the facing of direct famine and pestilence were pictured for homeless armies of refugees within a short time after the tornado tore almost everything away before it.

All of Chesterbrown the hardest hit, and else where windrows of all sorts of debris at piled up, from five to twenty feet high or scattered over a wide territory.

Neither person or property was respected and the peculiar geographical situation of the city and the river and railroad right of way north of it may have not only caused the storm to stay on its course, or also caused those who

who sought to do rescue work and give relief found very desperately needed difficulty. What I read in the paper too is that the majority of children killed in the huge Sacred Heart Convent were not of Chester Brown. They were there from New York, Chicago and many other large cities and towns. Even from San Francisco, San Angeles, and Texas Cities. Even from Richmond, Charleston and even Joliet and Springfield Ill.

There fore among all those parents it was like a nation wide grief and sorrow.

The tornado was the cause of the most wide spread of sorrow ever known.

They nearly came all cars as far as they could get to Chester Brown on all various railroad, but because train were blocked by the destruction of the bridges they had to come by wagon, mule drawn truck, or walk it. Who could believe this could happen.

But though I wrote all I never had wrote of the blow the storm dealt me.

During the time of the rescue work the morning after the storm I was with them near the wreckage of a building near or almost along side of the convent.

The wreck even to my unpracticed eye was the sort very dangerous even to approach or go near to. But a few injured were among it and the rescuers must risk any danger to try to save them.

One big man dared to dash up among it skinning hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing but yet the wreck looked deadly.

At length he reached the shambled building. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous climb he would be clinging to it when a large portion of the convent wreck in its front collapsed with a roar.

The shock of its falling caused the overhanging debris of the house to suddenly give way and he was caught under it.

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Other rescuers drew him from under and he had a hold on someone else. They drew both of them to my feet. He was dead, but the other a young girl was still alive but unconscious. They were on a hand wagon wheeled to one of the 31 remaining buildings and no one prevented me so remained near them both busy while every means of restoration was tried but he had been beaten to death by the falling wreckage and his generous heart was stilled forever.

But beside him lay my young best girl friend. I was engaged to her. We were going to be married next September. She was most dangerously injured, caught amongst the wreckage during the storm.

But there was no saving her. From a bad gash in her leg she was slowly bleeding to death. I had that that sort of deep sorrow where I could not cry. Another day and it was all over. ~~She~~ had never regained

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consciousness though unconditionally the priest gave her the last sacraments. I soundly, fiercely cursed the tornado. It was the killer of one most dear to me. Yes yet this is not any time of which I had to enter on the sad state of my mind beneath its load of sorrow.

It seemed to me all the future had been walled up before me that my life would be devoid of any energy or action, that all was at an end that my refuge would be only my grave. I came to think so. I say but not in the shock of my grief.

It grew to me most slowly. I relate no events, nothing thickened around me to confuse and in the end to increase my affliction. If I had not kept up the upper lip as they call it I might have fallen into this condition.

I fully knew my own distress faced it bravely and hoped its

sharpest pangs were past. in the tender story that was closed forever. At that time I had continued still in my rescue work not knowing even then how great the shock of my loss was that I had to bear. I lost one who was dear to me and I was alone with my broken heart yet had no conception of the wound with which it had to strive.

The desolate feeling which I had while working at rescue deepened and widened hourly.

At first it was a heavy sense of loss and sorrow whereon I could distinguish little else.

By imperceptible degrees it became a hopeless consciousness of all that I had lost love friendship in trust of all that had been badly shattered, my first trust my first affection the whole airy castle of my life of all that had remained a ruined blank and waste lying around me unbroken to the dark horizon.

If my grief were selfish I did not know or care it to be so. I mourned for my dead sweetheart taken by death so young, I mourned for her father and mother who died in the storm; I mourned for her brother and sister and the shattered remnants of their simple home and their grandmother.

Before he died her father had won the love and adoration and admiration of thousands as he had won mine long ago.

I mourned for the broken heart of their grand father that was found dead among the wreck. From the accumulated sadness into which I fell I had at length no hope of ever issuing again. I had worked from place carrying my burden everywhere I helped in the rescue work. I felt its whole weight then and I dropped beneath it and I said in my heart that it could never be again lightened. When this despondency was at

it was I believed that I should go crazy or die. At night after my work when I lay my weary head upon the pillow I would weep as I had not wept all my life before. Sometimes I thought I would like to go and die at home and hoped to see the day I would get there soon.

It is not in my power to retrace one by one all the weary tribulations of distress of mind through which I passed.

Yet the awful distresses I read from the papers to the engineers made me somewhat forget my grief. The main thing I read was of the astonishing shock to all the parents all over the nation when they got the news of the loss of their loved ones in the raging Sacred Heart convent.

They came to Chesterbourn in immense numbers. At the rescue stations the scenes enacted were heart-breaking and the most pitiful were witnessed

when all those were told what happened to the Sacred Heart Convent and efforts were still now being desperately made to locate the children, but no trace of them or their bodies has been found.

Frenzied crowds had come hoping against hope that some of those children might have survived.

And no person whatever they were the cause of the dire danger of wretched homes and delirium were allowed to enter not even by the round about way of the houses that had escaped.

Women and young girls became hysterical men raged when told the horrid news the bodies of the children could not be found.

And it was proved by all the rescue workers that they were not among the city wreckage nor in country fields either. What the tornado did to the children is a profound mystery.

They just disappeared.

The place of the people became almost like a mad camp. Many soldiers

had to be assigned to help the guards to handle this crowd of people.

What had made this situation worse was because of such destruction of telephone and telegraph wires and such no one could send messages of inquiry. And if it could have been done it would have been absolutely impossible to ascertain definitely any information concerning the dead or the injured survivors in the districts prostrated by this most awful disaster. Even letters and mail could not come through because of the destroyed bridges over the river.

Therefore no normal or private or other mail to persons could be delivered or answered.

Because no few of the survivors were injured and did all to their power to help no few regulations were needed not even in the three other committees. It was found very

necessary to increase the military and police forces and use most stringent methods to prevent the throngs inquiring for their lost children from crowding the devastated districts, which might cost the lives of many.

A cordon of soldiers too had to bar the way to hordes of desperate persons looking for their children from other cities.

Only those who could bring in supplies and provisions were admitted and many supplies were badly needed.

It could not be helped. It was for their own safety. All other persons too seeking their children in the convent were refused admittance to the city of Chesterbourn. A train loaded with about five hundred reached Alton 22 but the Mayor of that place sent by swift mile team a delegation out to meet them and turned them back.

Another crowd from Chicago &c. was refused. They were told if they persist in going any by other routes, what happens to them ~~then~~ them is their own responsibility.

Even wagon and carriages as brought supplies had to be desperately cautious.

Yet this part of the crowds were hard to handle. Those extorting the crowds, also thought the railroad right of way the contour of the river along-side, and the railroad bridge above the city and the long railroad yards stretching the same way through the city might have been responsible for the strange diversion of the mighty city tornado to make it stay on its peculiar - see line course. They went into this phase of the situation with Major Johnson Fitch of the army engineers caps and asked for a full investigation and report. Henry J. Mathews, west ~~some~~

So Galle declared he predicted the disaster that had occurred "I have been to the Board of Works repeatedly, to the City Engineer and to the other City officials," he said "And told them we would have a tornado disaster situation from Chester brown to past So Galle if the course of this branch of the

Chicago and Alton tracks along that So Galle river is not somewhat changed, to the now destroyed bridge.

The railway track traction crew said so themselves that the course of the railroad right of way is dangerous should a tornado come our way. All any one has to do is go down to the river and railroad right of way and he will see the ~~concern~~ concern well enough. He said if something is not done and some of the rail bed put on some long curve toward the southeast away from the river no means can prevent a tornado to take the same course.

and prevent such a disaster as has taken place He declares the people of these four cities have been uneasy every spring or any time of summer or Fall since they remembered the awful tornado disaster at St Louis in May 1896 where nearly a thousand lives had been sacrificed. If my proposition would have been agreed and worked upon the tornado might have been forced to swerve off its course and missed the four cities. Yet this was not done. So see the result. The worst tornado disaster so far in history."

Except through the final reports of all Catholic dominions throughout the nation, and of the government too which has taken up the situation of the greatest Catholic Convent the Sacred Heart Convent, of the world for the purpose of adopting remedial measures it will probably never

be known just how many perished there. There could be no census found because of the annihilation of nuns, priests and convent workers there.

Such a big seven story Convent must have housed 2 or three thousand children. Only one child survived by being carried down by a slanting falling floor in front of the convent, and she lived in Chesterbourn. She is the only one left of her family excepting a grandfather and a uncle and Aunt.

They were not in Chesterbourn at the time of the awful calamity.

That an awful number of children were swept to their death as well as total disappearance is not known to anybody except the survivors of Chesterbourn but there is no central source from which data

can be secured to determine if all met death in the convent or the maelstrom blew them to remote beyond searching for nuns, the priests and the lay work all disappeared with the children.

The bodies under some of the wreck in the convents front were those from the wreck of the big house smashed against it.

Even all farms from Chester Brown to past La Belle all of which were wiped out had no trace of human bodies of any kind, but zoo animals from Chester Brown many game Park.

So of the Sacred Heart convent which had been reduced to a two story junk pile the true number will never be known.

Who knows how many good Sisters went to their death in the swept away parts of the convent and will only be known as missing. Sister

Anne was the only one found in the wreckage in front beside the child, but she was found dead when pulled free.

But to give some concrete idea of the loss suffered in the convent these facts and otherwise published in all the daily newspapers conditions of that immense Convent are quoted for from a statement of the Governor of Illinois.

"Dead Accurate estimates impossible, all inmates blown away to the winds and disappearing. Building disintegrated. Also struck by huge wooden house hurled against its front by storm, no rescuers dared go near that part, houses near by wiped out by the fragments of the lower section of the convent hurled hurled against them."

These were the figures of the loss of life and damage that placed the Convents pecuniary loss

at thirty two million dollars estimated by persons under Henry J. Mangamus who had dared to explore the rear second floor of what is left of the structure, at great risk.

Several statisticians set the loss at a higher figure, but most expert opinion agreed on \$32,000,000.

It was said statuary left on the raying floor of the Chapel of great value, were damaged to the extent of \$2000 each, the great altar was classified under damage figures of \$10,000 and it was believed the great life sized Crucifix crucifix could not be replaced,

Damage to the huge colored stained glass of the long Chapel was set at at a conservative figure of two million ~~dollars~~ dollars and it was believed this amount would also be added by the disappearance of the Chapel pews.

Figures available of the 14 long Stations of the Cross which suffered under this head of one million was damaged beyond recovery. Holy water fonts were lying on the floor broken in many pieces, the loss set at five hundred thousand dollars, this figure having been reached by setting the damage to at least 18 of the most expensive ^{and} water fonts.

It is believed the damage to Church house hold goods in the Sacristy of the Chapel would mount into the thousands, because Priestly vestments ~~there~~ there and other clothing had been expensive.

The building could never be reconstructed according to building contractors who at a safe distance examined the Convent remains.

Disposition of all other property, debris around the Convent territory, presented the most pressing problem.

There were no exaggerated reports that

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all perished in the convent
disaster was to be found in the
fact that it was the largest and
most beautiful convent in the world
and had contained countless children
including the nuns, priests and lay
employees.

Yet how in the world did they
all disappear like that, and all that
section of the upper part of the
convent also?

The only child survivor believes
the storm swept all that away
into dust like clouds. Could that
be? Was the turbine that powerfully
strong? And such a stoutly built
building? And such a strong iron
frame work between its walls.

Scenes of horror and the reign of
terror could never be depicted on
these could be no more heart
rending more tragic moments
in the entire history of tornadoes
than that presented when this
great turbine leveled so big and

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beautiful a convent, and caused the
strange and mysterious disappearance
of all in the building and its upper
sections.

The utmost power of nature seemed to
have vented itself on so strong a
building. Its chapel tower bell is
missing also. The still remaining part
som of the building presents terrible
possibilities. It is still a question that
may receive grim answers whether
or not they all had been killed
or not.

All type of rescuers by many
hundreds, surviving farmers and
able bodied men from other
towns and communities reached
from north eastern Chester town
throughout throughout the country
side beyond La Salle and in
farm land in the path and
not in the path of the
turbine but found no persons of
any age. Only animals from
Chester town, Mary Jane Park.

Not even among the debris of the two other towns, or Sa Ball. Not even in the river. There was no trace of them what ever, not mentioned before, the force that set naught the handiwork of man may be realized by rescuers and me too who observed a hundred foot beam of wood, eight inches thick, and two foot wide weighing how much we do not know rammed through the lower side wall of the convent all the way through.

It is believed if there could be any known dead of the inmates of the Convent their bodies will never be recovered and the fact that they are so mysteriously missing may not be recorded as in most instances where fatalities occurred and reports said the upper parts of the Convent is "gone with the wind" and all the inmates wiped out. Even the most graphic photo-

graph taken of the ruins fail to reveal in comprehensive detail the desolation of the remains of the great or once great Convent. All grounds around the convent, and the streets passing it on front, sides and rear are heaps of splintered timbers from other houses, twisted steel, two dead horses and much and metal.

Blocks of broken fragments of these houses are jammed against one of the long walls of the Convent in baffling confusion.

Debris of the house flying so hard against it is mixed in the stambles of the carved in front section. I believe the occupants of the Convent did not hear any warning sound before the tornado struck. Mildred the only child survivor said it came suddenly, suddenly with out any warning sound.

The once large and beautiful convent stands amid its debris stream setting broken down, twisted away. Those on guard at the approaches of the convent were strict in their absolute refusal to allow any one no matter who they be to even get near this dangerous "unknown." You even couldn't get at the rear of the watchful guard.

If some did, and ~~had~~ dared to go among its ruins, it was no one's fault but their own if they got trapped and killed by coming wreckage. I though allowed all men go near there again. I'm afraid. The scene of the building is absolutely undecipherable.

On the side of the building that I did not see when I was there was shown in the photograph of the paper which I showed to the engineers and fireman. I observed which I couldn't ~~but~~ believe. Big trees protruded through

the street windows of the convent here, and also the forward bodies of horses here and there. Houses are piled on top of one another against what is left of that side of the convent four high. Even on top of what was left of the convent a small neat cottage practically intact was seen in the photo perched squarely there. Strung along what was left of telephone wires behind and front of the convent was every article of clothing under the sun.

I observed in what was left of trees beside the convent mounds intact in the branches, and a very bare carpet torn and ripped by the fierceness of the wind. The tornado seemed to take a malicious delight in wrecking its fury upon a building believed as most durable and strong. It did seem cruel to do this but it had to be done for

their good and softy, and besides trains couldnt get no further because of no bridges

Trains carrying passengers who were parents and other relatives of these strangely missing children were not permitted to proceed to Chesterdown, and besides what had happened they were told the children or their bodies may never be found.

Permission had at first been given to ride on these trains for those seeking their lost children, but then they too were blocked by the lack of run railroad bridges. To travel on foot was out of the question for so long a distance yet

Some were given transportation on horse or mule drawn farm hay and other big wagons, but that would be a long tiresome trip. And then when they got there the guards would not permit them to enter the dangerous city.

So by keeping the multitudes of these parents and relatives of the missing children out of the holocaust city the danger of people being killed or maimed by falling debris upon them may be avoided, was the way the multitudes were advised by guards and relief workers.

But then came another problem. If these parents and relatives would still around how where the relief committees going to relieve them with food and drink to those who were enduring such martyrdom over their lost ones when they could hardly take care of the running wounded and running refugees when provision came so slowly over Country roads? Yet you couldnt drive them away that really would be cruel and heartless.

It was desperately hard to deal with this situation off all buildings in Chesterdown it is believed without

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repared that the Sacred Heart convent proportionately has suffered by far the greatest financial loss of all, and yet because of the greater prominence of other buildings, especially factories and industries ruined beyond redemption they have gotten their distress before the country, while the Sacred Heart convent with all its inmates missing and almost wiped out of ~~existence~~ existence has been given much less attention.

Shamed to have to say so but even by many Catholics too shame on them.

Parts of buildings, drift wood and refuse which the wind drove through the large first floor and what is left of doors was said to be strewn over the floors. Even inside ~~there~~ ^{these} room piano from place with the floors were warped the shape of the letter S curved through a large window by the

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wind were left stranded here and there on the floor. Also near by was seen a long thick iron rod that had been flung against an iron pole with such force that the rod was bent about the pole like a twisted large snake.

The stress of the mind of the people who were outside Chester Brown hoping for cheerful news of their missing children as they glanced towards Chester Brown are experiences the distress of which will never leave the minds of those who lost their children this mysterious way.

It was such people under such trying experience tension and distress over their sad loss that is feared may be turned into a raging riotous mob if something was not done to pacify them.

These are the experiences of these waiting multitudes among which the distress is appalling and the needs of these crowds are so great.

of these people so great that Chester Brown made a personal plea to the Governor to help in meeting the conditions as they actually exist, before they rise up in rioting.

The ^{awful} hot weather added to the suffering of the multitudes of waiting people many of whom had barely taken enough rations with them while on the train. Efforts to persuade them to go back home proved futile.

Many were reported becoming ill from the heat, some had heat prostration and sunstroke and some died.

Many became morose driven crazy by the loss of their missing children and were causing the guards no end of trouble.

They rushed up and down fields and along roads screaming at the top of their voices and tearing their hair. Some even killed themselves.

These people were being soon ~~sheltered~~ sheltered in tents one bigger tent for those made ill by the late August heat, which was sweeping through the country and being almost unbearable.

Hundreds of these waiting people were continuing to wander aimlessly about the provisioned camp, as if they were were in a trance.

Bound for no place now not knowing where they were going or what to do they walked about the torn up farm crops and fields, near by or wandered on the near by dusty roads peering towards Chesterbourn hoping yet to see their dear ones who were missing.

And also the Relief Committee was forced to tell the waiting mob on the tents that their food supply was giving out and there was much waiting.

Most of these people hunted crops for food.

Again as to the reported loss of life from the convent only God knows.

The property loss to the convent however was believed really incalculable and may run into more millions than first estimated. The big building even what is left of it is so badly damaged that every one thinks the building will never be replaced again.

This Convent lies in the centre of the devastated section of Chester-le-Stroud of all institutions of any kind it had stood at the head of the whole world. All building of factory importance and industrial suffered woefully but the Sacred Heart Convent suffered ten times as much. This was not presented to the world because of the conditions which precluded the proper dissemination of the news.

The commissions had no desire to make comparisons that would in any wise minimize the seriousness of

the destruction of all the factory buildings in St. Paul or Chester-le-Stroud yet the statement is justified after visiting the ruined factory and industrial buildings that no building in both cities suffered in any degree comparable to the big Sacred Heart Convent.

Even Frick the head of the Building Contractor made a voluntary statement to the Governor in which he stated that the property loss and the disappearance of the inmates in the Sacred Heart Convent was greater than all in his opinion than that suffered by any factory or industrial buildings in the four communities put together. He concluded his statement with this, "The present papers are drawn up with the saying that the undersigned has no interest in any way and therefore this statement is unbiased. Five stories of that big building disappeared with the children. No one knows

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how many were in the building, yet strange they were according to statement of the surviving child, either in the big third floor dining room, and many fleeing up to the attic where the storm first struck. Therefore the Convent is infinitely worse than any other big low building in all these four cities put together.

Many risked the dangers of the wreckage by making ~~more~~ careful tours of each city factory and see for themselves what the damage was. They all said the Sacred Heart Convent was completely wiped out. They estimated the financial loss as probably fifty million dollars.

The general opinion at first that the low low building could be totally restored in a few weeks from its wreck was absolutely shattered after the main Committee had the time to make a complete tour of the city and see for themselves how badly it was damaged. The plea to

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the newspaper men not to paint the picture of the ruined building so black, because the convent will be rebuilt in a few days was changed to a frantic appeal to place the exact situation of the building before the world.

Even the Secretary of War head of the provisional military government and many others who spent several days in Chesterbourn say that while the loss of property and life was very large in the factories commercial and industry plants, the Sacred Heart Convent was the worst of any.

The condition of that most magnificent Convent in the world, is too depressing to talk about. I hope the people of the whole world realized that what once was such a magnificent Convent was probably leveled by the worst tornado in the history of the world. Even this judgement is confirmed by all news

The Governor of Springfield all the paper says was told this while he was in So. Hall. "Our message from you was the most encouraging message that has yet come to the people who survive in this stricken city, that most important Convent is frustrated."

Other reports tell us that all other building, which are factories, big schools and places of industry and commercial have suffered greatly but we can conceive no condition worse than that confronts us concerning the Sacred Heart Convent. In the judgement of even the Mayor of So. Hall and executive officers of Building Contractors who have visited the stricken cities the property loss of the Convent is greater in actual amount than in all those factory industrial and commercial buildings combined. And where did the upper five stories and children lie broken by the terrors to cause

such a disappearance. Countless newspapers throughout the entire country have confirmed this and published photos of the aged Convent. Although our great industries will be paralyzed for years, and incurred tremendous losses. They cannot put together compare to the Convent loss. The most careful estimate possible may place the property loss of the Convent at either a total \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000. The loss of life will certainly never be known because because of the mysterious disappearance of its inmates. Heaven only knows what the tornado did to them. This statement of fact will acquaint you with the convent and what is left of it.

Eventually sometime of our factories and industries may recover but you will realize that the Convent never will. Its destruction is a tremendous blow to the Catholic world. We want you to know. We want the world to know.

I again will say the undersigned has not been able to make any estimate of the damage but it is evident the convent is a total loss, and what of its ruin the whole Catholic world is prostrated.

The many thousands of tents sent by the War Department within a few short hours after word of the tornado is still not forthcoming because of no bridges, the crowds seeking their missing children, almost on the verge of rioting from anxiety and suspense the unfortunate guards trying desperately to calm them down the ingenuity shown by military men, police and civilian guards to try holding the aroused mobs at bay should be written down in the records as worthy of being remembered in the minds of true Americans.

Who for instance but a real loyal editor would have thought of the idea which was put into effect as soon as the thought

came into existence of printing an official newspaper in the tornado torn St. Salle to convey to the citizens information about conditions at the convent, and carry directions and instructions to militia men, volunteer policemen and even rescue workers to keep unwary persons away from the dangerous wreckage of the convent front.

Yet such a paper or bulletin was issued under the direction of the Illinois Governor from the printing plant at St. Salle which was not in the twisted path and which for a time became practically the executive headquarters newspaper plant of the city State and Government.

And the Editor with the hand of a trained newspaper writer sat down and over his own signature sent to the world a story of the tornado conditions which opened the purse strings of the country with

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the hope to bring food provisions and relief to the thousands waiting for news of their children who disappeared, with the upper five stories of the convent, whose very all has been taken from the very cruel ~~Oliver~~ 'Oliver Twist'.

The work of soldiers and guards and ~~police men~~ police men was a Godsend.

There were one thousand now insane in the University turned hospital because of their children's strange disappearance and thousands of frantic people there in camp because of the same reason on the verge of rioting.

The camps were in darkness at night because of fear of fire. The military force supperless still tried to restore order.

Even tornado homeless and refugees and the less severely injured joined the military force to help restore order.

At every turn there are stories like this to be told of the

my life Huron

1055

very National guards men and ordinary citizens called to duty of city government officials soldiers and slightly injured and refugees who went to the aid of the National Guard, about 17,000 responded to the call.

It was hard and dangerous work with the maddening mob long hours and accommodations what happened to me. There was no lagging or complaining.

Men on duty slept on the ground on stone slabs after long hours of toil with the excited multitude and rose to repeat the same most uncomfortable and dangerous tasks with the frenzied raging riotous mob.

Not in the history of devastated cities and towns, either by tornado city fires or floods, or earthquakes or outside of war times has there been similar scenes to that which maintained at the stricken city of Chester Brown when the Federal

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State and Civil authorities established a tented city for all those seeking their missing children. The tents were brought on farm wagons. This city of canvas was established at the west side of Chesterbrown where thousands of those seeking the missing children were temporarily.

Yet with dazzling bright sunshine, sizzling hot weather and scant supplies the people were far from cheerful and faced the future with a rebellious nature.

The tented city grew from time to time as emergency demanded. But yet ample provisions could not be provided for the stay of all in the camp, because of provisions coming so slow.

Each tent held six persons because of the crowded condition it was necessary in many instances to put more than this number in a tent until others arrived.

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Many of these distressed persons who found their way into the improvised tent city came from far distant large cities, especially Chicago and New York, where first hearing and also reading in the paper about the Convents destruction.

The tents for these unfortunate people of sorrow, distress and wild grief were sent by the War department and from the Headquarters of the Illinois National Guard.

To augment the care of those seeking their lost children of the Convent additional refugee stations had been established in various sections out side of Chesterbrown.

All this because of the worst tornado disaster in history which annihilated the Convent and swept away all the children of these people into complete disappearance. I forgot to mention that the railroad tracks of the Alton line, alongside the river north of Chesterbrown, is twisted

out of all conformation, on long street
strips of rail with ties still attached
to them torn up from the also de-
vasted rail bed, and yet all other roads
leading toward these cities are still
blocked because of no bridges.

I will have to write yet because I
need to before I give the statement of
the man who at great risks saved
the little girl from the wreckage
of the convent.

Awful fright distress, deprivation
and violent death by this storm
affecting countless of our people in
these cities property loss beyond
estimating all that the imagination
can conjure from these words
and more still hung over the
American public like a permanent
nightmare filled with unusual
unnamed horrors and has and
is still stirring the whole
world with profound profound
sympathy for the victims and
the crowds of weeping people.

who lost all in the razed convent
yet though among our people that
sympathy has taken form in large
and wholesale assistance for the sur-
vivors by the gifts of money, provision
clothing and government supervision
its very slow in delivering because
of the blocked train.

Following closely all sorts of
rain, hail and violent late summer
thunderstorms, and an excessive
hot wave came this death dealing
and most destructive cyclone in
history, hitting these four four
large places with terrific force
and speed.

Chesterbain was the place
that suffered the worse with
the best convent in the world
upset out.

At Chesterbain the path of the
storm went the full 28 mile
length and quarter mile width
of the city wiping out all
and causing the violent death.

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of over two thousand persons. The homeless and injured sixteen thousand out of a population of 31,000. All wire communication, and transportation was cut off by the storm so that most of the world is still in ignorance of what had happened in these four big towns and other towns of the storm's path. Fires started in the wreckage of buildings of the four towns, yet to be put out by the heavy rain that followed. Rescue work was rushed by the light of lanterns as all electric wires were torn away or down and the electric power shut off to prevent fires and unwary persons being electrocuted.

Owing to so many bridges destroyed, it was for a time ~~utterly~~ impossible to get relief of any kind to survivors of the storm area.

~~With such desperate~~

24

my life
to return

1061

With each dispatch from the stricken cities it became clearer that the first impression of the disaster shocking as they were fell far beneath the dreadful reality.

So many thousands and injured injured made homeless, by the twisted thousands spared from sudden death only to suffer hunger and thirst and hardship and the peril of fire, cities blasted, countless houses carried away, vast industries and the two big Convents in Chesterbrook and 50 halls destroyed miles upon upon miles of populous farm lands, country sides, and whole country roads destroyed by this maelstrom of the air and over all the grim shadow of starvation and disease this out of season catastrophe defies picture and parallels to express its desolating horror.

This wide spread calamity which

remote with its cruellest face the beautiful city of Chesterbrown is one of those for which no personal responsibility can be blamed or placed.

Like the tornado that raged through St. Louis the tidal flood which devastated Galveston and the earthquake upheaval which laid Messina in ruins it is a conclusion which could not have been foreseen or stayed.

In this sort of a region the sudden rush of tornadoic winds can be changed in part of the denuding of towns, and parts of cities.

There was no lack of preparation for anything short of an unimaginable outburst had been guarded against.

Cupidity and recklessness had no part in contributing to the cause as what is claimed, of the contour of the river, railroad lines, and the general course of the city, causing the twists to refuse

to veer and of the course of the Railroad yards, where all railroad property was completely wiped out.

Destruction simply descended from the dark cloud and nothing man that man can do or might have done could resist the devastating force.

With this storm tragedy in the public mind a clearing or clearer idea and understanding of the cause and destructive powers of tornadoes and even floods is sought by many.

The public is generally coming to understand that weather and temperature conditions drift across the Country from the west to the east. Also from South South west, North or Northeast and North west.

Thus when the news of the great destruction by tornado from Chesterbrown to as far as south western Kentucky and Tennessee was

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followed by the greater disaster occasioned by fires which the flooding thunderstorm put out, many all over the country become alarmed, and all Weather departments including the Social Weather Bureau offices were fairly besieged by anxious inquiries over the telephone as to whether we might expect the tornado or also floods.

Tornadoes on land are indistinguishable with water sprouts over the ocean. They are storms where the cloud comes down in the form of funnels, long spinning pipes, or cannot root rarely more than 2000 yards wide but contrary to what many say a great number travel further than what they say. It will be seen therefore that the area covered by them is even not so small as said either, the narrowest path usually is three blocks wide.

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yet the destruction within that area is almost complete and when they happen to pass over large cities and towns, like Chesterbourn the results are appalling beyond all description.

Usually a tornado maintains a movement forward of twenty five to thirty miles an hour but the whirling wind speed within the funnel are extremely high beyond any measure.

No device could even be constructed by which the velocities in the funnel can be measured as the strongest buildings of brick and stone are often leveled to the ground as fast as you wink your eye.

The tornado gains its destructive power from two two sources, first the rotary or ~~room~~ vortex motion within the funnel is so great as to cause a partial vacuum. When it swings over a building

as they say though I doubt if the atmospheric pressure is reduced suddenly around the building & while the air within especially if all the windows are closed, expands with explosive force. Second the walls which are burst outward are caught by the powerful rotating air currents and are scattered in all directions.

Tornadoes may form whenever conditions are most favorable for some squall thunderstorms and others. Their formation cannot be forecasted and if it could be done, a warning for tornadoes would probably frighten about as many of the people to death as the storm would kill.

It is said and I have read, the very tornadoes with the longest funnels are the most dangerous, and redoubly dangerous if coming down towards the ground they have a rotating ball shape on

their lower end. This one has the strength of ten strong ~~at~~ tornadoes put together. This is the kind of tornado that hit Chester town, that the farmer described.

And I've read that the worst tornadoes of all form in midsummer when the weather is extremely hot, and a very chilly cool wave from the northwest mixes in it. Then there is the great explosion of the air.

The extreme violence of the rotation or whirl of the long funneled tornado which is believed churns with the speed of an electric motor is the cause of the strange shroud like cloud.

It is a certain amount of the funnel cloud that expands from it, from the speed of the churn not the suction pull. Those forming the shroud around it are the most dangerous of all tornadoes, even a hill side

would be pulled away by it, and on a few occasions it has been done. For a tornado to pull the heads and necks of long necked creatures must certainly be powerful. And many children and also people disappear into thin air as this one has done. Some "Oliver Twist, some shroud"

What a whole sale killer?
Some think if not many that the tornado stands up from the ground like a child spinning top. If it did it would be absolutely harmless. It takes a long slant towards the ground, with the lower part as you would say almost laying down on the ground. I have quite a few photos of tornados doing that. When you see one far off as if coming towards you it shows the deception of being up straight from the ground. Flashes of lightning also does this thought it really is flashing across the sky.

In the presence of such fearful disaster there are many persons, even among the most devout religious, even Catholics who do and will say, but also there are some who will think that this in some manner a visitation decreed upon the communities which suffer for our short comings before God.

The very magnitude and super human force of it will suggest to many minds the thought of an ordered punishment and warning for offenders against a higher power.

Yet such a concept happily more rarely held now than in earlier times is of course revolting to sober judgement and to the instincts of all religious reverence.

For it would imply that countless multitudes of the innocent should suffer indescribable cruelty it would attempt the impossible feat of justifying the smiting of these poor big towns where all the inhat-

Inhabitants lived lives of peaceful
helpful industry, mostly Catholic of the
population, very religious, children brought
up the way they should go and the
sparring of communions and com-
munities where no man or woman
served the gods of dishonest wealth
and wicked slothful vicious & idle-
ness. Children were from far away
places were sent to that convent,
because the nuns there knew how
to bring up and train children.

The way these children were in
that convent you'd believe they
were already saints.

And also this was no vengeance
decreed for human short comings.

God does not make or order dis-
asters. And neither does the devil
though it is said he has the
power to do so.

God won't let him. No su-ree.

These disasters are superhuman
but not supernatural. It was
but a manifestation of the very

unchangeable invincible forces of nature
governed by physical laws which
are inexorable. To blame God for
this disaster would be rank rash
blasphemy.

Nature knows neither revenge nor
pity. Old Mother Nature does not
select her victims, nor does she
turn aside to save the good who
are in her path. Besides powerful
as Mother Nature is she cannot
prevent what is going to happen.

The most powerful twister,
hurricane, thunder storms, big
blizzards and freeze rains can-
not make themselves turn off
their course or come head on.

She no matter what she is
going to do cannot stop her-
self. And as her concern is
not with all persons but with
the race so she is moved not
by mercy but by law. Mother
Nature has to obey the natural
law. There is no way out for her.

To the limited vision of man with his brief life mother nature seems incredibly cruel heartless and destructive and wasteful beyond comprehension. Her teachings may be learned at the most fearful costs.

We men will ask ourselves what lessons are taught by this overwhelming sacrifice.

There is made plain first the immutability of natural laws of Mother Nature and the utter powerlessness of man when he pits his strength against their full demonstration. It is revealed again that old Mother Nature has forces which before all the might of human intellect remain absolutely unconquerable.

But there flowed from an awful catastrophe as this a bright and better influence than this. With all its horror and shock there came a great joining of minds and hearts.

The whole world felt the thrill of kinship and humanity. For the time being all conceptions of social caste and class distinction the most unworthy thoughts of beings fashioned all in the image of their maker are leveled or even forgotten.

Indifference and selfishness disappear. Throughout the nation throughout the world there thrills the uplifting current of brotherhood the consciousness that we be of one blood.

Specifically does not such an appalling event serve to awaken responsibility among the wealthy and powerful towards the poor and the weak. When all goes well when there are no thunderous warnings such as this of the helplessness of man against the forces of Old Mother arrayed against him, the fortunate do not realize that for millions

mere existence is a most poignant struggle that hunger and cold and disease prevail when there are no ghastly tornado or floods, or unusually severe heat or cold to make them vivid and picturesque.

We do not doubt that there are many who were stirred by ~~the~~ the shock of this dreadful story to a deeper and more sympathetic understanding with the conditions that now surround them on every side.

If any further good can from a catastrophe so cruel it ought to be in the stimulating pride of race which it engenders.

Such experiences have a unique effect upon the American people. Yet this calamity was so great, so overwhelming that there seemed no rebound. How could it? The population of Zanesville, and Cheshire totally wiped out and the towns too.

Chester town also wiped out in

property and heading the death and injured and refugee list.

Though this record breaking disaster destruction and hardships did open great reservoirs of latent energy, initiative and enterprise, what could it do. All bridges gone fields wiped out roads torn up to be almost impassable there was the block.

Chester town overwhelmed by this convulsion of Old Mother Nature seems apparently doomed to moulder away in forgotten ruin, no one around to clear the wreck and a chance to build a greater city than before. It did in later years be restored but very very little.

And whatever restoration there was, was only in the territory where the 31 buildings were missed by the twister.

Calamity ~~strikes~~ such a flow of creative power that destruction

itself usually only make progress
Will it do there in the future. I'm
afraid never. The engineer and fire-
man agreed with me. These dis-
asters usually concentrate upon con-
structive enterprise, and only stores
of emotional energy that in other
times are expended in the fierce
struggle of competitive existence.

Galveston suddenly
overwhelmed by a terrific storm
and the sea apparently was
doomed forever, but the people
cleared the wreck and built a
greater city than before.

Before the ashes of destroyed
San Francisco had cooled, the
vision of a better community rose
before the work of her people and
they made it real.

Can that be done here?

I hardly do not believe that man
believes that by the power of God that
man is humbled because
man will not be humbled and

neither will I, even if that was to be
the cause of the cause of all that part
of Southern Ill. with its fertile fields
immense industrial establishments and
boasted communities of stability and
wealth and the Convent being devastated
by the worst tornado on record. Especially
the upper part of the Convent with
all its winter being gone with the
"four winds" of the earth.

Out of a strange unusual crazy action
cloud described truthfully by the farmer
as he observed it from his windmill
crazed acting cloud that hovered over
the landscape there grew a storm
of the wildest and most unparalleled
destruction which swept Chester Brown,
James All Chesterhire and the north side
of La Salle off the map in a
way to awe all mankind and
claim as tribute thousands of human
lives besides untold scores of
millions of dollars worth of property
with still the added forty or fifty
million of the razed Sacred Heart Convent.

which was laid waste and from this was everlasting recognition of power and immeasurable fury by the complete disappearance of the upper five stories of the convent and all its inmates, and many people from their wrecked homes too.

As I said before hand in hand the tornado with its dangerous 'shroud' laid claim upon the most beautiful and magnificent and largest and strongest convent in the world, brought sorrow, anxiety and terror to all those parents whose children disappeared so mysteriously left laid flat many homes around it and against it and threw upon the shoulders of all the bereaved a burden of the greatest worry, grief, panic and enough desperation to bring them to near nothing.

Like a great black ~~venture~~ culture of the night the tornado swept first on the siding where I saw it do the damage you would not

believe at the early afternoon of that fatal August 15th when all those kids in the third floor dining room were preparing for a great but simple banquet in honor of the Assumption.

Other neighbors towns had been damaged by storm within a day or two, and blizzards of blinding rain and hail and cloud burst on the surrounding country should have really warned of dangerous, very dangerous atmospheric conditions to produce such blinding savage unusually loud thunder storm for that time of the year.

But the crazily ominous cloud that was sweeping so black across the sky then southwest of Chesterton on that early fateful afternoon was not even paid attention to or caused no uneasiness to the good people of Chesterton. They expected a heavy cloudburst and that all.

The day of the cyclone 'dug out' had passed, and the stucco buildings

of these four communities and the Convents of Chesterton and St. Salle stood ready to battle with the wind. 'And what a "gentle" wind.

The cloud as the worn farmer saw it grew more wild and crazy, and then from it came down the funnel with an insane noise. Black and blacker grew the funnel increasing much in diameter untill the smaller end nearest the ground covered an area of more than a mile and half and took on the form of a big ball below.

Especially that is what the farmer said he saw. I've seen photographs of these kind of tornados and their funnels were very long,

He said it filled the air with a very curious piercing noise before it had hit the ground, and then the ball spread out and formed that horrid shroud.

He sadly viewed its destructive work as it too through all his

fields of crops and then through the long stretch of the city. The engineer nodded to me. He saw that 'shroud' also, as it swept his train to where it is now.

He said he had tried to bring his train to a stand ahead of the funnel but too late. He said as the storm approached his train the atmosphere became very heavy and oppressive. We two heard a terrific roar and the way I can describe it, is that there was a loud humming, thunderous howling like a multitude of dogs all at the same time, and to a thousand trains rushing through a tunnel at one time.

All then was in pitch darkness.

Our train went in forty five seconds as you now see it and all electric wires along the right away disappeared like string as well as telephone wires and the poles thrown down or torn away and each coach according to the

rescue workers were practically boxes of killed and injured passengers. I heard that in both Chester town and So. Hall many of the ruined houses caught fire, that the fire departments of So. Hall could get no water to fight the fire, the fire departments and fire men in Chester town were wiped out and the long disated torrential rain was the only thing that prevented them from being further wiped out by a conflagration.

Even to us way above the shroud and funnel the cloud was most peculiar. I seemed to us two just your former friend had described it.

It resembled a huge underpart of a whirl pool as you'd see it above you, followed by something like flashes of fire. It was down long before it came at our train though, and how."

I read on, about a census being taken of the people who came seeking the missing Convent children,

so it could be determined how many children were in the Convent at the time of the calamity. Some who registered had two or three or four kids in the convent, others one or two. It is believed twenty eight hundred children were in the Convent. Because these children came from other places and never lived in Chester town itself they were not added in number to the Chester town dead. Other was the death rate would be probably be less five thousand five hundred.

Besides it can't be said if all those children were killed or not without proof.

They are actually mysteriously missing. No bodies on any part of the upper stories or the roof of the Convent have ever been found.

Although a strong line of soldiers at my orders and also police were thrown around the demolished Convent soon after the disaster there were many reports of many wanting

to go too near for rank curiosity that they had to be driven back for their own safety. And all these were not outsiders either, but the survivors of Chester Brown. Signs were even put up with big warning warning letters "Danger. Keep away. Don't come to close if you want to see it".

Though not so terribly demolished, the Sacred Heart Convent in St. Paul also was dangerous to approach, but though many came to see it, especially because of the wrecked street car on its roof none had the nerve nerve nerve to come closer than the warning signs.

And also believe it or not nearly every tent or improvised shelter for near a dozen miles outside of the stricken district was filled with the unfortunate ones seeking their missing children. All tents were filled to capacity and even the open grounds was crowded with lots.

One part of the area covered

covered by the Convent is located between Jackson street on the south and Alton street on the north and from Hines avenue on the east, to Chester Brown Boulevard on the west a block long block wide building.

A motor man Henry S. Schloder jumped as his street car at the beginning of the squall started to roll over. All persons in that street car were killed. Of the motor man the wind picked him up off his feet and at the same a handsome cab was tilted and rolled and along side of him lifted up and sent through a stone plate window.

The handsome cab was smashed to kindling. His scalp was terribly cut but otherwise he was not seriously injured. He had been whirled for not more than a thousand yards before going through that plate glass window.

The situation of this building a one story one kept the worst of the

raging winds from it, and yet held him there so he could not get out and from there as he tells it to this newspaper he was a sole witness to the destruction of the Sacred Heart Convent. This is his story as I read it,

From from where I was thrown I saw it a most horrid sight. First the upper parts of the convent flew apart as though it were made of newspaper turning into like a thick cloud of dust stones and flying debris.

I heard the shrieks of many children were above the roar of the wind. The roof in parts went sailing away and the upper sides began to disappear away.

I am now comprehending the desolate being wrought and what was happening to the inmates made me cry out. A big section of a wall was carried away bodily, and even around the convent houses were rolling and tumbling along the ground. I saw a street car standing on the tracks shoot straight up

into the air, carried forward, slam against the convent, and then its fragments taken away by the terrific air current. With its passengers the conductor and motorman disappear away. A second later all other upper sections of the convent was being swept away, many children with them screaming then in their terror.

Everything was going like a cloud, big long tables, flying dishes and all. Then ten seconds or so the storm burst upon the Convent in all its fury. I witnessed tumbling portions of the building seemed to rush away every where its home furnishings were being strewn through the air, with branches also of trees.

From the Convent the air was filled as thick as a dense cloud with flying sailing away with board and stuff from the Convent.

The whole fire stairs were now being shifted out of place and then carried away with everything in them. Other wreckage fell into the

what I believe was the Chapel and swirled into whirling debris. Otherwise everything was disappearing away.

Then I saw a big wooden house hurtle through the murky twilight and being hurled at the lower portion of what had been left of the convent.

It struck the second story and the house became splinters. All in that house were killed. The shock of the house striking the convent, caused a great section of the convent's front to collapse down as if from an earthquake. From there is where I got hurt rescuing that little girl who was the only survivor.

The convent with the passing of the storm only had two stories of its shambles left to it.

"If all of those passengers and freight cars would have been in the most wretched train crash that could ever happen, from now till the last day of trains

running, they would never look as we see what is here!" I said to my fellows, the engineer and firemen as we raised the Chester Brown railroad yards. To me it looks like the end of the world.

The full length of a freight train which had been standing on a side track was blown off the track, not one box car was standing upright, some bottom up, some laying down on their side or standing upright on a number smashed against sunning walls of some building, and yet scattered all over the yard, like toys left here and there by a careless child.

Only the engine was still standing but it was badly damaged. Many of the freight cars were splintered.

All type of flat tank and coal cars were off the track and yet still standing were twisted like long iron snakes.

What all had been on flat cars were lying every which way over all the tracks, and the yards at some parts.

were black with all the coal scattered all about. Big long oil tank cars, a dozen or more had been slammed against parts of walls of what was left of brick building and also water tank cars.

Switch engines were sitting topsy turvy or lying bottom up, the tenders uncoupled and crushed. In some places tracks for a good length were ripped from the ground and most of the broad road bed torn up badly and deep.

I never believed any cyclone could sweep with such fury through any railroad yards and completely wrecking all sorts of railroad property as here.

I thought the yards on both sides the storm cut off all were communication so that all the rest of the world is still in ignorance of what had happened in these yards and other points of railroad property.

These railroad yards are sure in

a frightful situation; all that our own imagination can conjure like a most persistent night mare filled with horror unnamed.

All trains on the W. Central through here is stopped. I could see that is all clear and it is becoming clearer that the first impression of this railroad disaster shocking as they are are worse than the dreadful reality. Nothing can express the desolating horror and catastrophe here or even parallel it to anything else.

Along side the railroad yards are vast industries destroyed, for miles upon miles of the railroad yards covered with debris of wrecked buildings, freight cars of all kinds swept here and there and shattered, and over all the grim shadow of total property loss defies any description.

This wide spread calamity which smote its cruellest force through these railroad yards is one of those

those for which no one can com-
prehend. This sure is the laying waste
of the proudest handiwork of man,
and can cause this "Oliver Twist" (I've got
work for it too, you'll never see in a prayer book)
to win everlasting recognition of
power, by the destruction of added
untold millions of railroad prop-
erty.

A line of Chicago Burlington and Quincy
local cars look like toy cars shown
thrown about by a child having a
violent tantrum.

Dozens of big thrashing mach-
ine machines, that must have been
on some of the flat cars, and
fastened tight by chains, we could
see lay among the ruins of
the buildings. I saw a box car
wedged on broken wires between
two still standing iron telephone
poles.

It was widely split open. Whether
it contained any merchandise we
don't know. And this was not

on the railroad yards either but
on the telephone wires of a distant
street. I wondered how such a heavy
thing could be held up there even
by the tangled wires. A number of
the wires were wrapped around the
box car like a spider wraps a
portion of his web around some
flies.

Aside from this I believe three
thousand cars belonging to the freight
were all damaged beyond recovery,
many of these being box and
cattle cars. Eight lines of handsome
local passenger cars were wrecked
or shattered and scattered all
over the yards.

Even along the right of way of
the railroad yards all forms of
telegraph and telephone communication
were almost wiped out by the
wind beyond restoration for months.

The storm actually took down all
the wires in its path and that
cut off all electric power.

It seems to be to me that the railroad yards though nearly a hundred tracks wide reaches from the southwestern Summits to the Northeastern suburb of Florence Ave twenty eight miles ^{east} north of the point of original.

These yards ran parallel with that northeastern railroad line, and since north of Chester Brown, and the storm swept the yards for its entire length following the Northeast side of the city extending along the course of the railroad right of way and the river alongside.

The extreme southern edge of the city generally comprising the thirty one buildings was out of the path of the storm but did suffer greatly from all the debris thrown that way by the fierceness of the twist as it reached past one hundred and fifty feet away to the north.

The section most damaged is where most of all the freight and local and other railroad property was situated though most of the tracking system were ripped up ties and all.

Yet the greater part of the damage was done south of Burlington street also parallel with the yards extending the entire length of the city.

Numerous vandalism cars with all sorts of very expensive merchandise and goods for retail stores were in this section and they too are all scattered all through the intervening section, horribly damaged and disfigured strongly built as they are.

Many of the best railroad freight were located in those yards, and even limited pull man coaches situated where the storm started to rage through was greatly damaged beyond recovery.

A New York & Central line of express cars one of the best heavy trains of the railroad line was struck with such force as to practically wrecked like a ungaily tempered child thrown around his toy train.

In the yards were three Companies of the State militia and railroad officials.

Local Companies were also there ~~assist~~ assisting the local police and regular soldiers from Fort Crook with others in the work on of guarding the yards against the onrush of curiosity seekers and looters.

One part of the Railroad yards covered by the storm is located where Army Avenue crosses south of Copperfield Boulevard and from Dickens to Longfellow streets.

This was probably the most thickly populated railroad yards of cars in the city and contained some of

the best and longest trains loaded with all the best merchandise under the sun. Many of the best and most expensive Social trains were also in that part of the yards. A train of cars belonging to the Omaha University Limited was on the path of the storm and wrecked.

Nothing in the yards escaped. Even electric light and other systems in the yards were carried down by the storm and all guard duty at night had to be done by lanterns, and only a most imperfect idea of the extent and character of the damage could be formed.

The very city authorities of distant La Salle realizing in a measure the extent of the calamity, had immediately, asked the Commander of the Federal at distant Fort Omaha for aid in patrolling the devastated yards of Chester Brown to prevent looting and keep out the

Major Harling in command at Fort Omaha acceded to the request without hesitation sending all available men who when the trains could come no further because of the missing bridges came by farm wagons and other country road transportation.

A similar request to the commanders of three militia local militia Companies met with prompt response and the State troops aided much in the work of guard duty, in the yards,

Later the State Governor of Illinois ordered four Companies from outside Chicago and Springfield to report for duty and they arrived at 3 A.M. in the morning three days later by wagon or even on foot.

The most armed soldiers were to be on guard duty where the most damage was done, and

the worst and the largest toll of wrecked railroad property was exacted in the southwestern section of the yards in the vicinity of Evans-ton and Margaretta streets and from there northeast to Dutton's and Durney streets. This was the main portion of the Railroad yards and the destruction wrought was well nigh appalling.

Many scores of freight cars, passenger too even heavy flat cars had been picked up and dashed into a shapeless mass.

Pullman coaches were hurled from the tracks and demolished, all sorts of merchandise were scattered all over the yards as if there had been a big flying blizzard of these goods.

Among the show places of the yards which received the heaviest effects of the storm was the Joylin Castle Summit where the coaches were demolished and piled every

which way very long artistically and handsomely formed coaches. The railway railway limited of the "Poor Clares, with all its handsome eleven express coaches are a shambles, and its tracks and ties and grounds ripped up.

And all around them is one mass of debris from fragments of buildings hurled across and into the yards. The Federal soldiers from Fort Omaha assisted the police as I said before in keeping looters and morbid curiosity seekers at bay.

A local passenger train I heard in passing through the yards on the way to Garrettsville was demolished by the tornado and all of the forty passengers seriously injured. One of the conductors Michael Finck in telling his experience said:

"I was on the back platform of the last car when

I saw an enormous shroud shape coming down the yards towards us with a howling roar I cannot describe. I gave the signal to the engineer to stop, shouted to the passengers that a cyclone was coming and for a basement of a near by factory.

I jumped into the basement and a score of passengers were with me.

Wreckage from everywhere flew over us and a lot of boards were piled on top of us. The whole six cars were torn track and all from the ground and hurled roughly on their sides and then pushed nearly all the way across the yards no matter what obstruction or other tracks were under them. A big scantling was driven through one of the cars and wedged between the seats and the sides of the car. Every window in the six cars

were broken bricks and debris of all kinds were piled inside and every seat was torn loose. Many car roofs were broken and smashed. One of the coaches where the passengers were more seriously injured was torn from the train and blown against the wall of a house being down demolished. The Conductor of this Social Coach was seriously injured. The porter a Negro by the name of Russell Fred Beach jumped just as the car started to roll over. The wind picked him up carried him two hundred feet down the yards right of way and set him down on the ground considerably shaken but not injured.

Two passengers were blown out of one of the windows of a coach and others hurried this way and that as the coach with the four others rolled over and

over and so smashed against the wall of the wrecked building. Of another coach the passengers were jammed together in the seats while part of the coach was torn apart and then blown away. One of the passengers blown through the car window was found nearly ten blocks distant down the right of way of the yard, with only a broken arm and a wrenched foot. All her clothes were torn from her. Her name was Thelma Johnson Marie.

The rest of the passengers were seriously or even critically injured but none died. Yet a dozen of them would be crippled for life. When they had been rescued they had been brought to the University.

Little Dorothy Gladys Gale was revived after she had been imprisoned for six hours tightly between the seat of the car flying

against the building wall. It was necessary to chop a large hole in the side of the coach, and cut through the floor and the seats before she was taken out dangerously injured.

Henry Wadsworth Dixon was badly bruised about the head and his wife and three small children were dangerously injured. Dixon started to rise from his seat as he saw the 'Ghoul' crushing all houses down the Railroad yards right of way.

An instant later the wind struck the coach he was on and he was hurled down the full length of its middle aisle, landing flat on his face.

Wazed he was about to struggle to his feet, but a second later the coach was hurled over on its side with a great crash and pushed across the

tracks of the yards, ripping them up and swept against the wall of the building and his family flung violently among the seats back and forth. Delia showered through the glassless windows.

Also Daniel Boone Clifford and his wife and two children met serious injury in the same coach. When the four were rescued the two little girls were clasped in the arms of their mother.

While their father was over them as if he tried to shield them with his own body. They were taken to the big barn for treatment.

All around this broken Social train which I saw against the building the grounds of the yards was covered with the wreckage of what once had been fine residences. All blown from them into the yards. I watched the nations of houses flung into the

railroad yards laying everywhere even strewn in the yards and among ruined train of cars were home furnishings and on top of the battered freight car roofs.

I saw several table & dining chairs and at least sixty cushions, among the torn up seats of that demolished six car local train.

Even in the yards I saw a lot of dead cat dogs and two horses lying about stuck to the sides of what was left of freight cars, and there six coaches were articles that might have come from residences or dry goods stores. I saw in the yards many chickens walking alive though all their feathers were blown away. Where did they come from?

If you must know I wrote about the wrecking of those six coaches of the limited train. They were not

side track trains. They were either pulling in and out of Chester Inman when the "beautiful shroud or Oliver Twist" struck them.

Despite what the storm did to those coaches, very few of the many passengers were injured. But all were badly shaken up and lamed, and a good number needed treatment for cuts from broken window glass. Of course they were steel coaches.

The local train had woodens. It was mostly freight yards not for passenger cars. ~~The~~ ^{the} main line route went through and from local. A conductor of the St. Clare Limited who experienced a very narrow escape said,

"I knew a storm was coming but I thought it was one of those old fashioned August thunderstorms as the first cloudy formation came like what is called sheet nimbus. At noon it first appeared."

but by middle afternoon they began to pile up from the south west and took on a strange olive green leaf hue, just as we were arriving in Chester from Kansas City through St Louis. There was not even a breeze at the time, though I did hear far distant thunder.

The sky darkened, but I was so busy waiting on passengers with refreshments I paid no attention. Then I heard a strange roar like a pack of wolves yelling and howling at the same time and an added tumult like many buildings being torn to pieces.

At this time I was walking in the middle aisle of the coach.

A moment later the blast came roaring like a train crossing a wooden trestle bridge and the air was filled with clouds of debris. The

engineer had stopped the train I threw myself down under one of the seats.

Those who were quick enough did so too. I saw a man running down the yards, but he was picked off his feet and blown through a window of the coach.

He was killed. But he was no passenger. Like a merry-go-round the coach was swung around pulling up tracks and all but still remained upright. I saw another of our coaches career around and around them seemed to be running forward solidly beside by its own reef without tracks, and in the next instant it was slowly tilted and rolled and then lifted over a 20 ft high yard sidewalk wall about six feet high. I cannot understand how it was. The coach was totally demolished, but not one passenger had even the slightest scratch.

They were badly shaken though and some of the women fainted. I don't know we did it but we all got out of the coach with out help. The roof our steel pull man was ripped off. I could not see distinctly what was happening to the rest of our eight car train because of house motor motor dust, and clouds of debris but I discerned another man run from a store in the yard floor of a factory and then saw his body whirled for more than two hundred feet.

He too was sent crashing through a window of our coach and landed on the side floor near the seat I was under.

When I and some the passengers came to move him we saw his scalp was terribly cut his arms broken and he was unconscious when we got him out through the same window he was flying through and gave him over

to the rescue workers. He pulled through. The duration of the storm rage must have passed after striking in what must have been a little more than a minute. I and the passengers and the negro porters remained with the wrecked coach untill the relief workers could find some kind of shelter for us.

Harrowing was the experience of the passengers and train workers of the Jory Lin Castle Limited.

Danad Jones a porter on the train which was heading south on the Center track of the Railroad yards for St Louis as the storm howled up said:

"I saw behind us a long black funny looking cloud come tearing down behind us picking up buildings on both sides and smashing them to smithereens. Flying clouds of all sorts of building stuff filled the air like

a blinding snow blizzard, the upper part of the cloud having two crazily whirling shapes in the form of parasols or umbrellas turned upside down. The confusion of noise so close was ear splitting.

We were struck on the rear of the train like a mighty log explosion.

We all, Eleven Coaches even the tender and Engine were at one time hurled lengthwise off the track, slightly lifted upwards and then the middle of the train tracks and all torn away damaged, but ~~down~~ dumped still upright on other tracks fifty feet away.

Some of the other coaches were rolled over and over, and two hurled bottom upwards.

But in spite of this the rescuers in getting them out, of the wreck, a hundred and fifty of the passengers found ~~one~~ only two dozen who had only minor

injuries and mostly cut more or less by window glass. What a miracle when you see how horribly demolished the eleven Coaches are.

The engineer and fireman and some of us others tried to get in reports of what happened to our train, but it was impossible to get any communication with the outside world because all telephone and other wires were either torn down or gone altogether."

Another passenger train just about to stop for water for the Engine in the yards was struck by the Maelstrom.

A doctor by the name of Owens Moore was asleep in the seat of the Coach near the window when the storm struck. The Conductor a witness said the coach was badly demolished but the doctor was from his seat pulled out of the window, carried down the yards right of way and dropped

raftly between the middle tracks,
Two others a man and woman
were also sucked from the window
of the same coach, were blown five
blocks down the yard Right of
way, and dropped into the bottom
of a still standing coal car.

They climbed out and soon came
back to the wrecked coach and found
their five and seven year boy and
girl in the wreckage uninjured.

This train however was totally
demolished and out of over two
hundred and forty passengers
fifty were killed. Every coach of
this eleven car train was flung
away which through the yards
and a hundred others injured
very seriously many critically.

Two bodies of the fifty killed
were found under the crushed
seat of one of the coaches while
the mangled body of their child
was found fifteen yards out
side the car on the twisted tracks.

A woman whose name was Nancy
Fielders was also found senseless
a hundred yards from the coach
with her five year old boy still
in her arms. Evidently she with
her child was sucked out of the
car window. They were carried
to the new University Hospital
which had been converted into
a temporary hospital and given
medical attention.

The other injured had to be
carried from the coaches all the
way across the wide Railroad
Yards.

It was desperately difficult too,
because of torn out track also
twisted tracks and on account of
residential debris and all sorts of
scattered merchandise which partly
blocked the yards.

One man was driven insane
from his experience and fright
in the train wreck and fought
off a rescue team for ten minutes.

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Seven injured persons or passengers were found in a niche formed by debris of a smashed Pullman where they had been thrown by the violent motion of the coach. I must say the coaches of this district unfortunately were wooden.

Also in one of these coaches Mrs. Jane Murdstone was fatally injured. She was the mother of Mrs. Jane Harrop. Harvey French whose two daughters were killed between the seats and who was seriously hurt by being wedged between two seats.

It took rescuers five hours to free her. A peculiar feature of the French family's experience in the storm was the fact that the father was sucked out of the coach through a window and carried for more than two miles and a half in the tornado with the back of the seat stuck to him tightly and was found senseless in Mary Jane Park with nearly all of the clothing torn from his

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body. To get his back free for the section of the seats back it took an hour sawing, hacking and chopping. He was taken to the University where it is said he will recover.

But the pathetic the sad the horrible did not end with the storm. The Owens Summit marked as the only wooden coach express on which the angry winds concentrated became a train of the dead over which the bells will soon toll and the relatives and nation shed tears.

All of the bodies recovered from the limited, it took three to recover them, were cared for in improvised tents near where the 31 houses escaped. They however were sent to Alton as no one was here to be able to take care of them. And when the time would come there would be awful hearts anguished with the burial of these fifty bodies, unbearable sorrow.

at the sight of whole families laid away together, the separation of brothers and sisters, husbands and wives pulled asunder, parents now childless children turned in full or half orphans, because of this "Oliver Twist" doing the twist dance with this wooden car limited.

The heart aches could not end with the burial of the victims of this awful train wreck caused by the awful storm.

There was a woman on this train who had went to visit her mother who had been ill in St Louis. When her mother recovered both were on their way on this train to visit this woman's sister who lived in Chicago.

The woman was a Mrs Mary Jane Sullivan. The storm struck this train at Seward street which crossed the yards.

"I should say, there is Power in prayer, especially in the

the Rosary. wrote Mrs Sullivan who vividly tells how when the raging winds were strewn wreckage from the building, before it hit the train the prayers of herself and other passengers who were on the first car behind the baggage coach were heard screamed.

"The coach actually danced the 'Push' jig as the storm struck and the floor cracked under the seats as the tornado swept over. Coach threw blocks down the yards right of way.

While the winds howled around the swirling coach while flying wreckage was being strewn every where in the yards and while shrieking wires were being torn down or blown away we screamed and prayed.

Our coach was hurled and smashed against an iron train signal light tower and the wind held it there. The noise of the

storm was horrible beyond description and nearly deafened us. I never heard such a howling and other tumult of crazy sounds in all my life and seemed to be reverberating over the city and loudest around our coach which was pelted terribly by swirling wreckage of all kinds.

For five hours we were held wedged in that wrecked coach no matter what rescuers tried to free us. But our prayer for deliverance from the cyclone had been answered. When we were finally freed from the wreckage of the coach where five were killed and the rest injured the sight that met our eyes terrified us.

Factories had been smashed into total ruins, or leveled the rest of our train ~~threw~~ through far beyond us looked worse than pictures of trains

wrecks. The scene, railroad tracks were twisted like string, and all sorts of merchandise scattered here and there on remaining wires hung clothing from dry goods stores bed clothing or factory goods and pants and even overcoats.

But there surely power in praying the Holy Rosary, and we of all those in that smashed Pullman escaped."

Yet among the freak stories few are more remarkable than that of the train diner where many of the diners sitting at the meal tables were killed. The story is told by the single survivor John Brown Tama, the diners negro porter who was dug from the wrecked diner twelve hours after the total demolition of the coach.

"More than a dozen people were sitting at meals by the tables Tama says. Some more of them

were coming in with their children, a few others were standing by the windows watching what I saw did look like an awful large crazily acting shroud coming down the yards towards us.

It was not too plainly seen because of the increasing darkness.

It quickly enveloped us like a dense fog, and then without a moments warning amid a terrific howling roar, our coach was lifted from the tracks, it shot upwards many feet into the air. All of us still were unhurt.

I came with fear but wondering the diners rose from their seats with the purpose to dive under the tables. Then still the coach in the air was being forward, tilting downward, and it hitting the ground it summed salted and over and, and crashed to pieces. All were

caught and killed amid the debris except Tomas, who was uninjured. Another murderous incident happened in the observation cars. Nine persons were sitting by the huge windows when the tornado struck.

This coach was hurled along the right of way for four blocks bottom upwards with every window in it shattered, the walls of the coach partially demolished and the atmosphere inside of it so strangely surcharged with strange electricity that all in it were killed or badly hurt, and shocked.

The surcharge came from a strange electrical disturbance in the tornado funnel. They all by this disturbance were knocked from their seats and then being flung from one part of the coachs ceiling back and forth as it was hurled along bottom up. All were cut by flying

glass. The strange electrical disturbance passed with the storm.

Three of the nine persons survived but were dreadfully injured and suffered electrical burns.

In the main Pullman chair car while sitting with his family at the middle of the coach, he saw the coach split split asunder as it was suddenly flung about.

When he recovered consciousness beneath the wreckage and between the seats he discovered that a last summers straw hat was cocked on the back of his head. Where did it come from? The body of a little girl was lying face downward across the rear top of a seat near him. She looked to be seven years old.

Near the front end of the demolished coach were the bodies of a woman and her grown son and daughter. All three

were dead. Though inside the coach the wind had cut their clothing completely away. How did it do it? It seemed impossible but there they were naked between the broken seats.

In the same coach a woman with her young son were seated on the chair also near the center of the car. When the tornado struck the seats beneath her were shifted out, and they fell to the floor. Except for the shock she and her son were not injured. A man and his wife near by were thrown back and forth inside the coach but they too were unhurt.

The first of the rescuers, who reached the demolished wooden limited and who at first had not the means to accomplish anything, came back to the reinforcement department near wrecked, to tell narratives of most pitiful appeals made to them.

by all the injured and other survivors held prisoners by the wreckage of the coaches while swirled about them in a blinding rainstorm. A woman with three children held in the rear of the third coach which almost stood on end against a railway signal post called to the rescuers.

"Oh, I know you can't get me out right now," she cried, "but for the love of God please take this loaf of bread and give it to ~~those~~ Mollarses to Mable Jennings in the other coach." She pointed. "It belongs to her. The wind threw this through our window."

It was difficult for the rescuers to get over to the coaches as hoped for very soon but they found them selves unable to pass up the yards or across.

Survivors in every coach pleaded with them to free them. From the windows they even begged pitifully for food and water from coaches of the

other trains. Every where manhood passengers yelled for them to rescue them but at that time it was impossible for the rescuers had to get most of the debris cleared first. The windows of the coaches were filled with faces and the same conditions prevailed at most of the demolished wooden coaches they came to. Even large amounts were offered them for rescue.

Many of the harder rescuers attempted to take food but the tangled houses and other property wreckage held them back. The knowledge that so many had been trapped in the wrecked trains where at first help could not reach them added terror to the night after the storm.

In coaches badly wrecked but still left standing, wretched faces had been seen looking out glassless windows.

Without knowing the true situation that the city was completely cut off from wire and telegraph and railroad communication. People sent from everywhere so many messages that operators in all places north of the disaster zone plunged into great piles of telegrams from persons in their desire to find out what became of their friends and relatives on the missing trains in Chesterbrook.

Operators at all cities north of Chesterbrook reported that thousands of telegrams from far distant cities were piled up at relay offices.

There were from people anxious for the fate of all those on the wrecked trains. Yet no messages could come in go out because of destroyed communication. The relief committee expressed the wish that people throughout the country

refrain from sending messages of inquiry. It was impossible to ascertain definitely any information concerning right then the number of all the passengers on the wrecked train.

They yet have not even an identification bureau where all persons rescued or cared for would be registered.

After two days of grueling work volunteer rescuers had removed some of the injured from the wrecked coaches and saved upwards of thirty who for two days were tightly wedged between the Pullman seats or lying underneath them.

The railroad yards in many sections were so blocked by debris that it was with extreme difficulty that any of the passengers could be taken from one coach or the other.

What ever passengers are yet to be rescued are in coaches surrounded by windrows of debris. They did succeed in reaching the wooden Pullman coach which was jammed against a railroad electric light traffic pole and which was split in two. All that following night survivors had clung to seats imprisoning them. Each of them had taken turns crying for help. But it was not until next morning that rescuers reached them and they were taken out of the car half dead. In another coach a good number of bodies were found heaped about the seats. Those of the injured who were rescued first were quickly hurried by wagons to the University.

In the rescue work for the last several coaches, horses that could be obtained from farmers were used. Skilled riders were able to drop their

steeds next to rumbling coaches and pull passengers onto the animals' backs.

One man was a saving maniac when rescued from the same coach. Between the seat next to him was the body of his fifteen year old sister dead from bleeding to death. Through all those horrible hours he was so tightly wedged between the seat to give her aid and there to see his sister slowly dying before his eyes.

Through the window of a fourth coach two women were released from between the seats where they had been caught for 48 hours with out food drink or light and ignorant of what was going on outside their Pullman coach prison. An old man who had been dragged from an window of the same coach insisted he must be taken to his wife and grand child -

A crippled woman on the same coach was heard feebly crying for help. Several men worked their way among the debris over to the coach near where the debris was waist high. They lifted the woman from her seat and carried her across the yards. Later she was in the University.

Yet the next day in the glareless coach windows were men women and some children asking for aid and food. The women were more violent in their request. At one section of the coach a man gone half mad pulled a pistol and declared if so he were not rescued and given food he would shoot.

At another Pullman car window a half crazed woman held up her seven year old boy. "Bring us some milk for my boy. He is shouting. We don't want food for ourselves. Let's don't feed

1181 "our only child"

From some other wooden coach rescuers were beseeching a middle aged woman to let them get her from between two crushed seats. She screamed she would not until they worked their way into the coach and brought out her seriously injured child which had had been flung violently from one seat to the other. They found the little boy dead, who had passed away the night before.

"All the tragedy of an entire life was spread out in this train crash," said one of the rescuers. How in the world could a mind do all this? How could mother nature be so cruel?"

In this same coach they found some women also wedged between seats and another with a broken window nail jammed down on her holding her down tight. They were nearly dead from fright, heat and hunger. All they had to eat for two days and nights was a raw potato and some molasses and molasses.

To help on rescue work of the wrecked trains there came extra militia companies from Zion, Springfield, Urbana, and other close by towns with headquarters in tents close by. Though after all it was not necessary as none of the instructions were to shoot without mercy any person or persons found looting the yards.

The Springfield Companies have been all through fire and riot troubles before and went through their work as though they knew what they were there for.

In addition there were 150 Deputy Sheriffs sworn in by the head

Sheriff of Springfield.

They were armed with heavy caliber

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revolvers and repeating shot guns, which Chester and ordered to go to the limit on protecting Railroad yards property.

In addition there were soldiers of the National Guard which was organized under John Martin Suther, Colonel of the reserves. All these too took in the rescue work of those on the wrecked train. Even the Naval reserves of Chicago arrived and were given work and charge of the duty of guarding the slow gathering up of merchandise.

A rescue party of soldiers found twenty persons inside of a coach lying on its side. They were forced to cut a hole in the roof and it took two days for them to find them from the coach. Many were half dead from heat and lack of something to eat. There were others too who had nothing to eat for three days.

Rescue parties rushed a special wagon of provisions to them but could not attempt to bring them to safety on account of too much difficulty to encounter with the debris. They were later taken out of course.

In portions of where the wreck stream cars were vast throngs of people crowded near the coaches with heads uncovered and tears streaming down their cheeks as soldiers came out of the demolished wooden coaches carrying in their arms the bodies of children and their mothers and fathers.

Ever uninjured citizens of Chester Brown worked desperately to remove such persons as had been caught in the smashed coaches and there are instances of

1133 of victims of these terrible train wrecks of what appears to be real unbelievable luck, yet in the wreckage of the trains they bravely and cheerfully discuss their future and are grateful for the mere privilege of life.

There was one thing that a soldier had to do and was to break the news to a poor mother whose daughter and grand children had been killed on the wooden summit.

The soldier had related "the earnestness of my manner and the tears in my eyes alarmed her. When I told her she was a survivor of the death row" of their deaths the lady regarded me with a fixed look and put her hand to her forehead. I brought her to be calm and prepared herself to bear what I had to tell but I should rather rather have entreated her to weep for she sat like a stone statue.

When I finished the mother had fallen back stiffly in her chair and making no sound but a moan and groan and the moan the poor mother uttered from time to time went to my heart. Always unarticulate and stifled always accompanied with an incapable motion of the head but with no change of face. Always proceeding from a rigid closed mouth and closed teeth as if the jaws were locked and the face frozen up in pain.

I saw a servant girl standing

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near by and ordered her to render the poor mother some help. As she tried tearfully to do so the figure was unchanged, and looked unchangeable.

Motionless rigid staring motionless moaning in the same dumb way from time to time with the same helpless motion of the head but giving no other sign of life.

The servant girl suddenly knelt before it and began to loosen the dress.

"A curse upon damn tornadoes" she said looking round at me with a mingled expression of grief. "It was an evil hour that one came here. A curse upon tornadoes. But go please. I cannot undress this poor woman in the presence of a man. If need be come again when I have her in bed."

She had taken the impassive figure in her arms and still upon her knees was weeping over it kissing it calling to it rocking it to and fro upon her bosom like a child and trying every tender means to rouse the dormant senses. No longer afraid of leaving her I noiseless turned back again and alarmed the house as I went out.

Later in the day I returned with others and we laid her daughter and husband and grand children in their mothers room. She was just the same they told me the servant girl never left her doctors were or attendants many things had been tried but she lay like a statue except for the low sound now and then. I went through the dreary

and sadly darkened the windows. The window of the chamber where they lay darkened last, I lifted up the leader hand of her daughter husband and held it to my heart and all the world seemed death and silence broken only by the poor mother's moaning, bla bla What would you have thought of me, if you have just then had heard me say such "sweet words" about tornadoes. Even not all heaven but the very devils I believed would have been shocked. Why those words would disgrace a prayer book or Dictionary.

700 days later I went to see how the mother was.

But she only looked fixedly at me put her hand to her forehead and moaned. Suddenly she cried, "Gennie come to me they're dead." Gennie kneeling by her bed lay warm caresses her, curses at tornadoes now fiercely telling her how she hates tornadoes "I hate them more than more than I ever did before" no soothing her to sleep on her breast like a real sick child. Thus I leave them thus they always will be thus they will wear their time away from year to year.

"So you say you hate tornadoes" I thought to my self "your hate or love compared to mine".

I had forgotten to relate that I was beginning my fourth day in Charleston and ever since the passage of this beautiful Oliver Twist the shower of

mostly unarmed stuff has not yet stopped falling from the sky. On my second day there I received an expensive beautiful overcoat, and I did not buy it either. I got it for nothing. But was it necessary for it to envelope me around the head and shoulders so roughly as it came down? You I suppose it would have thought it funny and laugh? Well I'll tell you I had to receive medical treatment for what that heavy coat did to me.

If it had not been much too big for me I would have kept it. It is five foot a few inch tall. It fits a six and half tall man. And I was too stout for it.

Sometimes articles would be dropping down of some considerable weight, and that caused all the people of the surviving houses and on so balls to be afraid to go outside for fear of being hit by something heavy. Every thing under the sun was coming down.

Merchandise from the railroad yards. The noise of falling objects hitting roofs of buildings made persons wary of living on the top floors.

Even all over the country red and streets of Chester brown and so balls it rained cats and dogs and fets of all kinds.

It rained chairs, pillow cushions, mirrors dry good stuff of all kinds branches of trees of all sizes even big clots of mud dirt and rocks, nailed nailed stones, and even here and there railroad ties.

One of my companions was enveloped with a blanket, and a mattress, barely missed us. That "Oliver Twist" surely had a powerful suction indeed.

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A remarkable but
very unpleasant show
and it ain't rain

Whether you believe it or not for that
number of days, it rained everything
except elephants, whales, and jungle
beasts. The tornado eventually was
afraid of the Ocean and did not go
there.

I believe that despite the difficulty
of getting provisions the survivors of
La Salle and Chester Brown were not
much in danger of going hungry.
That is if you prefer canned
goods. because that kind of a
show for a time was sort of
generous. Yet it was not preferable
if you got one of those cans to make
a preferable connection with the top
of your head.

I got one and its so the rest got
them. There was also the grocery, the
butcher shop, the drug candy and sort of
showers. It was a good type of shower to
keep from under. Then there there was
the bakery showers. I saw that they got
some food cookies cake and other bakery
goods. Also here and there whiskey
wine beer and other type of saloon

bottles. Also here and there came
chairs, house hold furniture and
bedding, even frame work of beds.
pictures in frames and chandeliers.
picture and small fragments of
shattered houses. The shower is forced
the paper and during photo

graphs who or risked being hit to
take pictures of stuff descending
In any books of all sizes there
was showers of fish, probably from
derelicted first stores and even
all sorts of stationary. It was

my life to return

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said that here and there cows horses
hogs, and mules and sheep came down
but was reported falling in La Salle
or Chester Brown. There was no rain of
chickens or other poultry. Chickens in great
numbers were seen trotting around absolutely
without a single feather on them.

If they had fallen they would be dead.
Some geese and ducks too and even
tame swans were seen featherless and
walking around but they too had not
fallen.

This must have happened when they
were carried some distance by the wind.
If wind can strip clothing from people
which is still more difficult it can
strip any kind of birds off all their
feathers.

Even pieces of fence came down, all
sorts of plants and poor flowers, it even
rained fragments of window glass which
was dangerous. It rained bricks even
window sills and sash. No wonder no
one dared to go out or remain in their
upper floor.

Even small articles of Church
goods fell, doll and baby rattles
bibles and many other holy
books. It was reported that out in
the open country side it rained bodies
of children but it was not con-
firmed.

It even here and there rained
china ware, glassware pots and pans silver
ware and nearly all sorts of Mexican
days from hardware stores.

During the heaviest of the shower
I too had remained indoors.
Bad writing it, is either the pen or
the paper or both.

It was reported that even bathtubs also fell, but no one found any trace of them. But all sorts of crops did fall while lots of hay and straw was scattered about. A "whale" did fall in my dream. Afterwards there was no trace of it unless its swimming in the sea. I can do some sometimes have the craziest dreams.

Really if it would happen I would not want to be under it when it came down.

Wine and beer barrels were at that falling so it was reported but I did not see any anywhere in the city. Every type of merchandise from stationary stores had fallen and the debris was thickly littered with scattered newspapers.

When this sort of shower began to slacken somewhat I then was at the railroad yards.

I soon there I headed on my way to see the great bridge I heard so much about.

But first I came upon a large almost circular square a little more than a mile across each way. Except for a few broken trees with a few branches all was bare ground except it had a sort of deep depression in the center filled with water. I was not too sure and did not ask any one but I believe from the look of the badly torn up ground that this must be the section where for a few minutes the storm struck before going

onward again. Especially according to the farmer, it must sucked all the houses, sidewalks, street car tracks and against high up on the air as there was a rain of such debris we by walking around this territory made quite a trip but saw no sign of any houses having been there or their foundations either. But the whole territory was circular, though around it was the debris of wrecked house.

Objects had evidently fallen here here but not much. If the storm really struck here at this spot even for the short time described by the farmer, it surely must have had a most power suction to do a job here so complete.

We continued on our way and to reach there there we followed that railroad right of way on horse back along side the river. At many points the rails ties and all were torn up and loose.

After we were out of the city and some distance away we were out in the open country. There we saw lying on the ground or fields all sorts of parts of buildings, countless numbers of them and lying badly scattered.

From their position I positively knew they were not blown there. They fell from the upper parts of the main cloud to where they were drawn up by the funnel center.

Two long stretches of street car tracks rails all badly twisted out of shape lay across the tracks before us.

Fragments of cement everywhere.

All sort of house hold furnishing including whole beds, painted beds, chairs, pillows, everything that is put on a bed lay scattered everywhere. And they looked as if they too had fallen, not blown there. All on that had been in that open space must have been first sucked up into the main cloud and then thrown beyond the whirl and came down.

There were no bodies however. Many among them had been picked up by rescue workers where they were taken? No farmers took them for there was no sign of farms here.

Yet we did not stop on the way to look this over. Yet it sure did look like a huge junk yard with all the trash thrown any old place. Some tornado.

Even on house it took us nearly six hours to come to the well what you may call a bridge. It looked like some battered child's toy bridge thrown away in a trash can.

This fifty million dollar bridge? Could it really be that bridge? I expected to see anything but not that. What the hell type of a tornado was this anyway? Surely it could not have done that to this bridge? Ever all the rail bed near there was terribly torn up. That once beautiful bridge looked like a has been.

The two middle sections was down slanting on the deep river, large sections of its steel frame work was all wrenched away and what was left left as was twisted like knotted string.

The top sections were all gone. Even its flooring with the railroad ~~road~~ rails were gone.

Portions of the rail bed lay in the water. Could you believe of such destruction? Who could believe a tornado could have this exceedingly immensurable force? This bridge was about as I heard two thousand feet long crossing the Wabash. It sure was a lucky stroke that there was no train on it when the twister struck.

Yet this sight was not to me a curiosity. It made me feel funny and I had to sit down on a piece of wreckage of a house to keep my self from falling. My companions who took pictures of it were not so good. The shock of this sight made one of them vomit.

I was crying like a baby. We as soon as possible left the scene and entered So Salle to produce the pictures to the press. We saw the honor at So Salle but it could not match Chester Brown which was wiped off the map.

The members of the press would not at first believe we took the pictures. They believed we had got hold of some very old press pictures of a bridge wrecked by demolishers.

and wanted to sell them. We told them to come with us to morrow and see for themselves. They did. They cried at the sight. One said "That'll paralyze the railroad awful."

As I felt too bad over the situation I let them have the pictures free. On that they'll be in the press and what sort of an awful tornado that was. That bridge was the final horror.

As duty compelled us we reluctantly returned to Chesterton. But my heart was heavy. I was sick.

I did not want to do it, but the engineer and fireman of the wrecked train wanted to see the demolished Sacred Heart convent to observe whether the newspaper photograph was like it or not.

After some discussion I decided to go the following morning. I remember the day I and the farmer viewed and conversed on it.

It is not too far away where the tourists missed the thirty one houses. As I came near the scene I saw some of the nearest spectators trying to slip past the guards and almost with apparent suicidal intent to go too near the dangerous wreck. Wreck.

I seeing the imminent danger there took them in with a rebuke ordered them to get back where they were.

I actually hollered: "Get back to where you were you were you were you crazy nuts. Are you bent on suicide. Why don't you watch them you guards you know that is my orders!"

Gee but I didn't think it is that dangerous "the man said as he faced me coming up." I wanted to observe the wreckage on that front section.

"But not at the price of your life." I returned as I ordered the guards to resume their patrol duty. The greatest sorrow and the keenest joy human beings are capable of were mingled in the hearts of many of these sightseers of Chesterton. Prayers of thanksgiving were offered up by those whose loved ones were not in that fatal convent. And there many others who in the utmost depths of sorrow because their children had been in that building.

We came as close as we dared to near the building. Not even as close as the guards. We were afraid to. Not in the history of all America has any tornado brought such disaster to so once a most handsome a structure. Other portions had collapsed since I was away and in demolition it now had that photograph beat four ways.

Even while we looked at this ruin one of the guards told us that one of the biggest problems which the authorities had to face was still the method of feeding the vast army of extra people who had come from various cities in quest of the missing children of this convent. They wouldn't go away, you can't drive them away.

Thousands of these people some still with remains of their families spent last night hungry and terrorized by horrible dream of their children. Provisions are so slow because there are no bridges or if there are any they are impassable.

Another said relief crews are at work obtaining farm wagons and the like which can cross hastily made plank bridges yet then they have the most inaccessible roads to come down on.

Their work in getting supplies for everybody is progressing most slowly and there is no assurance when they will be able to answer all calls for assistance for the hungry.

"I understand" answered

"yes and one of the most serious phases of this situation is the proposition of feeding five hundred who have sheltered themselves in farm districts, not touched by the tornado."

Another said they refuse to leave, nearly three hundred persons are

refused in a large school & country building which they took over, and plans were made last night to carry them wagon loads of sand and water and they suffer from lack of drinking water more than from any other thing.

"The Governor is meeting the situation by taking up with the Reservation Commission with the matter of bringing water from that place until water elsewhere can be obtained," I said.

"Yet expecting some news of their missing children, they all

refuse to leave for home. The water supply is shorter than the food and the organized committee is taking care of what there is to see that each person is given an equal share and that none is wasted. The rights of these people is pitiful. They were compelled to leave their far distant homes not knowing that probably every one of their children may never be seen again.

When the final bulletin about no sign of them still could not be traced anywhere the persons who had still believed there was some hope became panic stricken and had it not been for some of the guards, some of them would have committed suicide. Hopes of these poor people, which had grown for a while while staying here were dashed to pieces with that sad bulletin. And the only food some of these people received was grapejuice candy and condensed milk. I came here on one being made out for caring for those who are in want for provisions.

"I suppose" I said "even though it is little beyond expression of hope of seeing their children again there is an assurance that courage is being kept up by those whose children were in this convent?"

"Yes" said the guard, "one of the relief committee returned one after the other with reports of having investigated the condition of these people. But but none were able to give an accurate report of what actual condition were among them. The first authentic report of the true state of affairs was brought by Attorney Stephen, who brought back with him

the first details of what was going on among these people, all former parents, grand-parents, uncles, aunts, cousins and so on. He said they refuse to leave until they receive some news of their lost children. And loads of edibles are to be sent out to know through rescuing parties. They are to be well provided with food and no. so for there now is no more appeal for food and water that will go unheeded as long as they remain.

"I heard that many had nothing to eat for three days," I put in. "Yes many were half dead from this awful heat and lack of something to eat," he answered. "Rescue parties are rushing special wagons of all sorts of provisions to them, but cannot get everything to them on time because mules and horses cannot go over the storm torn up roads fast. The stress of mind of these people who are here seeking news of their lost children as I believe are experiences the distress of which will never leave the minds of those fearing about the awful fate of their children. The thought of the fate of their children is a cause of terror and distress to them all. It is such people under such trying experience that are suffering most."

I here ask the experiences of all these children's relations who desperately want to see the ruined convent but so are not permitted to do so. The distress among these people

the Commelle says is appalling and the needs of these people so enormous that personal appeals are being made by those who has come from a personal observation of their conditions as they actually exist. The work of extending succor to these people necessitated the use of many farm wagons and the like."

"Those who wish to come in and see the Convent will have to make their way with extreme difficulty among the heap of wreckage and overturned houses among tangled masses of telegraph telephone and electric light wires," I declared. "Is it forbidden them?"

"I do not know. If so we have been disgusted disgusted by the report that the situation has much changed and the people are getting over anxious and have been waiting for news of their missing children for four days since they came. If they should give because of their distress then the wildest imagination could probably not bring being an accurate impression of what will happen among that crowd. I believe it is wiser to let them be the ruin of the Convent for themselves."

"The appalling nature of the tragedy is not understood by them," I said.

Well of every effort has been made by the Relief Committee to aid these sufferers with supplies and such other help as could be," said the guard. "Up to the Governor to let them see the Convent if dangerous to approach it." "I know, and I failed it too," I declared.

"So far for these five days none is able to tell the people what the situation really is or what the ultimate outcome. Even the Governor is unable to obtain exact information with all the facilities of the State at his command, what became of the upper part of the convent or the children as indicated by his descriptive statement of the general conditions of this very mysterious situation of ~~five~~ days after this tornado struck."

"I read it and here it is" I exclaimed. I read "Appealing to the world the Governor said."

"The exact extent of the appalling occurrence of the Sacred Heart is still unknown. Every hour impresses us with the uncertainty of the situation. The destruction of the Sacred Heart Convent, with the strange mysterious disappearance of its upper five floors and all those children nuns and others, will be hardly be less than a big miracle, if it will ever be solved and they have not been wiped out of existence and blown into the unknown, never heard of such a thing before. Its lay and convent-holding, unbelievable."

Please give great publicity to an appeal to try and have this mystery solved if possible. My judgement is

is that there never has been such a mysterious tragedy in the history of the world. The Convent mystery is the centre of all activities in behalf of the stricken people of these missing children. Some say the wind would have the speed of two thousand miles per hour could it have been possible. I cannot hardly believe it. Yet the tornado was heard and proven so, as far as Lincoln Ill. And that a long distance from Chester Brown.

But pitious appeals have been made by these crowds coming from various cities for traces of their missing children.

Every human energy has been exerted to try and find them and yet this measure of country wide search has been completely unsuccessful. It is my belief however that those

those missing children will never be found. The next day began with a general Country wide search again advising that there must be a search for the missing children everywhere possible.

All the towns near the course of the river not but including So. Gale and Marquette were advised.

The loss of life in Zamorra is uncertain. All telephone and other communication ceased but children's bodies from the convent were not found there. Marquette cannot send satisfactory news but it is safe to assume that the same diligent search as at So. Gale was carried on to Marquette. A search situation developed elsewhere, but the search was nothing

compared with that from La Salle and sound about yet in many respects this strange convent situation is absolutely without parallel. The searchers are finding nothing anywhere. The whole state is unable to send out to the outside world any real accurate idea where they really disappeared to. North Dakota report unsuccessful army search. Later precisely the same situation was reported from Riverdale.

West Daytona had almost completely its entire population of men, women and children out and the people of Riverview a residential section were so desperate in their search that it was exhaustive but no success ensued there.

On the highlands east of La Salle and farm there large search parties were developed and people were busy in apparent elevations where it would seem unnaturally impossible to find missing persons.

All of La Salle itself reported missing children were not found there even among its tornado districts. At this time a big searching party, large and numerous covering four miles of territory in working through farm, woods and through the hillside of Iowa to say nothing of many searchers in other sections. Even officials are sending military scouts into different parts of the country on horse-
yet we cannot reach the

that they will never be found. It is believed that this convent destruction will be the undoing of all the Catholic world. Not until yesterday was it really apparent that the fifty thousand or a eighty thousand people are being totally unsuccessful in their search, making it apparent that this unusually strong tornado came so quickly that the fierce winds might have blown them to nothing.

The whole country side is patrolled as far as the twistes traveled and it is so situated as to enable the people searchers to make more or less accurate reports of no children found?

They then said to the guard. There have been many terrible calamities or calamities by storms and floods in modern times but none to equal this which came so suddenly. All in that convent were not aware of their impending fate. It seems in a twinkling of an eye they disappeared into eternity. It seems the news of this convent disaster came as a more stunning blow to people everywhere than anything else done by the whirling storm. Nothing can equal the striking description of this awful calamity. It could depict nothing in comparison to the terrible scenes that followed the strange unknown fate of the convent victims and the agony of their so waiting relatives out there. I had looked the convent over when we first inspected it. It looked like it was built over-whelmingly strong. But look at it.

It even looks worse than it had been the second time I was here with the former and — Look there goes another section crashing down. It would be suicide to go near it. That's why I'll allow no one near it?

"Thousands of children nuns and employees swept to only God knows where — peeled the guard. And scenes of wild grief suffering and desolation among that crowd of relations that beggar description. How full of people smashed against its wall many millions of dollars of this property destroyed they say the world is still shocked by this unusual news. Such is the thrilling story of this disaster which swept more than three quarters of this building with its inmates into nothingness.

You know no matter what we think or say we have humans are still the child, plaything of old Mother Nature. We stand loudly of conquering her and she "takes a cold" gives a shiver and cities collapse like the house of card & child sets up. I remember a very famous author who said of our illustrious Franklin, "He smashes the scepter from tyrants and the lightning from the skies" but the lightning strikes man dead and consumes his home. Man thinks he has mastered the ocean, but the waves contradict him. Waves of an ocean storm, or a tidal wave sweeps all he has away.

He declares the independence of the winds upon the ocean, and the winds upon the land sweep away or wreck his building. I seem what you had said. How strangely that convent was built yet we heard and read the bigger and stronger the buildings the worse it gets it. Us humans are impotent before the power of old Mother Nature. It is said she even defies God.

"This appalling horror by this oncoming cyclone the unusually strong winds playing havoc of cards with this convent the children overtaken cut off from escapes all hurried to a mysterious disappearance or horrible death chaos around the whole building. No sign of the missing convent people anywhere all this is indeed something the whole world never heard of before declared another guard.

"Yet there were some eye witnesses put in, "Some of the survivors could speak for themselves. They could tell of the sudden devastation of this convent that wiped out all its inmates. They could tell of the destruction of the fine upper floor section which it was helpless against the onslaught of this awful tempest. They could tell how they saw the largest portion of the convent being swept away, and showing how futile all efforts are against the irresistible fury of this storm. But for some reason they won't tell a thing? wonder why?"

Later that same day we went to visit the little lone survivor of the convent. We were admitted to her room in the school where she had been transferred from the university.

When I was admitted by a nurse I saw sitting by her bed a woman, man, a eleven year old boy and six year old girl. At my approach they politely got up to leave, but I said, "Stay. I must have some interview with your little daughter and also need you here. You and your family were lucky to be visiting in Chicago at the time."

"Well, may be yes," said the mother, "you see if you don't know it we live in one of the houses which was not hit."

"So I've heard," I answered, "a miracle your little girl survived. How is she?"

"Like," improving. But it'll be three months before she can walk again."

"I pray it'll be soon," I answered, and meant it. "Now little girl can you tell us exactly what happened?"

"We were going to have a party for everyone in honor of the Assumption of the Mother of God," she began. Every one of us kids were already seated at the tables ready for eating the Sisters ready to wait on us. It had been getting very dark outside, but as it mostly always gets dark when thunder storms come we only had the lights turned on and were so eager

for the feast to begin that we did not pay any attention to it. Sister Clare told me to close a window so no rain would come in. As I went to do so I noticed a peculiar fog in the distance that seemed to roll over and over on its reef, and forgetting to close the window I ran from it screaming, "A cyclone is coming!"

Sister Clare started for the window but I screamed "don't do it for heaven's sake Sister." There at that distance was a peculiar curious piercing noise. Following that noise we heard loud crashing and grinding and all sorts of crashing banging and alarming. My very instinct told me that a tornado had struck the city and our convent was in its path. I felt panic. Many kids scared half to death rushed upstairs to upper floor and attic. I did not follow.

I had been raining a little and the stillness darkening of the sky had me scared so sick I vomited.

The peculiar noise changed from a humming sound to another sound with it like a pack of dogs howling which grew in volume the most peculiar and fearful sound I ever heard. Then in a minute or so the storm burst upon us in all its fury. The convent above us seemed to explode itself away, with all the kids up there. With lots of stuff falling on me I ran for the front of the convent hoping to save myself. I rushed in a corner room and closed the door

It seemed the wind was sweeping away about the entire front of the convent except the corner room in which I had sought safety. When the whole floor took on a sudden steep slant and then went down, I going full merrill with it. I felt a sudden awful pain in my legs, then something bit me on the head, and I awoke up to find myself in a bed in the University. Just this morning I was brought here bed and all. "Do you know what happened to the upper part of the convent and all those children?"

"No it seemed to swirl away like a big cloud of dust and everything else at one time. I heard all about it. It is dreadful. It is such a strong building. I did not think it could be wrecked by the tornado."

"Do you know the man who saved you?"

"Yes he got badly hurt saving me. No one could save poor Sister Clare."

"As you were in the convent do you remember how many were in it?"

"Yes."

"What you know? That good news for the whole world. How come you know?"

"I am Sister Clare the mother superior who was killed in the same wreck I was held in."

"How many were there?"

"I'm not too sure if I

correctly know now but when Sister Clare told me I wrote it down in my little diary I always carried with me, so that I would have it."

"Where is the diary?" I asked.

"Without answering me she turned to her mother who produced a small book from her dress pocket."

"I'm lucky I never lost it when the floor threw me down" she said handing it to me open at the page. "I had it pinned in my waist pocket."

I looked. I could not believe my senses. Are you sure this is not overrated?" I asked.

"No it's not exaggerated" she said. "The sister was with me and told it to me as I wrote it down."

"My God!" I exclaimed. "This is terrible."

I twenty five hundred children, sixty nuns, forty employees, three matrons, and four maids. And two cooks. And a dishwasher man. All gone to the four winds. It seems that tornado is guilty of whole sale murder, and twenty seven hundred of the city folk killed. This is murderous." And tears came to my eyes and I started shaking.

Two of my followers helped me to a chair. When I recovered sufficiently a man lying near said "I'm the one who rescued the little girl. And I'm a witness too of the convent's destruction. I could surely give you an ear full if you can stand it."

"I'll try to" I answered trying to steady myself.

"Wers" When I was on my way to catch a street car, I saw an ominous queerly acting shadow coming down the street. Maybe I'm exaggerating but it sounded like howling from a million wolves at once. Suddenly the sky grew darker. I was walking down the street within easy sight of the big convent.

I heard all the inmates were about to have a banquet in honor of the assumption of the Mother of God. A moment later the blast came roaring its awful howling but I heard at the same time another sound like a train crossing a wooden trestle bridge while you're under it. The air was filled clouds of debris adding to the sound with their rattling clattering and banging noise. It was dreadful.

I plunged into an alleyway of a big building in the centre of a block. I saw a street car picked off the tracks and thrown through the wall of the same house.

Another street car careened around a corner seemed to be running solidly and in the next instant it was tilted and rolled and then lifted over a sidewalk wall twelve feet high. All in that car I believe must have been killed as the car was smashed into kindling

blouses before me were collapsing as if they were made of weak wicker baskets. Clouds of this debris added to all the other. I do not know whether the force of the gale did most of the demolishing of the convent or the debris as the latter acted as a tough storm of all sizes of battering rams. The full length roof sailed away and the upper parts of the building blew out and went off like an immense cloud of dust.

The whole two block long roof seemed to be carried away bodily while big wooden houses were rolling and tumbling and crashing to pieces against the convent. I saw whole walls of the upper parts of the convent carried along by the terrific air current, and then change into swirling clouds of dust. I saw many small bodies and adult ones too disappear with it. All electric wires in the streets around the convent were torn away with lightning speed. Wreckage flew about my secure steel shelter and a lot of boards were piled in front of me.

A scantling was driven through the wall of my shelter and wedged into the other. I saw actual blocks of children being blown with the dust of the convent walls which were being blown away. At the same time a little further away I saw another street car roll over. I saw the motor man jump just as the car started to roll over. The wind picked him up and I saw

him disappear from view, then I saw the other floors beneath what was left left of the other floors being torn out and the upper portions fell to the second floor and in turn turned into swirls in clouds of swirling dust clouds and disappeared away. Then I saw a large wooden house with a high slanting roof coming swiftly forward in the vortex of the gale. It appeared to be fifty foot long and three stories high. I saw persons in its windows. Its walls appeared shattered and broken yet was believe partially holding together. I am sure I could not have moved an eyelash if my life had depended upon the exertion. I watched that house soar on ward swiftly. I was wondering how far it had come hurtling forward and it was the height above the street about sixty feet. When I saw that Sacred Heart convent was the target at which it was being hurled my heart seemed to be in my mouth. It struck what was still left of the third story. I believe it was that shock that caused all that front section of the convent to collapse down as the house did not hit there but on the west side. The wooden frame became splinters. I saw people buried alive buried beneath its debris. Then I recovered my senses partially. The fire five

upper floors were all now blown away with every one in it. All this horror lasted. I do not know how long, but I saw the little girl go down with the caved in flooring of the frontal wreck. Then the storm suddenly passed on and there came an unusual calm.

Recovering myself I ran to the site of the demolished front. Men came with me and worked with picks axes and crowbars for some length of time. Just as the final pick thrust was made the badly slanting wall of a house near the convent collapsed, and the shock brought some of that convent shambles down on me. And just as I had my hand reaching in where she was hid.

While desperately trying to pull us out three floors of the frontal shambles above us started to shift out and partly fell down with a loud banging noise. Yet despite the danger the rescue workers tore at the shattered timbers in their desperate effort to rescue us both. Some of them also made a vain effort to rescue a sister caught under the wreckage at that time she was conscious and called to the workers to hasten. One of the workers became demented as he listened and tore at the timbers with his pick until he had to be carried away. The sister died of suffocation just before the final part of wreckage was removed.

It was horrible and for a moment I forgot that I too was held down by wreckage. It was awful but I never let go of the this little girl. Others finally got us free. I suffered a dislocated knee and a wrenched shoulder and I'm here still."

My two legs got broken too she said. My knee and the left left leg near the foot. They pained awfully. Both he and me were put in beds on the first floor of the university made hospital. A Doctor was called who was a surgeon, and he put eight casts on our legs and did everything else possible for us under the circumstances.

The school house where the rescuer and the little girl laid was surrounded by debris thrown there by the passing twister.

"I'm not afraid the Comeds have no terror for me now," she continued. "We feel we are safe."

We politely left them and for duty's sake went to take a view of the crowds of parents and other relations still waiting for their lost children. We observed crowded in front of their tents or in their tents were many hundreds of persons whom it was still impossible to converse.

Occasional appeals were being made by them to have their children proved safe. I saw some distant fields thick with people standing also by a ripped up railroad line up south of this square.

another whole section and jammed with waiting anxious people. All anxiously waiting to learn the fate of all those who so mysteriously vanished from the enormous convent. Some believe there are eight thousand or more of these people. There are being fed from hand to mouth with less than a days food supply for them.

Yet they had been somewhat lucky for some of their food also came from having fallen from the sky for several days.

They had apples, ham, succotash, sausage, mushrooms, olives, tomatoes, cabbage, and in fact everything that came in cans. Every body picked up fallen cans.

Yet relief workers had come back nerve wracked to tell of most pitiable appeals made to them by many hundreds to try and locate their missing children. Her hundreds were camped close to the city wreckage.

Four hundred men women and children were crowded about sixty feet away from where I stood. They were screaming, screaming to relief parties for aid in locating their missing relatives of the convent. Twelve hundred people camped along the rail road bed. Six hundred more were in an old abandoned railroad station waiting desperately for news. Even the mule men were besieged on all sides from early morning till night by these famished relatives of the missing children for news. They were even wandering about as if in a trance, bound for no place anywhere they

walked about the camp peering closely into the faces of each other and asking about the children who were missing. I thought to myself "You would not need to die to go to Hell. Hell is right here."

I saw many of these people screaming madly for their missing ones with their arms stretched out in an appeal for them. I and my followers dared to pass through a section of this camp, all within sight were asking for their missing ones. It seemed the women were more violent in their request. At one spot a man pulled a revolver and declared if he were not given news he would shoot. The gun was taken from him, and he was placed under restraint. Another half crazed man held up a doll, "Bring us some news of our missing little girl for God's sake," he cried, "Don't tell us the storm killed our child."

Around me came hundreds of women wringing their hands in awful anguish. I was besieged by every sufferer, I could not tell them where the tornado took their children. Absolutely there is no hope for them. Every body is in mourning. A large country school housed nearly a thousand of the grief stricken people. A scene of horrifying grief and the region now reigns of terror and indescribable sorrow are depicted almost everywhere by these people but

there could be no more heartrending more tragic moment in the entire history of tornado horrors than that presented when these crowds could get no news of their missing children, and these people stood by helpless.

One of the camps, as near me has the name of New Castle and here one thousand families are camping out, their children also having been swept away from the convent by the dam "blanby blanke" Oliver Twist. Hundreds of waiting families who had lost one or two children were also huddled in near by farm barns waiting for news. Out of charity the farmers did not charge them.

Also in Greendale Camp five hundred persons had gathered within my view and from that camp they watched bulletins for news.

They all refused to leave saying they wouldn't go away until it was confirmed their children couldn't be traced or found. But still as no news came all hopes of seeing any good news had vanished and they sought comfort from their friends and neighbors. Other camps were put up and thrown open and new corners cared for.

The sights were pitiful. Even aged men and women scarcely able to walk had been compelled to leave their homes not knowing that probably every child they had in the convent would never be seen again. These aged people were grandparents, uncles

and Aunts or Cousins -
 When the final bulletin came about that countless numbers of most diligent searches everywhere, found no trace of the children - came the persons who had believed there was some hope became panic stricken and had it not been for scores of military guards there would have been a riot.
 Yet these were being served with rations, given cooling drinks and ordered to organize so as to take care of those to be brought in later. The work was most admirably done and a great many of were saved from further panic.

The method of feeding this vast multitude of people looking for their lost children which the authorities face is one of the biggest of problems known when so many tornado victims have to be cared for too. In these grounds and the immediately surrounding territory no one can actually picture the situation.

In many of these families refused to leave and back home even if they have to go hungry at times. Tormented by the unknown fate of their children and in many instances almost crazed by their grief and anxiety not in the history of this whole country has a tornado brought such disaster. And hundreds of acres are covered by the camps

of these people and from the most inaccessible places come cries "where are my children?" from families suffering this loss. Relief crews are at work in all parts of these camps particularly the west and southwest where the numbers are greatest, but their work is progressing slowly and there is not the slightest assurance when they will be able to answer all the calls for assistance.

As the crowds of searchers found no trace of their children or other inmates of the convent they cannot give any answer to their requests what ever.

Country schools near by farm barns and other places have been opened to these anxious people and every effort is being made to provide relief and information as rapidly as possible. Ever farm wagons are working in all the stricken neighborhoods food is being supplied and volunteer workers are thronging to the assistance of relief workers. One of the most serious phases of this situation is the proportion of relieving about 500 families of heat sickness who have taken shelter in the upper stories of a large abandoned farm house and refuse to leave for home. Also nearly three hundred persons took refuge in a large farm barn and plans were made last night to carry them a large farm wagon full of sand which and other provisions.

Other hundreds of people that I passed with my friends appealed to even us for news of ~~our~~ their lost children. There are three hundred persons in what is called the Bear Apple Orchard. And to them only two meals a day can be served. It is estimated that 2000 other persons have left their cities and will have to be cared for on the farm fields.

The Relief Committee is going to try to discourage the influx of so many people who come to Chester town, for children not yet living recovered, as there are now more people to feed than there are provisions. The closest part of Chester town were thronged with frantic people seeking the missing children and for a time they fought to get into the city and see the convent but the soldiers succeeded in restraining them.

Everywhere the scenes were becoming heart rending, and the most pitiful were witnessed among the mothers. Frenzied crowds watched every bullet bulletin put up hoping against hope that they would tell of the recovery of their children. At times women even men and teen aged persons became hysterical when hoping for news of the missing ones whom they failed to find at news at the relief stations.

This caused many to hurl themselves past guards and

try and force themselves into Chester town - not until the Governor had addressed the frightened distressed throng was any semblance of order restored. Even the territory became thronged with farmers and townfolk, trying to comfort and appease these people.

The farmers themselves had contributed so heavily that their barns are believed to be nearly empty.

As all these waiting people were Catholics, Catholic priest said Daily Mass for them. Even Relief Stations were under siege for by people who were making frantic efforts to learn the fate of their children.

And what stories of bitter sorrow of heart's heart anguish lay behind the desperate situation whose families missing their children, mothers and sisters separated forever, parents made childless because man found in all his wisdom and glory and power can neither cope with the angry elements nor quell it by supplication.

While walking among these anxious people I got the surprise of my life. Among them were people I knew well. They came from Lincoln Ill. There was a good reason that made me wonder exceedingly why they were among these groups.

Then they seen and recognized me. They came around me. They had with them a boy and a seven year old girl. "Oh Henry to see you here" the father said.

I greeted them as warmly as I could. The mother tearfully pleaded to me, as her children looked at me ~~pleading~~ pleadingly. "You are in charge here."

"Yes I am" I answered touched by her tearful face. "Hear me please tell me the truth is my little girl gone too?"

I answered her by a question.

"Why didn't you get my message?" "Message? Why not?"

"When it didn't go after all" I said. "Dry your tears, your little girl was not in the convent when the storm came. I questioned the nuns at St Ann School about the action of the turbine."

"Then in the school? One of the buildings that was not in its path?"

"Yes, it was she who asked me to send the message that she was safe. It came about this way. There are some sisters there that she likes well and early in the afternoon she got permission from the convent's head sister to go and see them. It was a strange coincidence. She was with them when the tornado hit and as she saw the whole horrible "show" with the sisters she could tell plenty."

"You are not only trying to tell us that just to cheer us up" said the father doubtfully. "Come I'll lead you to her." I answered,

I called to a man standing beside a farm buggy with a horse hitched and he drove over to us.

"Is it far?" the child's mother asked. "Not too far, but it will take time to walk it." I said. "And I for one did enough walking for the day."

They agreed for I could see they did not feel like doing any walking either. As the horse was a fast trotter we got to the St Ann school in less than two hours. We passed near the Sacred Heart Convent which at my order was roped off but did stop to even look at it.

They were too anxious to see that little girl. We arrived at the school and I rang the front bell.

A woman matron came and greeted me - I told her who my party was and she gladly welcomed them.

"Yes Angelina Ritchie is here" she said. "She is greatly worried because her message did not reach you. Let her in the waiting room. I'll bring her to you."

She soon returned with the little girl accompanied by the very head sister who told me as being the eye witness of the storm. The keenest sorrow and the keenest joy human beings are capable of are now mingled in the hearts of these good people over the reunion of their daughter.

Prayers of thanksgiving were offered up by these loved ones whose little girl was spared by not being in the convent at the time it was devastated.

11-88
The sympathy the Sisters extended to them from whom the tornado did not take their little girl was all the more human because they have been spared the loss. Their cries of happiness cannot be described.

Mrs Ritchie had
Presentment.

She told us a month before this happened, her husband who was a first class doctor went to Chester-brown and became a doctor there telling his wife to rent their home and prepare for removal to this beautiful city.

Mrs Ritchie liked Lincoln Ill bet-
ter than any where else and was
in no hurry to get away. All
along she said she believed
something bad might happen
and that she and her two chil-
dren were not going to move.
She had intentions also to recall
Angeline Ritchie from the Convent
as soon as possible. Her hus-
band kept writing for them to
make all preparations to join
him in Chesterbrown. His illness
was for them to spend the late
summer and Early Fall there.
But he suddenly became very
ill of a severe case of grippe
and returned home last part
of July. Mr Ritchie was soon
better and personally directed
the packing of his house-
hold goods for shipment
to Chesterbrown. Not yet
having obtained a house there
he temporarily stored his goods

11-25-
in Lincoln Ill and the family was
to go to Chesterbrown the day of the
Tornado but on that day it was im-
possible to get out of the City.

When Mr and Mrs Ritchie read of
the Chesterbrown Tornado and the
destruction of the Convent, they were
in a panic stricken. The train we were
on heading for Chesterbrown got
"narrowed" she said. Our train the
Alton Limited reached Alton at 4:30
o'clock in the afternoon. We then
transferred to a Southeast bound
train on southwest we don't remember
either way. We were flagged by
George Gross a Farmer living near
the tracks, who said he had been
left by the railroads people to halt
the train. He said we could go
no further, no one had gone to
bed that night. The Conductor
my husband with our two chil-
dren went to Mr Gross house
and asked if we could get some-
thing to eat. He said yes that
we could have anything in the
house, but all there was there
were ham and eggs. But the
Conductor broke in the express
car and he found many boxes
of bread and more than a hundred
pounds of ham and pork. So we
took this to Mr Gross house.
From this we fed ourselves.
The train could go no further as
the storm had swept away the
bridge. I wondered how we were going
to get to Chesterbrown? The had
reached within six miles of
Chesterbrown. We got across the

bridge river on a hastily made temporary foot bridge, and reaching a farm asked the farmer how we could go to Chester Brown without waiting. We noticed his farm was wiped out but his house and barn were still intact. They were amazed he told us. A large farm delivery wagon and a team of mules were provided for us. The first took us two miles in the wagon.

A quarter of the way we had lots of debris blocking us. When we got within sight of Chester Brown we had supper at the house of the refugees. Most of the way debris blocked us. A week later you discovered us and brought us here. Thanks be to God! But on the wagon we did have lots of trouble to get here," he continued. "At first

we could not get through the wreck strewn roads. After two or more attempts to leave the farm

we finally had to stop a little way beyond a cross road. Because of trying to go on a wheel of the wagon broke and we were transferred to another farm wagon bound for Chester Brown with supplies which had been held up.

We took this and came on by route sixty six.

Trying to get out of the wreck strewn country side we felt like rats in a trap. We made three

attempts to work our way out of there before we finally drove around a farm road and then waited.

Then we had to return to the cross road the second time waiting there for eight hours. Our Route as I do remember it was as follows although without a map I am not certain of the order of some of the farm and roads.

Leaving the cross roads we first passed through fields where we saw big zoo animals lying dead even Gyriff headless and Ostrich and other big birds also and Crows. In these locations we would crawl along for two miles without literally speaking being in sight of anything else but wreck strewn fields. And then it began to rain. I have never in my life seen such rain blinding lightning or hear such thunder. It seemed as every bit of water in the heavens must have come down, and we out in it with no shelter but the under side of the wagon. This thunderstorm lasted three hours. Then we resumed the trip. We came to a stream

not having a bridge. I had been torn away again for eight hours we waited instructions and not receiving them, reversed

directions and made our way back to the cross roads reaching there during the night, which at that time came another and worst thunder storm with a squall and blinding rain.

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North of the crossroad a bridge too had been swept away. This territory was crowded with farmers and townfolk. I got off the wagon here so that I could talk to them. #. One of them said it would be a miracle if we could get through. Again we return to that damn crossroads this time reaching it at midnight in a driving rain, and staying until eight o'clock in the morning. This was between Chesterbourn and Zaneville and there was nothing but wreck strewn ground and the roads too were under debris. The situation for us was not pleasant.

Naturally we were on the watch and you can imagine that the strain was tremendous since scarcely scarcely any one of us slept during this entire crazy trip. I know I'm supposed to be a decent type of woman but I did roundly curse that tornado.

We again left the crossroads at nine in the morning and reached and crossed an old shaky wooden bridge. We were flagged down at the end of the bridge. The roads beyond were in such bad shape by the twists tearing up too deep the ground that the dispatches feared to let us proceed.

We remained just across the bridge until 8:30 P.M. Every where was strewn debris. We wondered where did it all come from. Orders

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came for us to go down Turner Lake. As we started the front wheel of this wagon came off and we had to wait until it was replaced. At one side road debris was waist deep. When we asked where it came from the answer was "Chesterbourn".

The rain kept pouring down. It seemed our wagon was in the midst of an Ocean of debris. There were even picnic tables, wagon wheels and dogs, and some fragments of houses. Some wreckage was even piled up against an embankment.

The next night another storm came up. The rain fell as if from a hose. Again lightning flashed and thunder crashed. Next day still on our way we saw apples, ham, long sausages, olives, cabbage heads, cauliflower and in fact every thing that comes in cans cover the ground everywhere. Then we finally reached the spot where we came across each other.

"Tell us dear what they say you saw the tornado do" requested her father. I look of her and saw her handsome face as she answered. "I can tell you all plenty and how. But if you can it."

"We'll try."

"I and the sister were in the chapel with the rest at the late every day Benediction. Just after the blessing it had started to get awfully dark and at that time there was a strange rattling of the chapel window.

and there was a noise like some one pounding on the west wall with hands. It made us all nervous and we fearing some poltergeist stuff hastened out of the chapel. By then it grew awful dark and I notice a strange electrical disturbance with the hall lights and a peculiar smell like sulphur. One of the sisters asked us "Whon moaning like that?"

I was none of us. It grew louder becoming a peculiar curious piercing noise filling the distance to the southwest almost as if we kids were all shrieking at one time. This crazy sound was also having a stranger noise adding to it like the terrific roar of a thousand trains rushing through a tunnel at one time. And added noise yet was a loud crashing and grinding. Our lights acted crazy and then went out.

In that short time we stood spellbound terrified.

It grew suddenly darker and this darkness with our lights all out made us more scared.

All the sisters were talking about it when all of a sudden there came with the bedlam, a hoard humming sound, far up in the sky which grew louder and louder.

It was a most peculiar and fearful sound. Then the bedlam changed into one awful howling sound as loud as thunder.

after seeing the awful des-

truction ^{passing} passing us I never want to hear such a thing again. Some of us kids ran to the west window to see what made such an awful racket. I saw something like a winged shaped fog or cloud shroud and it was hiding like a million snakes. We were not in its path but it came up as far as across the street north of us.

Though it was shrouded we could see through it. In a minute or so the storm came up in all its fury, all houses within sight seemed to turn into swirling flying clouds of wreckage. The noise almost deafened us as we dared stay by the windows and watched. Now we knew were watching a tornado do its horrible work. And such an awful strong one. Every fifteen seconds it increased terribly and when the minute was up it was so violent it shook our school. A little later it suddenly passed on. It blew debris even over here ~~pieces~~ pieces of timber smashing the glass of some of our windows. The ~~the~~ wind blew the debris like snow in a gale.

I had been told stories, and I have read of it, and seen pictures in books and newspapers what tornadoes do but until now I have never, never believed them. But now I will believe anything that anyone, or paper write about a tornado, but I never really believed they had strength enough to do all I saw in so short a time after it had passed it.

was so dark and raining so hard we could not see much but next morning though still raining we saw it all as far as we could see. Every where as far as we could see wreckage of all sorts of houses covered the ground. Broken up big wooden houses were like twisted tumble weed planks junk, and every bit of house furniture lay every where. There were no trees left, but I saw several chairs and many cushions and other things fastened to protruding house splinters.

I saw many live chickens wailing about, squawking with no feathers on them. They made a fearful sight but I couldn't laugh, I was told that a family of three sought safety in the basement of their home and just on time for the house was taken from over their heads and smashed to kindling wood. I was afraid to go out and so were the rest. I saw from the school window hundreds of bodies had been removed by the rescuers who worked all night with lanterns.

I heard that countless freaks had been caused by the storm splinters were driven through remaining trees and sides of houses and in one place the lower story of a house was torn out while the upper story settled in its place. I heard that trees of all kinds were torn up by their roots and driven entirely what was left